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HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.

Mr J W Robertson

EUROPEAN HISTORY,

NARRATED IN A SERIES OF

HISTORICAL SELECTIONS

From

The Best Authorities.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

E. M. SEWELL AND C. M. YONGE.

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PREFACE.

In making the following Historical Selections, the Compilers have been influenced by the conviction of a need which has probably often been felt by persons engaged in education.

It is easy to teach young children the outlines of History from Abridgments and Catechisms; but, when these have been gone through, and it becomes desirable to give a more enlarged view of the subject, in order to render it really useful and interesting, a difficulty often arises as to the choice of books.

Two courses are open: either to take a general and consequently dry history of facts, such as Russel's "Modern Europe;" or to choose some work treating of a particular period or subject, such as Lord Macaulay's and Mr. Froude's Histories, and Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity."

The former course is usually found to render the study of history uninteresting. The latter (although the works themselves are fascinating) is unsatisfactory, because it is not sufficiently comprehensive.

Experience having proved that the difficulty existed, it was thought that it might be remedied by continuous and chronological selections, taken, as much as was practicable, from the larger works, which it is next to impossible for young people to read at school, and which many may never have the time and opportunity to study in after life.

The style of these works, and the manner in which the various subjects are treated, is so superior to that of ordinary Abridgments, that the extracts can scarcely fail to be

interesting; and it is hoped that when certain definite events and distinct biographies are imprinted on the memory and imagination, they will stand out as landmarks, round which other less important incidents may be grouped, and thus a clearer view of the course and purpose of historical events may be given than could be obtained even from a connected outline.

The volume now published is an attempt to carry out this idea; and if it should prove successful, the Compilers hope to be enabled to follow it up with others of a similar character, bringing down European History to the present time.

It has not, indeed, always been possible to make choice of authors of equal celebrity, since only a few have written upon the subjects which it was necessary to introduce in order to connect the leading incidents of European History with those of England. But the selection has in all cases been made with the desire of giving specimens of good English composition, as well as the most complete and interesting accounts of the events narrated.

The sincere thanks of the Compilers are due to Dean Milman, Dean Hook, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Church, and the owners of the copyright of the other works from which selections have been taken, for the courteous readiness with which they have allowed the extracts to be made. To Lady Stephen especially they beg to express their gratitude, with an apology for the copious use they have made of Sir James Stephen's beautiful Essay on Gregory VII.

June 29th, 1868.

INTRODUCTION

THE History of England properly commences at a much earlier date than the Norman Conquest, but this period has been selected for the direct commencement of the following sketches as being marked by an infusion of vigour into the nation more important than has ever since been effected.

England had been England, or the land of the Angles, for five hundred years previous; ever since, indeed, it received its share of the great Teutonic flood which submerged the Roman power in Western Europe. Lombards in Italy, Goths in Spain, Franks in Gaul, Burgundians from the Alps to the Netherlands, all won the victory in the same century as that in which the Angles and Saxons (whether these names represent two tribes or are two titles for the same race) were mastering South-eastern Britain. The fate of Continental Europe and Britain would appear therefore, at first sight, precisely similar, since both had received an original Celtic population, subdued and taught by the Romans, more or less converted by Christian teachers, and then overwhelmed by the Teutonic invaders.

But the resemblance is chiefly on the surface. In Italy, Spain, Gaul, and Burgundy, Latin grandeur, art, and cultivation were sufficiently strong to leave a lasting impress upon the Teutonic conquerors. Roman civilization was not in these lands destroyed by the barbarians; on the contrary, it so overawed

and influenced them as by imperceptible degrees to introduce a new element of refinement into their character, moulding and almost transforming it.

But the influence of the Romans upon the Britons was much less powerful. Their grasp had been more quickly relinquished, and the traces of social advancement which lingered behind them seem to have produced no effect on the sturdy English nation, except perhaps in the northern part of the Island. The English language alone, so entirely Teutonic in its foundation, shows how little our ancestors derived from Rome, especially when we place it in contrast with French, which is almost as entirely Latin both in structure and in derivation.

The Church however forms, to a certain extent, an exception to this statement, since it owed its systematic establishment in England more directly to missionaries from the Pope than did any other sister branch in the West. The various churches of the Continent which existed under the Roman Emperors withstood the torrent of heathenism that poured down upon them, but the Christianity of Britain was almost entirely swept away by the Saxon invasion; and though able to hold its ground in Wales, it required to be, as it were, started afresh by a new mission before it could again become the religion of the Island.

Thus it was that the Anglo-Saxons, or, as they are more properly called, the English, unprovided with native Celto-Roman instructors, and even after their conversion only occasionally receiving ecclesiastical assistance from Rome, were left for a time to their own natural powers of progress. These would probably have been insufficient to raise them high in the scale of nations. Sturdy and resolute, with great natural capacity and a deep sense of the poetical, but lacking energy and

enterprise, the English of that period had honesty, but not honour; strength, but not spirit; pride, but not enthusiasm; intellect, but scarcely vigorous mental life; while sloth and sensuality hindered the exercise even of the powers which they possessed. True-hearted but uncouth men, with great faculties, unavailing because never roused: such they were, and such in all human probability would they have remained but for their enemies.

The first of these were the Danes, who depopulated the northern counties, and then colonized them so completely as to leave a permanent impress upon the land. They brought with them much vigour, especially for naval enterprise, and the miseries they inflicted tended, by the latent force which was in consequence developed, to form the greatest heroes of the old English race. Alfred, his son and grandsons, are a sufficient proof of the wisdom and gallantry of which the nation was capable. But after a few reigns, too short for the education of the people, the character of the royal family degenerated, and the improvements recently introduced were swamped by the savage barbarism of the Danish invaders and settlers, whilst the country was further demoralized by the infection of their gross habit of intoxication. A further political result followed from the settlement of the Danes in England. By the accession of Canute—their truly great monarch—the whole line of English succession, which derived its origin from Egbert, was unsettled, and the permanent restoration of the old native royal family became almost hopeless, whilst by a singular train of circumstances the last monarch of the line, Edward the Confessor, an exile from his childhood, contracted a close intimacy with the kindred race who, in the ordering of Providence, were ultimately to prove the leaven of vigour to the inert mass of his countrymen.

For it was tne Norman who was destined to imbue the old English race with the energy and refinement which were lacking in them.

The Northmen of Norway had always been a brighter, nobler, more gallant race than their kinsmen the Danes, and when a colony of them settled permanently in Neustria, or Normandy, it was with the desire to assimilate themselves to the civilization of France, and thus raise themselves in the rank of nations. Their own perceptions and national instincts must have been the chief agents in the work; and it is remarkable that they not only became themselves polished, but infused fresh life into the languid Gauls and worn-out Franks, so that French history becomes a living thing from the time that the Normans form a part of it.

It was this nation, chivalrous yet astute, with northern vigour yet with Gallic cultivation, that Edward the Confessor loved, and through whom, even during the course of his own reign, he strove to improve and raise his jealous, discontented subjects. The attempt was most needful; for the English, debased by the Danish conquest, had sunk very low: yet its immediate effect was only to excite a bitter hatred of the Normans, and a strong contempt for the King himself, though on his death there was a great reaction, and the memory of his piety and gentleness raised him to the honour of a saint.

Edward was not actually the last of his lineage, but his direct heir, Edgar Atheling, the grandson of Edmund Ironside, was a child, and almost a foreigner, and the Confessor thought himself at liberty to choose as his successor the keen and mighty Norman, William, a claimant against whom there could be little chance of successful opposition except from the national dislike to a stranger. This feeling was no doubt very strong, and it was shown in the movement of the patriotic party, who,

in defiance of William, rallied round the half-English, half-Danish, Harold Godwinson. But the absence of hereditary right made Harold an object of distaste and jealousy to the old English nobility, and he failed therefore to carry with him a sufficient body of the nation to secure his throne against a sudden and prompt attack from abroad. William made good his pretensions in the decisive Battle of Hastings; and from thenceforth the country was not only the land of the Anglo-Saxons, but of a race who, in process of time, became inseparably blended with them, and who are supposed by many to have made England what it is at the present day. How erroneous this opinion is—what England was before the accession of William, and how singularly unchanged it remained afterwards—is set forth in the following pages in the accurate words of Mr. Freeman's "Norman Conquest," whilst a detailed account of the battle of Hastings, and of the defeat and death of Harold, has been given from Roscoe's "Lives of the Kings of England."

Upon Harold's death England lay powerless for want of a leader, and her prostration at first, and the subsequent isolated attempts of different nobles to shake off the yoke of the Conqueror, are told in detail in the extract selected from Dr. Lingard's history.

On the whole, however, William meant well and behaved well towards the Saxons. When they were goaded into rebellion by his rapacious Normans, he visited indeed severely the breach of their oaths of submission; but on the whole, though insurrection was put down with a stern hand, yet the bulk of the nation prospered; and it must be remembered that he was rigorously impartial, punishing with unbending justice his half-brother Odo, and Roger de Montgomery, the son of his friend, when they attempted to establish the French

feudal system in England. For William was a man of unflinching will and great uprightness. He intended always to be just, but he carried this virtue too often to excess, and thus became unmerciful. Unable for want of leisure to examine carefully, he tried to amalgamate the discordant elements under his rule by the pressure of his iron gauntlet; but he found that, although he could crush, he could not consolidate. Continental feudalism was his one idea of unity in a nation; and what this feudalism was, how in a modified form it was introduced into England, and what were the general results of the Conquest upon the condition of the English people, will be shown by extracts from Mr. Pearson's "Lectures on English History."

The Church was another sore difficulty. The English clergy had shared in the degradation of the people, and needed an entire reformation, while the Normans, as usual, were adventurers in ecclesiastical as well as state matters. It was not to a native but to an Italian archbishop, the great Lanfranc, that William chiefly trusted the regulation of the English Church; and his biography, forming as it does so important a part of the history of the period, is abridged from Dean Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury."

There was, in fact, a great crisis taking place in the Church at large throughout the reign of William; but as it did not affect England in his time, his death, eloquently and forcibly related by Sir Francis Palgrave, has been made to precede the history of the struggle. The final victory of the Papal See over the temporal power was so much owing to the support of the Norman sovereigns established in Sicily that it has been thought desirable to give the history of their remarkable conquest, taken from a book too little known, by Mr. Gally Knight, before proceeding to abridge Sir James Stephen's masterly essay on Pope Gregory VII., the originator of that great

scheme for subjecting the temporal to the spiritual power throughout Europe, which was intended to exalt the dignity of the Church, whilst at the same time it enabled her to control wickedness in high places.

The battle was to be fought inch by inch. It began in England with Lanfranc's successor Anselm, whose biography, containing the whole question of lay investiture, has been abridged from the Rev. Richard Church's Essays. The life of Anselm overlaps the reign of William Rufus, a wild period which hardly merits the name of a reign, and in which is given the story of the exiled royal line of England, selected from Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy." The strictures on Margaret Atheling's endeavours to raise and improve the Celts, and to bring Scotland into connexion with Rome, then the centre of religious influence, are perhaps rather too severe, for it must be remembered that isolation and distance had kept the North in an almost barbarous condition, and the only hope of improvement lay in exterior interests. It was at this period, when the power of the Roman Church was struggling for the mastery, that the crusading spirit awoke in Europe, and strengthened in a wonderful manner the influence of the Church. The general outline of the Crusades has been taken from Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity," whilst the details of the capture of Jerusalem are depicted in an extract from James's "Life of Richard the First."

England's direct share in that first Crusade was small. The fierce ungodly King took no part in it, but remained at home, profiting by the absence of the Crusaders to carry out more completely and unscrupulously the crushing process begun by his father. For the history of the forest laws, the New Forest, and of the death of William Rufus, recourse has again been had to the pages of Sir F. Palgrave.

There is little salient in Henry Beauclerc's history. Part of it is anticipated in the life of Anselm; and though much was done by him to soften enmities and consolidate the union of Normans and Saxons, yet there is little that has caught the imagination of writers, so that even for the wreck of the White Ship it has been necessary to turn to the staple of evenly told narrative found in Hume's History.

In the storms that followed, the misery of the country is portrayed with great effect by Fabyan's old chronicle, and the peaceful and flourishing condition of Scotland, described by the good monk Aelred, together with the invasion of England by David I., are given with so much detail in a small and but slightly known series of Lives of English Saints, that it has been thought that the Battle of the Standard could nowhere else be so picturesquely narrated.

With the lull produced by the peace between Stephen and Maude closes the first period. Should the present extracts be found to answer the purpose of the Compilers, a second series will be begun, dating from Henry the Second, the first King of the House of Anjou.

HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.

ENGLAND BEFORE THE CONQUEST.

(*From "History of the Norman Conquest," by* EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M. A.)

THE Norman Conquest is the great turning-point in the history of the English nation. Since the first settlement of the English in Britain, the introduction of Christianity is the only event which can compare with it in importance. And there is this wide difference between the two. The introduction of Christianity was an event which could hardly fail to happen sooner or later; in accepting the Gospel the English only followed the same law which, sooner or later, affected all the Teutonic nations. But the Norman Conquest is something which stands without a parallel in any other Teutonic land. If that Conquest be only looked on in its true light, it is impossible to exaggerate its importance. And yet there is no event whose true nature has been more commonly and more utterly mistaken. No event is less fitted to be taken, as it too often has been taken, for the beginning of our national history. For its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts: still it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our national history, the

Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being. But it was only a temporary overthrow. To a superficial observer, the English people might seem for a while to be wiped out of the roll-call of the nations, or to exist only as the bondmen of foreign rulers in their own land. But in a few generations we led captive our conquerors; England was England once again; and the descendants of the Norman invaders were to be found among the truest of Englishmen. England may be as justly proud of rearing such step-children as Simon of Montfort and Edward the First, as of being the natural mother of Ælfred[1] and of Harold. In no part of history can any event be truly understood without reference to the events which went before it and which prepared the way for it. But in no case is such reference more needful than in dealing with an event like that with which we are now concerned. The whole importance of the Norman Conquest consists in the effect which it had on an existing nation, humbled indeed, but neither wiped out nor utterly enslaved—in the changes which it wrought on an existing constitution, which was by degrees greatly modified, but which was never either wholly abolished or wholly trampled under foot. William, king of the English, claimed to reign as the lawful successor of the kings of the English who reigned before him. He claimed to inherit their rights, and he professed to govern according to their laws. His position, therefore, and the whole nature of the great revolution which he wrought, is utterly unintelligible without a full understanding of the state of things which he found existing. Even when one nation actually displaces another, some knowledge of the condition of the displaced nation is necessary to understand the position of the displacing nation. The English Conquest of Britain cannot be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of the earlier history of the Celt and the Roman. But when there is no displacement of a nation, when there is not even the utter overthrow of a constitution, when there are only changes, however many and important, wrought in an existing system, a knowledge of the earlier state of things is an absolutely essential part of any knowledge

[1] Alfred. (Mr. Freeman always uses the original spelling of the names.) —C. M. Y.

of the later. The Norman Conquest of England is simply an insoluble puzzle without a clear notion of the condition of England and the English people at the time when the Conqueror and his followers first set foot upon our shores.

The Norman Conquest, again, is an event which stands by itself in the History of Europe. . . . It was something less than such conquests as form the main object of history during the great wandering of the nations: it was something more than those political conquests which fill up too large a space in the history of modern times. It was much less than a national migration: it was much more than a mere change of frontier or of dynasty. . . . It did not expel or transplant the English nation, or any part of it, but it gradually deprived the leading men and families of England of their lands and offices, and thrust them down into a secondary position under alien intruders. It did not at once sweep away the old laws and liberties of the land; but it at once changed the manner and spirit of their administration, and it opened the way for endless later changes in the laws themselves. It did not abolish the English language; but it brought in a new language by its side, which for a while supplanted it as the language of polite intercourse, and which did not yield to the reviving elder tongue till it had affected it by the largest infusion that the vocabulary of one European tongue ever received from another. The most important of the formal changes in legislation, in language, in the system of government, and in the tenure of land, were no immediate consequences of the Conquest, no mere innovations of the reign of William. They were the developments of a later age, when the Norman as well as the Englishman found himself under the yoke of a foreign master. The distinct changes in law and government which we commonly attribute to William the Norman belong, in truth, in by far the greatest number of cases, to his great-grandson Henry the Angevin. But the reign of William paved the way for the reign of Henry: had not William's military conquest gone before, Henry could have found no opportunity for his administrative revolution. And the immediate changes were, after all, great and weighty, because they affected the practical condition of

the people far more than they affected its written laws and institutions. When a nation is driven to receive a foreigner as its King, when that foreign King divides the highest offices and the greatest estates of the land among his foreign followers, though such a change must be carefully distinguished from changes in the written law, still the change is, for the time, practically the greatest which a nation and its leaders can undergo. . . .

The Norman invaders in the eleventh century found in the Isle of Britain, as any modern invader would find now, three nations, speaking three languages; and they found, then as now, one of the three holding a distinct superiority over the whole land. Then, as now, English, Welsh, and Gaelic were the three distinct tongues of the three races of the island; then, as now, the dominant Teuton knew himself by no name but that of Englishman, and was known to his Celtic neighbour by no name but that of Saxon. The boundaries of the two nations and of their languages were already fixed nearly as they remain at present. The English tongue has made some advances since the eleventh century, but they are small compared with the advances which it had made between the fifth century and the eleventh.

The main divisions of the country, the local names of the vast mass of its towns and villages, were fixed when the Norman came, and they have survived, with but little change, to our own day. While a map of France or Germany in the eleventh century is useless for modern purposes, and looks like the picture of another region, a map of England proper in the reign of Victoria hardly differs at all from a map of England proper in the reign of William. The Norman found in the land substantially the same English nation which still exists, occupying substantially the same territory which it occupies at present. He found it already exhibiting, in its laws, its language, its national character, the most essential of the features which it still retains. Into the English nation which he thus found already formed, his own dynasty and his own followers were gradually absorbed. The conquered did not become Normans, but the conquerors did become Englishmen. It was by a very different process that the English themselves

had made good their footing on the island in which the Norman found them, and to which they had already, long ago, given their name. . . .

The English conquest of Britain differed, in several important respects, from every other settlement of a Teutonic people within the limits of the Roman Empire. Everywhere else the invaders gradually adopted the language and the religion of the conquered. If the conquerors were heathens at the time of their settlement, they gradually adopted Christianity. If they had already adopted Christianity in its Arian form, they gradually exchanged their heretical creed for that of the Catholic Church. Everywhere but in Britain the invaders gradually learned to speak some form, however corrupt, of the language of Rome. The Teutonic conquerors of Italy, Spain, and Gaul have indeed infused into the Romance languages of these countries a large proportion of words of Teutonic origin; still the language of all those countries remains essentially Latin; the Teutonic element in them is a mere infusion. Everywhere but in Britain the invaders respected the laws and arts of Rome. The Roman law was preserved side by side with the Barbaric codes, as the rightful heritage of the conquered people; and, in the process of ages, the Roman law gradually recovered its position as the dominant code of a large portion of continental Europe. Everywhere but in Britain the local divisions and local nomenclature survived the Conquest. Nearly every Gaulish tribe recorded by Cæsar has left its name still to be traced on the modern map. In Britain everything is different. The conquering English entered Britain as heathens, and after their settlement in Britain they still retained the heathen worship of their fathers. They were at last converted to Christianity, but it was not by the Christians whom they found in the island, but by a special mission from the common ecclesiastical centre. . . . And as the English in Britain retained their religion, so they also retained their language, and retained it far more permanently. A few Celtic, and a still fewer Latin,[1] words found their way into English

[1] Such as Street, Chester, and the like, but this class is excessively rare. See Max Müller, Science of Language, Second Series, p. 264.

from the first days of the Conquest, and a somewhat larger stock of Latin ecclesiastical[1] terms was naturally brought in by the Christian missionaries. But, with these two very small classes of exceptions, the English language retained its purely Low-Dutch character down to that great infusion of Romance words into our vocabulary which was a result, though not an immediate result, of the Norman Conquest. And, to this day, though the Romance infusion divides the vocabulary of our dictionaries with our national Teutonic speech, it still remains only an infusion—an infusion greater in degree, but essentially the same in kind, as the Teutonic infusion into the Romance languages. As it is impossible to put together the shortest French sentence without the use of Romance words, so it is impossible to put together the shortest English sentence without the use of Teutonic words. But it is possible to compose sentence after sentence of French without a single Teutonic word, and it is equally possible to compose sentence after sentence of English without a single Romance word.

In Britain, too, the arts of Rome perished as utterly as the language and the religion of Rome; arts, language, and religion were all brought back again at a later period and in a corrupted form. The laws of Rome perished utterly; they exercised no influence upon our insular jurisprudence, until, in times after the Norman Conquest, the Civil Law was introduced as something utterly exotic. And even then our insular jurisprudence was too strong for it; the Imperial legislation never gained that supremacy which it gained in most parts of the Continent, and even in the Scottish portion of our island. In England, again, the local nomenclature is throughout essentially Teutonic. A few great cities and a few great natural objects, London on the Thames and Gloucester on the Severn, still retain names older than the English Conquest, but the great mass of the towns and villages of England bear names which were given them either by the Angles and Saxons of the fifth and sixth centuries or by the Danes of the ninth and tenth. In short, though the utter extirpation of a

[1] Such as mass, bishop, priest, deacon, abbot, angel, candle; (all of which, however, except the first and last, only came through Latin from Greek). —C. M. Y.

nation is an impossibility, there is every reason to believe that the Celtic inhabitants of those parts of Britain which had become English at the end of the sixth century had been as nearly extirpated as a nation can be. The women would doubtless be largely spared, but as far as the male sex is concerned, we may feel sure that death, emigration, or personal slavery were the only alternatives which the vanquished found at the hands of our fathers. The nature of the small Celtic element in our language would of itself prove the fact. Nearly every Welsh word which has found its way into English expresses some small domestic matter, such as women and slaves would be concerned with; nearly all the words belonging to the nobler occupations, all the terms of government and war, and nearly all the terms of agriculture, are thoroughly Teutonic. . . .

Our forefathers appeared in the isle of Britain purely as destroyers; nowhere else in Western Europe were the existing men and the existing institutions so entirely swept away. The English wiped out everything Celtic and everything Roman as thoroughly as everything Roman was wiped out of Africa by the Saracen conquerors of Carthage. A more fearful blow never fell on any nation than the landing of the Angles and Saxons was to the Celt of Britain. But we may now be thankful for the barbarism and ferocity of our forefathers. Had we stayed in our earlier land we should have remained undistinguished from the mass of our Low-Dutch kinsfolk. Had we conquered and settled only as Gauls and Burgundians conquered and settled, we should be simply one more member of the great family of the Romance nations. Had we been a colony sent forth after the mother country had attained to any degree of civilization, we might have been lost like the Normans in Sicily or the Franks in Palestine. As it was, we were a colony sent forth while our race was still in a state of healthy barbarism. We won a country for ourselves, and grew up, a new people in a new land, bringing with us ideas and principles common to us with the rest of our race, but not bringing with us any of the theories and prejudices which have been the bane of later colonization. Severed from the old stock, and kept aloof from intermixture with any other, we ceased to be Germans and we did not become Britons or Romans. In our new

country we developed our system for ourselves, partly by purely native growth, partly by independent intercourse with the common centre of civilization. The Goth is merged in the Romance population of Italy, Spain, and Acquitaine; the Old-Saxon has lost his national being through the subtler proselytism of the High German; but the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, transplanted to the shores of Britain, have won for themselves a new name and a new national being, and have handed on to us the distinct and glorious inheritance of Englishmen.

Thus, before the end of the sixth century, by far the greater and more fertile portion of Britain had become heathen and Teutonic. . . . Three kindred tribes, Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, are, in the common national tradition, said to have divided the land among them in very unequal proportions. To trace out by the evidence of local nomenclature, or otherwise, the exact extent of their settlements, is highly curious and interesting as a matter of antiquarian and philosophical research. But the results of such inquiries are of little importance for the purpose of such a sketch as the present. Long before the Norman Conquest, the various Low-Dutch tribes in Britain had been fused into the one English nation. The distinction between Angle and Saxon had become merely provincial. To the united nation, the Angle had given his name, the Saxon had given his royal dynasty; the Jute, the least considerable in the extent of his territorial possessions, had been, according to all tradition, the first to lead the way to a permanent settlement, and he had undoubtedly been honoured by supplying the ecclesiastical centre from which Christianity was spread over the land. If Wessex boasted of the royal capital of Winchester, Kent boasted no less proudly of the spiritual metropolis of Canterbury.

The old notion of an Heptarchy, of a regular system of seven kingdoms, united under the regular supremacy of a single over-lord (or Bretwalda), is a dream which has passed away before the light of historic criticism. The English kingdoms in Britain were ever fluctuating, alike in their number and in their relations to one another. . . . Yet it is certain that, among the mass of smaller and more obscure principalities, seven King-

doms do stand out in a marked way, seven Kingdoms of A.D.
which it is possible to recover something like a continuous history, seven Kingdoms which alone supplied candidates for the dominion of the whole island. First comes the earliest permanent Teutonic settlement in Britain, the Jutish kingdom of Kent. The direct descendants of Hengest reigned over 449
a land which, as the nearest portion of Britain to the continent, has ever been the first to receive every foreign immigration, but which, notwithstanding, prides itself to this day on its specially Teutonic character, and on the retention of various old Teutonic usages which have vanished elsewhere. Besides Kent, the Yutes formed no other strictly independent State. Their only other settlement was a small principality, including the Isle of Wight and part of Hampshire, whose 530
history is closely connected with that of the great Saxon kingdom in its immediate neighbourhood, in which it was at last merged. The remainder of the English territory south of the Thames, together with a small portion to the north of that river, formed the three kingdoms of the Saxons, the East, the South, and the West, whose names speak for themselves. Among these, Sussex and Essex fill only a secondary part in our history. . . . Very different was the destiny of the 519
third Saxon kingdom. Wessex has grown into England, England into the United Kingdom, the United Kingdom into the British Empire. Every prince who has ruled England before and since the eleventh century, has had the blood of Cerdic, the West Saxon, in his veins. At the close of the sixth century, Wessex had risen to high importance among the English kingdoms, though the days of its permanent supremacy were still far distant. Step by step, from a small settlement on the Hampshire coast, the West Saxons had won their way, fighting battle after battle against the Welsh, and after nearly every battle extending their borders by a new acquisition of territory. . . .

The Somersetshire Axe, and the forests on the borders of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, separated the kingdom from the independent Britons to the west. North of the Thames lay the three great kingdoms of the Angles. One of these, probably the most purely Teutonic realm in Britain, occupied the great peninsula, or rather island, between the fens and the

A. D. German Ocean, which received from them the name of East Anglia. Far to the north, from the Humber to the Forth,
571 lay the great realm of the Northumbrians, sometimes united
547 under a single prince, sometimes divided by the Tyne and the Tees into the two kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira. . . . . Meanwhile, in the middle of Britain, a power equal to any of the others was growing up. . . . . The kingdom of the Mercians, the *March* or border land against the Welsh, ap-
584 pears at the end of the sixth century as a powerful state; but it has no distinctly recorded founder, no distinctly recorded date of origin. It seems to have grown up from the joining together of a great number of small principalities, probably of much more varied origin than the different portions of the other kingdoms. The prevailing blood was Anglian, but it is certain that the Mercian kingdom was considerably enlarged by conquest at the expense of the Saxon race. . . .

Such were the territorial divisions of Teutonic Britain at the end of the sixth century, . . . the last years of which were marked by a change hardly less important than the first settlement of the Teutonic tribes in Britain. The Christian faith, which the English had despised or passed by unheeded as the creed of the conquered Welsh, was now set before them by a special mission from the city which still commanded the reverence of all Western Europe. Kent, under its King Æthelberht,[1] who then held the rank of
579 Bretwalda, became the first Christian kingdom, and Canterbury became the first Christian city, the spiritual metropolis, of the English nation. . . . In less than a century, all the English Kingdoms had fully accepted Christianity. . . . Bishoprics were gradually founded, the limits of each diocese commonly answering to those of a Kingdom or principality. The supremacy of Kent at the beginning of the conversion, the supremacy of Northumberland at the stage when Christianity was first preached to the Northern English, is still shown to this day in the metropolitan position of Canterbury, the city of the Bretwalda Æthelberht, and of York, the city of the Bretwalda Eadwine.[2] . . .

[1] Ethelbert

[2] Fdwin.

The conversion of the English to Christianity at once altered their whole position in the world. Hitherto our history had been almost wholly insular; our heathen forefathers had had but little to do, either in war or peace, with any nations beyond their own four seas. We hear little of any connexion being kept up between the Angles and Saxons who settled in Britain, and their kinsfolk who abode in their original country. The little intercourse that we read of seems to be wholly with the Franks who now bore rule on the opposite coast of Gaul. . . . By its conversion England was first brought, not only within the pale of the Christian Church, but within the pale of the general political society of Europe. But our insular position, combined with the events of our earlier history, was not without its effect on the peculiar character of Christianity as established in England. England was the first great territorial conquest of the spiritual power, beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, beyond the influence of Greek and Roman civilization. . . . In England, alone in the West, a purely national Church arose. One great error indeed was committed; the vernacular tongue did not become the language of public worship. The mistake was natural. It had occurred to no man to translate the Latin services, drawn up at a time when Latin was the universal language of the West, into those provincial dialects, the parents of the future Romance tongues, which might already be growing up in Gaul and Spain. We should as soon think of translating the Prayer-book into the dialects of Somersetshire or Yorkshire. Led thus to look on Latin as the one tongue of worship, as well as of literature and government, Augustine and his successors failed to remark that Teutonic England stood in a wholly different position from Romanized Gaul and Spain. They failed to remark that the same reasons which required that men should pray in Latin at Rome required that they should pray in English at Canterbury. The error was pardonable, but in its effects it was great. Still, though England had not vernacular services, she soon began to form a vernacular literature, sacred and profane, poetical and historical, to which no other nation of the West can supply a parallel. The English Church, reverencing Rome, but not slavishly bowing down to her, grew up with a distinctly

national character, and gradually infused its influence into all the feelings and habits of the English people. By the end of the seventh century the independent, insular, Teutonic Church had become one of the brightest lights of the Christian firmament.

From this time the amount of intercourse with other nations steadily increased, and the change of religion had also a most important effect within the island itself. The morality of the Gospel had a distinct influence upon the politics of the age. The Evangelical precepts of peace and love did not put an end to war, they did not put an end to aggressive conquest, but they distinctly humanized the way in which war was carried on. From this time forth the never-ending wars with the Welsh cease to be wars of extermination. The heathen English had been satisfied with nothing short of the destruction or expulsion of their enemies: the Christian English thought it enough to reduce them to political subjection. This is clearly marked in the advance of Wessex towards the west. Twenty years before the coming of Augustine, Ceawlin, the West-Saxon Bretwalda, had . . . taken the cities of Bath, Gloucester, and Cirencester. . . . The land between the Avon and the Axe, the northern part of modern Somersetshire, became a permanent portion of the West-Saxon realm. This was the last heathen conquest, the last exterminating conquest waged by the West Saxons against the Britons. During a space of three hundred years, the process of West-Saxon conquest still went on; . . . step by step the old Cornish kingdom shrank up before the conquerors, till at last no portion of land south of the Bristol Channel was subject to a British sovereign. This was conquest, and, no doubt, fearful and desolating conquest, but it was no longer conquest which offered the dreadful alternatives of death, banishment, or personal slavery. The Christian Welsh could now sit down as subjects of the Christian Saxon. The Welshman was acknowledged as a man and a citizen; he was put under the protection of the law; he could hold landed property; his blood had its price, and his oath had its ascertained value. The value set on his life and on his oath shows that he was not yet looked on as the equal of the conquering race; but the Welshman within the West-Saxon

border was no longer a wild beast, an enemy, or a slave, but a fellow-Christian living under the king's peace. There can be no doubt that the great peninsula stretching from the Axe to the Land's End was, and still is, largely inhabited by men who are only naturalized Englishmen, descendants of the Welsh inhabitants, who gradually lost their distinctive language, and became merged in the general mass of their conquerors. In fact, the extinction of the Cornish language in modern Cornwall within comparatively recent times was only the last stage of a process which began with the conquests of Cenwealh[1] in the seventh century. . . .

During the seventh and eighth centuries there were many fluctuations in the relative position of the English kingdoms. . . . Wessex[2] stood high, but its kings, occupied with extending their western frontier, made as yet no attempt to acquire the supremacy of the whole island, and they often had no small difficulty in maintaining their own independence against Northumbrians and Mercians. The rivalries of these last two powers fill for a long while the most important place in our history. At the end of the sixth century and the beginning of the seventh, Northumberland was at the height of its power. . . . In the latter half of the eighth century Offa raised the Mercian kingdom to a greater degree of real power than it had ever before held. . . . Victorious over all enemies within his own island, he, as the mightiest potentate of the West, corresponded on equal terms with the great Charles, the mightiest potentate of the East. . . . After his death the greatness of Mercia continued for a while undiminished under the reign of his son Cenwulf. But meanwhile the seeds of a mighty revolution were being sown. A prince, taught in the school of adversity, who had learned the arts of war and statecraft at the feet of the hero of the age, was, in the sixth year after Offa's death, raised to the throne of the West Saxons. He was destined to achieve a dominion for which that narrow and local description seemed all too mean. Once, and seem-

[1] Cenwealh, commonly written Cenowalch, was King of the West Saxons from 643 to 672, and pushed his frontier further to the west.—C. M. Y.

[2] Wessex was the kingdom of the West Saxons, including Hampshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, and part of Devonshire. —C. M. Y.

ingly once only, in the hour of victory, did the eighth Bretwalda, the founder of the permanent supremacy of Wessex, venture to exchange his ancestral title of King of the West Saxons for the prouder style of King of the English.

A. D. 823 Ecgberht[1] was chosen king of the West Saxons in the same year, A.D. 823, in which Charles the Great was chosen Emperor. And we can hardly doubt that the example of his illustrious friend and host was ever present before his eyes. He could not aspire indeed, like Charles, to the diadem of the Cæsars, but he could aspire to an analogous rank in an island which men sometimes counted for a separate world. He could win for his own kingdom a permanent superiority over all its neighbours, and so pave the way for the day when all England and all Britain should acknowledge only a single king. The eighth Bretwalda not only established over the whole land a power such as had been held by no other prince before him, but he did what no other Bretwalda had ever done, he handed on his external dominion as a lasting possession to his successors in his own kingdom. From this time forward, Wessex remained the undisputed head of the English nation. The power of the West-Saxon kings might be assaulted, and at last overthrown, by foreign invaders, but it was never again disputed by rival potentates of English blood. In short, as Charles founded the kingdom of Germany, Ecgberht at least laid the foundations of the kingdom of England. In his reign of thirty-six years he reduced all the English kingdoms to a greater or less degree of subjection. . . . But while thus occupied he had also to carry on the usual warfare with his Celtic neighbours. The power of the Cornish Britons was now utterly broken. The long struggle which had gone on ever since the days of Cerdic was now over; the English frontier seems to have been extended to the Tamar, and the English supremacy was certainly extended to the Land's End. The Welsh, however, within the conquered territory still retained their distinct existence, and they sometimes, with the aid of foreign invaders, strove to cast off the yoke. Against the North Welsh—that is, the inhabitants of Wales proper—

[1] Egbert.

Ecgberht was successful. . . . But his power seems not to have extended over the Picts, the Scots, or the Strathclyde Welsh. . . . When at the height of his power, he was not, therefore, Lord of the whole Isle of Britain. To win that title was the work of the West-Saxon conquerors of the next century. A. D.

But, just as the West-Saxon monarchy was reaching this pitch of greatness, it was threatened by an enemy far more 787
formidable than any that could be found within the four seas of Britain. . . . The northern part of Europe, peopled by a race closely akin to the Low-Dutch, and speaking another dialect of the common Teutonic speech, now began to send forth swarms of pirates over all the seas of Europe, who from pirates often grew into conquerors. They were still heathens, and their incursions, both in Britain and on the continent, must have been a scourge almost as frightful as the settlement of the English had been to the original Britons. . . . As the Saxons and Angles plundered and desolated long before they actually settled, so now their northern kinsmen followed the same course. . . .

The reigns of the son and the grandson of Ecgberht were almost wholly taken up by the struggle with the Northmen. In the reign of Æthelwulf,[1] the son of Ecgberht, it is recorded that the heathen men wintered for the first time in the Isle of 855
Sheppey. . . . Hithereto they had plundered, and had gone away with their plunder; to spend the winter on English ground was the first step towards a permanent settlement. It was not, however, till about ten years from this time that the 864
settlement actually began. Meanwhile, the sceptre of the West Saxons passed from one hand to another. It is remarkable that no English king of this or of the following century seems to have reached old age. After Æthelwulf, whose age is uncertain, only one or two of his descendants for several generations reached the age of fifty, and the greater part of them were cut off while they were quite young. Four sons of 858
Æthelwulf reigned in succession, and the reigns of the first three among them make up together only thirteen years. In the reign of the third of these princes, Æthelred[2] the First, . . . 866

[1] Ethelwolf. [2] Ethelred.

A. D. the full storm of invasion burst upon Wessex itself. King Æthelred, the first of a long line of West-Saxon hero-kings, supported by his greater brother Ælfred, met the invaders in battle
871 after battle with varied success. He died, and Ælfred succeeded in the thick of the struggle. . . . For a few years Wessex was subjected to nothing more than temporary incursions, but Northumberland and part of Mercia were systemati-
876 cally occupied by the Northmen, and the land was divided among them. . . . At last, the Northmen, now settled in a large part of the island, made a second attempt to add Wessex
878 itself to their possessions. For a moment the land seemed conquered; Ælfred himself lay hid in the marshes of Somersetshire; men might well deem that the empire of Ecgberht, and the kingdom of Cerdic itself, had vanished for ever. But the strong heart of the most renowned of Englishmen, the saint, the scholar, the hero, and the lawgiver, carried his people safely through this most terrible of dangers. Within the same year the Dragon of Wessex was again victorious, and the Northmen were driven to conclude a peace which Englishmen fifty years sooner would have deemed the lowest depth of degradation, but which now might fairly be looked upon as honourable, and even as triumphant. By the terms of the peace of Wedmore
880 the Northmen were to evacuate Wessex, and the part of Mercia south-west of Watling Street; they, or at least their chiefs, were to submit to baptism, and they were to receive the whole land beyond Watling Street as vassals of the West-Saxon king. Guthrum, the Danish king, was accordingly baptized by the name of Æthelstan; he took possession of his new dominions, and preserved the peace with decent fidelity till his death.

A large part of England thus received a colony of Danish inhabitants. They gave their name to their conquest, and England is for the future divided into Wessex, Mercia, and *Denalagu*, the region where the Danish law was in force. This Danish occupation was a real settlement of a new people in the land. . . . How extensive it was is best seen in the local nomenclature. . . . The names of the towns and villages throughout a large part of the ceded territory, show the systematic way in which the land was divided among the Danish

leaders. Through a large region, stretching from Warwickshire to Cumberland, but most conspicuously in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Leicestershire, the Danish termination *by* marks the settlements of the invaders; and, in a vast number of cases, the name of the manor still retains the name of the Danish lord to whom it was assigned in the occupation of the ninth century. Names like Carlby, Haconby, Kettilby, Thorkillby, tell their own story. In two cases at least, the Danes gave new names to considerable towns: Streoneshath and Northweorthig, exchanged their names for the new ones of Whitby and Derby (Deoraby). This last town is one of considerable importance in the history of the Danish settlement. It formed, along with Lincoln, Leicester, Nottingham, and Stamford, a member of a sort of confederation of Danish towns which, under the name of the Five Boroughs, often plays a part in the events of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

Ælfred, the unwilling author of these great changes, is the most perfect character in history. He is a singular instance of a prince, who has become a hero of romance, who, as such, has had countless imaginary exploits attributed to him, but to whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history and in fable. No other man on record has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues both of the ruler and of the private man. In no other man on record were so many virtues disfigured by so little alloy. A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all whose wars were fought in the defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the day of triumph, there is no other name in history to compare with his. . . .

And he was specially happy in handing on a large share of his genius and his virtue to those who came after him. The West-Saxon kings, for nearly a century, form one of the most A. D.
brilliant royal lines on record. . . . Ælfred's successor, Eadward 901
the Elder, completed the work which Ecgberht had begun, by first extending the supremacy of Wessex over the whole island of Britain. Under his sons, Æthelstan, Eadmund, and Eadred, 925
that supremacy was maintained and consolidated at the point

A. D. of the sword. His grandson, Eadgar the Peaceful, enjoyed the
958 fruit of their labours, and further strengthened their work by a reign of strong and orderly government, of constant readiness for warfare during a time, for those days, of unparalleled quiet.
800 Thus, from Ecgberht to Eadgar, a hundred and seventy years built up the kingdom of England—a kingdom which, as coming events showed, could still be conquered, but which could no longer be permanently divided. . . .

With the consolidation of their Teutonic kingdom, the same West-Saxon princes obtained a more extended and more precarious empire over their Celtic neighbours. The later fate of its various portions has been widely different. In Cumberland no sign is left, and in Cornwall not many, that the dominion of the English king was once that of an external over-lord, and not that of an immediate sovereign. On Wales the English dominion has been pressed closer and closer till all political and civil distinctions between Wales and England have been wiped out, though the ancient language, and with it a distinct provincial feeling, still remains. Scotland, after various fluctuations, at last won complete independence of the English over-lord, and was finally united with England on equal terms as an independent kingdom. Strange to say, the little realm of Maccus (Man) is the only part of the empire of Eadgar which is not now thoroughly fused into the general mass of the United Kingdom.

But different as has been the later fate of the different portions of the dominions of Eadgar, his Teutonic kingdom and his Celtic empire both passed nearly untouched into the hands of the Norman Conqueror. . . . What the Constitution was under Eadgar, that it remained under William. This assertion must be taken with all the practical drawbacks which are involved in the forcible transfer of the Crown to a foreign dynasty, and in the division of the greater part of the lands of the Kingdom among the followers of the foreign King. But the Constitution remained the same; the laws, with a few changes in detail, remained the same; the language of public documents remained the same. The powers which were vested in King William and his Witan remained constitutionally the same as those which had been vested in King Eadgar and his Witan a

hundred years before. The change in the social condition of the country, the change in the spirit of the national and local administration, the change in the relation of the kingdom to foreign lands, were changes as great as words can express. The practical effect of these changes was a vast increase of the royal power and the introduction of wholly new relations between the king and every class of his subjects. But formal constitutional change there was none. . . . The English Kingship gradually changed from a Kingship of the old Teutonic type to a Kingship of the later mediæval type. The change began before the Norman Conquest; it was hastened by the Norman Conquest; but it was not completed till long after the Norman Conquest. Such a change was not, and could not be, the work of one man, or of one generation. But so far as it can be said to be the work of one man, so far as there was one man who put the finishing stroke to the work, one man who gathered up detached and incoherent elements into one consistent system, that man was not William of Normandy, but Henry of Anjou.

What, then, was the nature, and what was the origin of that Kingship, which the election—the constrained and unwilling election—of the Witan of all England did, on Midwinter day, eight hundred years back, entrust to William, duke of Normandy—from that day forward William, King of the English? . . . In the days of Tacitus, some of the Teutonic tribes had Kings and others had not; in the time of Cæsar, it would seem that Kingships were the exception, and not the rule. The chieftains of the first settlers in our own island seem to have borne no higher title than that of *Ealdorman* or *Heretoga.* These two names seem to express two different aspects of the same office. The same person is Ealdorman as a civil ruler, and Heretoga as a military chieftain. The former name survives in our language, but with sadly diminished dignity; the title which once expressed a rank which among worldly dignitaries was inferior to Kingship alone, has taken refuge with a class of municipal magistrates, extending themselves downwards to the pettiest boroughs. The other name, always much more rarely in use, has dropped altogether out of our tongue. . . . It is not perfectly clear in what the authority or dignity of the king

exceeded that of the Ealdorman; but it is clear that the title of King did carry with it an advance in both respects. Most probably, even the smallest Kingdom was formed by the union of the districts of several Ealdormen. . . . It is certain that Kingship required descent from the Gods; it may be that no such divine origin was needed by the mere Ealdorman. . . . During the whole period commonly called that of the Heptarchy, the whole land was full of petty princes, some of whom undoubtedly bore the title of King, though others may have reigned simply as Ealdormen. . . . But, at least from the time of Ecgberht onwards, there is a marked distinction between the King and the Ealdorman . . . The King is supreme, the Ealdorman is simply sent by him. . . . He is a Viceroy appointed by the King and his Witan; he is liable to be removed by them, and he is responsible to them for the exercise of his authority. . . . So, when Northumberland was finally incorporated with England under Eadred, Kingship was abolished, and the government was entrusted to a magistrate with the title of Ealdorman, or its Danish equivalent, Eorl. By the exactly contrary process, Princes of the empire, Dukes—that is, Ealdormen or Heretogan—and not only Dukes, but Counts, Margraves, Landgraves, all of them originally mere magistrates under the Emperor-King, have gradually grown into sovereign princes, and have at last, in several cases, ventured to assume the kingly title.

The mere title of *King* seems to me to be comparatively recent among the Teutonic nations. It does not occur in the earliest Teutonic monument, the Gothic Gospels; but in our own language it seems to be as old as the English settlements in Britain. . . . *Cyning*, by contraction King, is evidently closely connected with the word *Cyn* or *Kin*. . . And the connexion is not without an important meaning. The King is the representative of the race, the embodiment of its national being, the child of his people, and not their father. A King, in the old Teutonic sense, is not the King of a country, but the King of a nation. Such titles as King of England, or King of France, are comparatively modern, and the idea which they express is equally so. . . . The idea of the King of a country would have been hardly intelligible to our forefathers. Every

King is King of a people. He is King of Goths, Franks, Saxons, wherever Goths, Franks, Saxons may happen to settle. The Goths and their Kings moved from the Danube to the Tiber, and from the Tiber to the Tagus; but Alaric and Ataulf were equally Kings of the Goths, in whatever quarter of the world the Goths might be. . . . So when the West-Saxon king had swallowed up all his brethren, he became not King of England, but King of the English. . . .

The King's power and dignity gradually grew. They grew by the mere extension of his dominions. The larger a prince's territory becomes, the greater is the distance at which he finds himself from the mass of his subjects. He becomes more and more clothed with a sort of mysterious dignity; he comes more and more to be looked upon as something different from ordinary men, even from ordinary civil magistrates and military leaders. . . . Through this cause only, every fresh addition of territory added fresh power and dignity to the kings of the house of Cerdic in their progress from the Ealdormanship of a corner of Hampshire to the imperial crown of the Isle of Britain. But this cause was by no means the only one. The growth of the royal power was greatly helped by another cause, fully to understand which we must go back to the very earliest accounts which we have of the political institutions of the Teutonic race.

From the very beginning of our history two opposing elements may be discerned, one of which in the end gained the complete mastery over the other. The one is the original self-governing Teutonic community; the other is the King or other Lord, with his personal following.

In the very earliest glimpses of Teutonic political life, we find the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the democratic elements already clearly marked. There are leaders, with or without the royal title; there are men of noble birth, whose noble birth, in whatever the original nobility may have consisted, entitles them to pre-eminence in every way; but beyond these there is a free and armed people, in whom it is clear that the ultimate sovereignty resides. Small matters are decided by the chiefs alone, great matters are submitted by the chiefs to the assembled nation. . . . . Of the nature and functions of such an

assembly I shall have presently to speak, when I trace out the origin and nature of the Old-English Witenagemot. My present point is the distinction of orders in the state. Tacitus sets before us a marked distinction between the noble and the common freeman, that is, in Old-English phrase, between the *Eorl* and the *Ceorl.* The modern English forms of these words have completely changed their meaning. The word *Earl*, after several fluctuations, has settled down as the title of one rank in the peerage ; the word *Churl* has come to denote a certain form of moral obliquity, irrespective of the rank of the person who is guilty of the offence. But, in the primary meaning of the words, *Eorl* and *Ceorl*—words whose happy jingle causes them constantly to be opposed to each other—form an exhaustive division of the free members of the State. The distinction in modern language is most nearly expressed by the words *gentle* and *simple.* The Ceorl is the simple freeman, the mere unit in the army or in the assembly, whom no distinction of birth or office marks out from his fellows. It must not be forgotten that among the ancient English, as among all other Teutonic nations, the system of slavery was in full force. The Ceorl, therefore, like the ancient Greek citizen, though he might be looked down upon by an aristocratic class, was actually a privileged person as compared with a large number of human beings in his own city or district. . . . The Eorl and the Ceorl, in fact, answer pretty much to the esquire and the yeoman ; the modern artificial peerage is something quite different, and we shall presently perhaps see its beginnings. The primitive Teutonic community is thus set before us as one of Eorls and Ceorls, headed by a King, Ealdorman, or other leader, temporary or permanent, elective or hereditary. Such a community occupies its own territory, its *Mark*, which territory consists of land of two kinds. There is the common land, either applied to the general use of the community, or else held by individuals on such terms as the community, in its character of landowner, may think fit to allow. There are also the particular possessions of individuals, portions assigned to them by common consent, which are the absolute property of their owners, held of no superior, but simply subject to such burthens as the community in its political character may think

good to impose on its members. . . . Such an allotment in absolute property, held of no superior, subject to nothing but the laws of the State, is called in different Teutonic dialects *eotel*, *odal*, or *alod*. It is an estate, great or small, which the owner does not hold either of the King or of any other Lord, but in regard to which he knows no superior but God and the law.

The communities of freemen, among whom some had a pre-eminence in rank, and doubtless in wealth, but among whom every freeman was a member of the State, form one of the elements of Teutonic life as we see it in its very earliest pictures. But those same pictures set no less strongly before us another element which grew up alongside of the primitive democracy, and which was destined in the long run to supplant it more or less completely in nearly every Teutonic country. . . . Every Teutonic King or other leader was surrounded by a band of chosen warriors, personally attached to him of their own free choice. The chief and his followers were bound together by the strongest ties of mutual trust, and a lack of faithfulness on either side was reckoned among the most shameful of crimes. The followers served their chief in peace and in war; they fought for him to the death, and rescued or avenged his life with their own. In return, they shared whatever gifts or honours the chief could distribute among them; and, in our tongue at least, it was his character of dispenser of gifts which gave the chief his official title. He was the *Hlaford*, the Loaf-giver; a name, which through a series of softenings and contractions and with a complete forgetfulness of its primitive meaning, has settled down into the modern form of *lord*. His followers were originally his *Companions*. . . . The *companion* became the *Thegn*, *Thane*, or *Servant*. . . . Purely menial services, when rendered to persons of exalted rank, were held, not only not to degrade the freeman, but to confer positive honour on all who were, if only by one degree, less exalted. . . . The king's *dish-thegn*, his *bower-thegn*, his *horse-thegn* or *staller*, all became great dignitaries of the Kingdom, high in rank and influence, as some of them, among all the changes in our institutions, still remain. Thus there arose a new kind of nobility, nobility by service, the nobility which gradually

attached to the *Thegns* or servants of Kings and Ealdormen, and this nobility gradually supplanted the elder nobility of immemorial descent. Men pressed into the service of powerful leaders, till such service became the necessary badge of anything like distinguished rank. . . . The King's Thegns formed the highest rank of gentry; the Thegns of Ealdormen and Bishops formed a lower class. Again to use a modern parallel, the ancient *Eorl* answers to the gentleman of ancient family, looked at simply as the descendant of certain forefathers and the owner of certain property; the *Thegn* answers to the gentleman whether with or without such ancestry, looked at as holding, by royal or other commission, his place in the local magistracy and the local military force.

The *Comitatus*—the *Thegnhood*, as we may call it—thus grew and developed and became the central institution of the State. . . . The institution of the *comitatus*, which in its origin was essentially voluntary, was, as it were, pressed upon all men, till at last it became a principle that no man should be without his Lord. The freeman might choose his Lord, he might determine to whom, in technical phrase, he should *commend* himself; but a Lord he must have, a Lord to act at once as his protector and as his surety, at once to watch over him and to give a guarantee for his good behaviour. This practice of *commendation*, or choosing a Lord, must be carefully borne in mind, not only on account of its vast importance in the social condition of England and other Teutonic countries, but because we shall presently see the same process applied to international transactions on a great scale.

The growth of the power of the King and of his Thegns no doubt tended, in England as elsewhere, to the degradation, at least for a while, of the lowest class of freemen. The Ceorl was fast sinking into the Villain. Still, even in the worst times, enough of the old spirit remained in our laws to give the Villain the means of obtaining enfranchisement, which did gradually enfranchise the whole class, without the institution of Villainage being ever formally done away with. And the uprooting of the old communities was necessary, if England was ever to become a great and united nation. We must remember that the Kingdom, like all our ancient divisions, from the shire,

perhaps from the hundred, upwards, was formed by aggregation of smaller divisions. The unit is the Mark, roughly represented by the modern parish or manor. . . . The Shire is formed by the aggregation of Marks, and the Kingdom by an aggregation of Shires. . . . It is possible that the circumstances of the English Conquest of Britain may have hindered the Mark from ever possessing the same amount of independence in England which it possessed in the older Teutonic lands. . . . The first followers of Cerdic no doubt settled themselves in Marks, forming self-governing communities; but they must all have held themselves ready to march at Cerdic's command, whenever it was either needful to repel an inroad of the Welsh, or desirable to make a fresh inroad upon them. Still such communities, the Mark and the Shire, however dependent externally on some central authority, were doubtless internally self-governed from the beginning. We have already seen how Shires, ruled each one by its own Ealdorman, coalesced into Kingdoms under a single King. . . . But the nature of the process differed in different parts of the country: in Mercia, for instance, wholly independent states were thus brought into union; while in Wessex, though there were many Ealdormen, and even many Kings, there was still a certain unity from the first. There was always a head King of the West Saxons, and probably all the under-Kings were Ælthelings of the blood of Cerdic. . . . Gradually the connexion became closer. . . . The head King became the only King, the only independent Executive, and the assembly of his Witan became the only independent legislature. In place of Kings, independent or dependent, the Shires received Ealdormen, named by the King and his Witan, and liable to be removed by them. . . . But beside the Ealdorman arose a new officer, the *Scirgerefa*, *Shirereeve*, or *Sheriff*, the immediate officer of the king, the agent of the central authority, the representative of the dependence of each local division on the common King and Assembly of the nation. Once the Shires were the units, out of the amalgamation of which the Kingdom was formed; now the Kingdom forms a new whole, of which the Shires have sunk to be mere administrative divisions. . . .

By these means those great Kingdoms were formed which

produced Bretwaldas, and contended for the supremacy of Britain. Each stage of amalgamation increased the kingly power; each stage lessened the independence of local communities, and lessened the importance of their individual members. The democratic character of the old Teutonic system contained the seeds of its own destruction, whenever it should be applied to districts of any great extent. We may be sure that every Teutonic freeman had a voice in the Assembly—the *Gemót*, the *Gemeinde*, the *Ekklêsia*—of his own Mark: in fact, he in some sort retains it still, as holding his place in the parish vestry. He had a voice;—it might be too much to say that he had a vote; for, in an early stage of things, formal divisions are not likely to be often taken; the temper of the assembly is found out by easier means. But the man who clashed his arms to express approval, or who joined in the unmistakeable sound which expressed dissent, practically gave as efficient a vote as if he had solemnly walked out into a lobby. . . . The voice which the simple freeman, the Ceorl, had in the assembly of his mark, he would not lose in the assembly of his shire, the *Scirgemót*. The County Court is to this day an assembly of all the freeholders of the shire. But the right of attending the Assembly of the Shire would become really less valuable than the right of attending the Assembly of the Mark. The larger the assembly, the more distant the place of meeting, the more difficult, and therefore, the more rare, does the attendance of individual members become, and the smaller is the importance of each individual member when he gets there. Then, no doubt, as well as now, a man who was a great man in the Assembly of his own Mark, who was somebody in the Assembly of his own Shire, would find himself nobody in an assembly of the freemen of all Wessex. . . . We cannot doubt that every freeman retained in theory the right of appearing in the Assembly of the Kingdom, no less than in the Assemblies of the Mark and of the Shire. . . . But such a right of attendance of course became purely nugatory. The mass of the people could not attend, they would not care to attend; they would find themselves of no account if they did attend. They would, therefore, without any formal abrogation of their right, gradually cease from attending. The idea of representation

had not yet arisen; those who did not appear in person had no means of appearing by deputy; of election or delegation there is not the slightest trace, though it might often happen that those who stayed away might feel that their rich or official neighbour who went would attend to their wishes and would fairly act in their interests. By this process, an originally democratic assembly, without any formal exclusion of any class of its members, gradually shrank up into an aristocratic assembly. . . . The great officers of Church and State, Ealdormen, Bishops, Abbots, would attend; the ordinary Thegns would attend more laxly, but still in considerable numbers; the King would preside; a few leading men would discuss; the general mass of the Thegns, whether they formally voted or not, would make their approval or disapproval practically felt; no doubt the form still remained of at least announcing the resolutions taken to any of the ordinary freemen whom curiosity had drawn to the spot; most likely the form still remained of demanding their ceremonial assent, though without any fear that the habitual "Yea, yea," would ever be exchanged for "Nay, nay." It is thus that, in the absence of representation, a democratic franchise, as applied to a large country, gradually becomes unreal or delusive. A primary assembly, an *Ekklêsia*, a *Landesgemeinde*, is an excellent institution in a commonwealth so small as to allow of its being really worked with effect. But in any large community, it either becomes a tumultuous mob, like the later Roman Comitia, or the Florentine Parliament, or else it gradually shrinks up into an aristocratic body, as the old Teutonic Assemblies did both in England and on the Continent. . . .

Thus was formed that famous assembly of our forefathers called by various names, the *Mycel Gemót*, or *Great Meeting*, the *Witenagemót*, or *Meeting of the Wise;* sometimes the *Mycel Getheaht*, or *Great Thought*. But the common title of those who compose it is simply the *Witan*, the *Sapientes*, or *Wise Men*. In every English Kingdom we find the royal power narrowly limited by the necessity under which the King lay of acting in all matters of importance by the consent and authority of his Witan; in other words, of his Parliament. . . . As to the constitution of these Great Councils in any English Kingdom,

our information is of the vaguest kind. The members are always described in the loosest way. We find the Witan constantly assembling, constantly passing laws; but we find no law prescribing or defining the constitution of the Assembly itself. . . . It is therefore utterly vain for any political party to try to press the supposed constitution of our ancient National Councils into the service of modern political warfare. The Meeting of the Wise has not a word to utter for or against any possible Reform Bill. In one sense it was more democratic than anything that the most advanced Liberal would venture to dream of; in another sense it was more oligarchic than anything that the most unbending Conservative would venture to defend. Yet it may in practice have fairly represented the wishes of the nation; and, if so, no people ever enjoyed more complete political freedom than the English did in these early times. For the powers of the ancient Witenagemót surpassed beyond all measure the powers which our written Law vests in a modern Parliament. . . . The King could do absolutely nothing without the consent of his Wise Men. First of all, it was from them that he derived his political being, and it was on them that he depended for its continuance. The Witan chose the King, and the Witan could depose him. The power of deposition is a power which, from its very nature, can be exercised but rarely; we therefore do not find many kings deposed by Act of Parliament, either before or after the Norman Conquest. But we do find instances, both before and after that event, which show that, by the ancient Constitution of England, the Witan of the land did possess the right of deposing the sovereign; and that on great and emergent
A. D. occasions they did not shrink from exercising that right. . . .
755 Sigeberht of Wessex, in the eighth century, was deposed by the vote of the General Assembly of his Kingdom, and another King elected in his stead. Æthelred the Second was deposed
1013 by one act of the legislature, and restored by another: Edward the Second was deposed by Parliament, so was Richard the Second.[1] . . .

[1] Charles the First was not deposed. He was tried and executed, *being king*, a process of which English history certainly supplies no other example.

If the Witan could depose the King, still more undoubtedly did the Witan elect the King. . . . In every Kingdom there was a royal family, out of which alone, under all ordinary circumstances, the Kings were chosen, but within that royal family the Witan of the land had a free choice. The eldest son of the last King would doubtless always have a preference; if he was himself at all worthy of the place, if his father's memory was at all cherished, he would commonly be preferred without hesitation, probably chosen without the appearance of any other candidate. But a preference was all to which he was entitled, and he seems not to have been entitled even to a preference unless he was actually the son of a crowned King. If he were too young, or otherwise disqualified, the electors passed him by, and chose some worthier member of the royal family. Ælfred and Eadred were chosen in preference to the minor sons of elder brothers. Eadward the Confessor was chosen in preference to the absent son of an elder brother. . . . And as a certain preference was acquired by birth, a certain preference was acquired by the recommendation of the late king. So Eadgar recommended his eldest son Eadward to the electors: so Eadward the Confessor recommended Harold. . . .

An ancient English King then was, as his very title implied, not the father of his people, but their child, their creation. And the Assembly which had elected him and which could depose him, claimed to direct him by its advice and authority in almost every exercise of the kingly power. Every act of government of any importance was done, not by the King alone, but by the King and his Witan. . . . The King and his Witan, and not the King alone, concluded treaties, made grants of folkland, ordained the assemblage of fleets and armies, appointed and deposed the great officers of Church and State. . . . Our ancient Gemóts enjoyed every power of a modern Parliament, together with some powers which modern Parliaments shrink from claiming. Even such a matter of detail as the special security granted to the persons of members of the two Houses has been traced, and not without a show of probability, to an enactment which stands at the very front of English secular jurisprudence, the second among the laws

ordained by our first Christian King and the Witan of his kingdom of Kent.

As the powers of the Witan were thus extensive, as the King could do no important act of government without their consent, some may hastily leap to the conclusion that the ancient English King was a mere puppet in the hands of the National Council. No inference could be more mistaken. Nothing is clearer in our early history than the personal agency of the King in everything that is done, and the unspeakable difference between a good and a bad King. . . . When the King had no will, or a will which the Witan could not consent to, then of course the machine gave way, and nothing was to be seen but confusion and every evil work. . . . Enormous influence attached to the King from his having all the chief men of the land bound to him by the personal tie of Thegnship. . . . He was not the less the fountain of honour and the fountain of wealth because, in the disposal of both, he had certain decent ceremonies to go through. . . . Altogether, narrowly limited as were the legal powers of an ancient English King, his will, or lack of will, had the main influence on the destinies of the nation, and his personal character was of as much moment to the welfare of the State as the personal character of an absolute ruler.

The King and his Witan, then, in their joint action, formed the supreme legislature and the supreme tribunal of the English kingdom. That kingdom, from Æthelstan onwards, took in the whole Teutonic portion of Britain, together with those Celtic lands to the south-west which had been incorporated and, to a great extent, Teutonized. . . . But this kingdom of the English was not the only title and dignity to which the house of Cerdic had attained. The King of the English was also Emperor of the whole Isle of Britain. . . . The fact that the West-Saxon or English kings, from Edward the Elder onwards, did exercise an external supremacy over the Celtic princes of the island is a fact too clear to be misunderstood by any one who looks the evidence on the matter fairly in the face. . . . There was nothing unusual or degrading in the relation; if Scotland, Wales, Strathclyde, commended themselves to the West-Saxon king, they only put themselves

in the same relation to their powerful neighbour in which every continental prince stood in theory, and most of them in actual fact, to the Emperor, Lord of the World. . . .

But it is here needful to point out two distinct events which have often been confounded with the commendation of Scotland, a confusion through which the real state of the case has often been misunderstood. In the eleventh century at least, if not in the tenth, the King of Scots stood to his English over-lord in a threefold relation, grounded on three distinct acts which are popularly confounded. In this matter, as in so many others, prevalent ignorance is strengthened by inattention to historical geography. As it is hard to make people understand that there has not always been a Kingdom of France including Marseilles and Strasburg, perhaps even including Nizza and Chambery, so it is hard to make people understand that there have not always been Kingdoms of England and Scotland, with the Tweed and the Cheviot Hills as the boundaries between them. It must be borne in mind that in the tenth century no such boundaries existed, and that the names of England and Scotland, as geographical terms, were hardly known. At the time of the Commendation the country which is now called Scotland was divided among three quite distinct sovereignties. North of the Forth and Clyde reigned the King of Scots, an independent Celtic prince, reigning over a Celtic people, the Picts and Scots. . . . South of the two great firths the Scottish name and dominion was unknown. The south-west part of modern Scotland formed part of the kingdom of the Strathclyde Welsh, which up to 924 was, like the kingdom of the Scots, an independent Celtic principality. The south-eastern part of modern Scotland, Lothian, in the wide sense of the word, was purely English or Danish, as in language it remains to this day. It was part of the kingdom of Northumberland, and it had its share in all the revolutions of that kingdom. . . . The relation in which Scotland stood to England was one of commendation ; the relation in which Cumberland or Strathclyde stood to England was one of original grant.[1] . . .

[1] In modern language Cumberland means a single shire which for ages has been undoubtedly English. In modern language Lothian means three shires which for ages have been undoubtedly Scottish. . . . But in the

The transactions which brought Scotland, Strathclyde, and Lothian into their relations to one another and to the English crown were quite distinct from each other. They were as follows: First, the Commendation of the King and people of the Scots to Eadward, in 924; secondly, the grant of Cumberland by Eadmund to Malcolm in 945; thirdly, the grant of Lothian to the Scottish Kings either by Eadgar or Cnut. Eadward (the Elder) did not grant Scotland to Constantine, because Scotland had never been his; but Constantine and his people, by their own act, put themselves in the same position as if it had been so granted. But Eadmund really did grant Cumberland to Malcolm; he granted him a territory which he had himself conquered and which he might have kept in his own hands. . . .

Cumberland then was truly a fief of the crown of England, but it was not a fief held within the kingdom of England. This last position, popularly thought to be the position of Cumberland, was really the position of Lothian. The date of the grant of Lothian (either by Eadgar or Cnut) is not perfectly clear. But whatever was the date, as to the nature of the grant there can be no doubt at all. Lothian, an integral part of England, could be granted only as any other part of England could be granted, namely, to be held as part of England, its ruler being in the position of an English Earl. . . . But a part of the kingdom which was governed by a foreign sovereign, on whatever terms of dependence, could not long remain in the position of a province governed by an ordinary Earl. It was unavoidable that Lothian should become an hereditary dominion of the Scottish Kings; it was almost unavoidable that it should gradually lose its distinct character, and the remembrance of its distinct tenure, and should be gradually merged in the mass of their other dominions. By the time of the great controversy of the thirteenth century the distinction seems to have been forgotten on both sides, exactly as it was in the case of Strathclyde. The claims of the English King were alike over the whole country, over

language of the year 945 Lothian was still an integral portion of England. Cumberland meant a country, part of which is now English and part Scottish, but which up to that time was neither English nor Scottish, but the seat of a distinct Welsh principality.

Scotland, Strathclyde, and Lothian ; they were put forward as a whole, and they were accepted or rejected as a whole. . . . The alternative, by that time, had come to be whether Scotland, as a whole—that is, Scotland proper, Scottish Strathclyde, and Lothian—should be a fief of England or an independent kingdom. . . . It was then to be expected that Lothian, when once granted to the King of Scots, would gradually be merged in the kingdom of Scotland. But the peculiar and singular destiny of this country could hardly have been looked for. . . . The Kings of Scots, from the end of the eleventh century, became English in manners and language ; . . . they learned to attach more and more value to the English part of their dominions, and they laboured to spread its language and manners over their original Celtic territory. They retained their ancient title of Kings of Scots, but they became in truth Kings of English Lothian and of Anglicized Fife. A state was thus formed politically distinct from England, and which political circumstances gradually made bitterly hostile to England ; a state which, indeed, retained a dark and mysterious Celtic background, but which, as it appears in history, is English in laws, language, and manners—more truly English indeed, in many respects, than England itself remained after the Norman Conquest. As in so many other cases, the people took the name of their sovereign ; the English subjects of the King of Scots learned to call themselves Scots, and their country Scotland. Meanwhile the true Scots to the north of them, the original subjects of the Scottish dynasty, forsaken as it were by their natural princes, became the standing difficulty of their government. The true Scots are known in history only as a mass of turbulent tribes, alien in customs, language, and feeling from those who had assumed their name—tribes which the Kings of Dunfermline and Edinburgh had much ado to keep in even nominal subjection. . . .

The King of the English was thus suzerain lord, or external superior, of all the princes of the Isle of Britain. In that character, from the days of Æthelstan onwards, our Kings assumed titles beyond those of ordinary royalty—titles which, in strictness, belonged only to the successors of Charles and of Constantine. They appear in their public acts as *Basileus*, *Cæsar*,

Imperator, *Imperator Augustus*. Several questions at once arise. Are these titles mere outpourings of vanity, mere pieces of inflated rhetoric, mere specimens of the turgid style of the tenth century? Or do they imply a serious claim on the part of the English Kings to be looked upon as something more than mere kings, to be deemed the peers of the Lords of Imperial Rome, Old and New? And, if they do imply such a claim, from what was that claim understood to be derived? Did the Emperors of Britain in the tenth century inherit, or claim to inherit, their imperial rank from the provincial emperors who reigned in Britain in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries? . . . Or are we to see in these titles merely an imitation of the style of the contemporary Roman emperors, Eastern and Western? These questions have given rise to a large amount of controversy. My own belief, briefly to sum it up, is, that vanity and the love of sounding titles may well have had some secondary share in the matter, but yet that these titles were seriously meant as a distinct assertion of the imperial position of the English crown. But I do not believe that there was the least thought of any succession from the ancient provincial emperors, or from any phantom of imperial sovereignty which may have lingered on among the Welsh at the time of the English Conquest or afterwards. I believe that these titles were assumed in order at once to claim for the English crown an absolute independence of the Roman empire, . . . to assert that the King of the English was not the homager but the peer alike of the Imperator of the West and of the Basileus of the East, and that Scots, Welsh, and Cumbrians owed no duty to Rome or to Byzantium, but only to their father and lord at Winchester. . . . It is, perhaps, worth notice that in all this we may see the beginning of a system which has gone on to our own day. From the days of Ecgberht onwards, the House of Cerdic has never been without its dependencies. Their sphere has gradually been enlarged; as nearer dependencies have been incorporated with the central state, another more distant circle of dependencies has arisen beyond them. Wessex held the supremacy over England; England held it over Britain; Britain held it over Ireland and a crowd of smaller islands and colonies; the United Kingdom holds it over colonies and dependencies

of every kind, from Man to New Zealand. Since the days of the Roman Republic no other country has had so large an experience of the relations between a central power and half-incorporated states of various kinds. In this sense England is now a more truly imperial power than any other in the world. Putting aside the local associations of Rome and Constantinople, no modern state comes so near to the notion of an empire as understood either by Æthelstan or by Otto. There is, therefore, an historical meaning in the familiar phrases of "the British Empire" and "the Imperial Parliament," whether any remembrance of ancient Bretwaldas and Basileis was or was not present to the minds of those who devised them.[1]

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

A.D. 1066.

(*From "Lives of the Kings of England," by* T. Roscoe, Esq.)

Duke William of Normandy was hunting in the forest of Rouvray, near Rouen, at the moment when he heard of Harold's accession to the English throne. He was in the act, says his domestic chronicler, of discharging his bow, when a messenger arrived (January 1066) with tidings of the death of Edward, and the coronation of King Harold. This messenger was Tostig, the new monarch's brother, who, on ascertaining the fact from his spies at Calais and Boulogne, rode post with the express object of rousing the Duke to the invasion of England without delay. For some time William appeared much affected, and lost in thought. The King's sudden death, and the successful treachery, as he considered it, of Harold, pre-occupied his mind too painfully to enter into any schemes with the traitor brother at such a moment. It was not long, however, before he showed that he knew how to avail himself of the vindictive and irreconcileable hatred of

A. D. 1066

[1] Abridged from chapters i. ii. iii. of vol. i.

this bad man, against the more generous and noble-minded Harold.

The Duke, it is added, unstringing the bow, which no one else could bend, pensively resumed his way through the forest towards the banks of the Seine, and, crossing the river, he retired to his palace at Rouen. . . . In great agitation he traversed the hall with rapid strides, suddenly stopping and changing his position and attitude, while not one of his attendants ventured to approach him. At length one of his aged seneschals, in whom he greatly confided, entering the room where the Duke's officers were assembled, they thronged around him, and anxiously inquired if he knew the cause of their master's extreme emotion. "I know nothing about it," was his cavalier reply; "but I soon shall," he muttered to himself, as he drew nigh and accosted William. "What is the use, my liege, of trying to conceal what everybody knows? You are troubled that the King of England is dead; and that Harold, violating his sacred engagements, has seized the kingdom!" "Of a truth," replied the Duke, "the death of King Edward and the injuries of Earl Harold touch me nearly."

As they were speaking, William Fitzosborne[1] made his appearance; he possessed considerable influence over the Duke's mind, and now employed it successfully to restore his equanimity and good humour. The advice he gave is too happy and philosophical to be passed over in silence. "No one," he began, "ought to grieve and be angry at what he can remedy; and still less at that for which there is no remedy. Now there is no remedy for Edward's death; but there is with respect to Harold's life; for you have power to wipe out your injuries, and utterly to destroy him, you having justice upon your side. Have you not a noble host of followers, all prepared to obey your behests? What is there wanting but a bold heart? and a great undertaking once well begun may fairly be said to be half finished."

This cheering doctrine was extremely well-timed, for, though bent upon the assertion of his claims, the Duke knew how to

[1] Then Count and Commander of Breteuil, and famous for his own exploits and those of his family, which he and his father raised to a degree of splendour inferior only to that which attached to the crown.

estimate enemies like Harold and the Anglo-Saxons. His power of dissimulation was remarkable even at an early age; and it is evident that, in this studied passion, he was testing the disposition and sounding the real sentiments of those around him. His "emphasis of grief" was assumed to rouse the attention and enlist the sympathies of the Normans, to influence public opinion, and to prove how deeply he felt his presumed wrongs.

When his well-feigned anger had exhausted itself, he called a council of his lords and prelates at Rouen, and with their concurrence despatched an embassy to England to remind Harold of the sacred promise he had made to support his ducal claims, and calling upon him to resign the crown.

During this mission William exhibited the same anxiety and impatience, though he must have anticipated the nature of the reply of Harold; and he was doubtless actuated by the same motive of keeping the public attention alive to his claims. He laid before his great council the reply of Harold, purporting that the King of England held himself in no manner responsible to the Duke of Normandy, but that he would willingly acknowledge him for his friend and ally provided he made no demands upon the crown, in which event he declared himself his mortal enemy.

In addition to this council, William now summoned a more special or privy council, consisting of his magnates, or chief vassals and prelates, all leading men devoted to his interests, including Odo, bishop of Bayeux, Robert, earl of Mortaine, the Count d'Eu, Roger de Montgomery, Fitzosborne of Breteuil, the Counts Longueville and Guiffard, Roger de Beaumont and his sons, with other intrepid and experienced leaders. The Duke entered into a full narrative of all that had passed between himself and Harold, at the close of which he affected to submit the question to their decision and to abide by a majority of voices. "Sire," was the unanimous reply, "the affair cannot remain in its present state. With God's help prosecute the enterprise, and not one of us but will support you to the utmost with our swords and fortunes." This last assurance must have been not a little consolatory to the Duke, whose treasury, by dint of repeated wars and insurrections,

and the public works which he had carried on, was not at that moment in the most flourishing condition. Nor was the matter at issue a mere question of succession, but of a great and daring undertaking, calling for immense resources, such as Normandy in itself could not supply, and only to be accomplished by putting it into the tempting form of a grand territorial speculation, as well as of chivalrous adventure.

It was, as the Duke declared, solely by a combination of energies and means greater than any he had yet developed that they could hope for success. . . . But his courage rose with the emergency; he saw that he must possess the sinews of war, for that by war alone he could become a king. Its requisitions could not be defrayed even by a general contribution of his own people. He would require foreign support; and, having obtained the consent of his council of chief prelates and barons, he convoked the general states as a preliminary step to this desirable object. These, too, met at Lillebonne, and the meeting was of a most stormy and dissentient character.

It seemed as if the proposition for pecuniary aid, made to notables of the towns, to be afforded in the shape of a new tax, had conjured up the spirit of discord, which put forth its most convincing arguments to repudiate the idea of paying for the conquest of England. Royal taxes, argued some of the citizens, were a vile and heathenish invention; but duke's taxes, levied for the conquest of new regions, were still more intolerable, and not to be entertained for a moment.

The Duke took all in good humour, and by his energy and eloquence succeeded in appeasing the tumult. It was then proposed to pay in kind instead of money; that is, to supply him with the various munitions of war, troops, and transports. The more refractory citizens suggested that they should find quite enough to do to defend their own shores; while others declared they had neither money nor means to pay in any shape; and a third party had an insurmountable objection to all foreign broils. The gallant Fitzosborne, blushing for the parsimony or pusillanimity of his fellow-subjects, and eager to set a better example, hit upon an expedient for reducing them to reason, declaring that he would himself supply forty ships, and suggesting that every one should subscribe something, have

his name recorded, and state the extent of his resources in a private interview with the Duke. This proposal had the desired success; the mercantile body could not with any grace decline it, and William, finding that he made little progress by the usual measures, embraced the Baron's opportune expedient, and tried what he could effect by separating the refractory body into its constituent parts. He is said to have honoured each of the notables with an interview; when, exposed to the terrors of his voice and frown, and unsupported by the collected body which infuses so much courage into the individual members, they were no longer able to refuse compliance with his demands. The wealthiest were called upon first to head the list; the example of Fitzosborne, with his forty ships, was followed by other loyal nobles; and all ranks ultimately became eager to have their names commemorated in this great enterprise. . . .

The fate of England trembled in the balance. How best to promote the grand invasion became the favourite topic of all ranks. Even Norman ladies, like those of Sparta, invited sons and consorts to join the banners of their conquering sovereign; and every country around appeared eager to swell the already enormous list, the Papal power itself attaching its name for the proscription of Harold and of Saxon England.

By a few only of William's enemies was this great project ridiculed as a wild and impracticable undertaking. Among these was the young King Philip I. of France, his nominal suzerain, and his envious vassals of Brittany and Anjou. But William now summoned the latter, as their liege lord, to attend him in their military capacity, at the same time holding out promises of extensive grants, as an inducement to join his banners. He next proceeded to St. Germain, to hold an interview with the haughty and envious Philip. Without reflecting on his own youth and inexperience, Philip presumed to lecture the Duke upon what he termed the folly of such an expedition; and when William explained his plans and resources, instead of entering into his views, he told him that he had better remain at home, for he would find it quite as much as he could do to take care of his own dominions. "I am well aware," was William's reply, "that you stand in the position of

my suzerain; and if you consent to support me, I will acknowledge you lord paramount of England also. But if not, I will not. But God will support the right, and you will lose the most powerful vassal that a lord sovereign ever boasted."

The young king then assembled a council, at which it was resolved to grant no aid to the Normans, inasmuch as, owing to their great power, they at all times yielded reluctant fealty to their lieges; and, should the Duke now succeed, they would become more refractory than ever. . . .

At the termination of this council, which had so completely unveiled the Duke's future policy, he was conducted by the King, "in a very irritated state of mind," to his retinue; and, upon taking his leave, he observed, with marked emphasis: "If I should succeed in my attempt, I shall consider myself bound only to those who have assisted me."

William's next application was to his father-in-law, the Earl of Flanders. This veteran statesman, who had contrived to remain at peace, and preserve his alliance with opposite parties, looked upon the matter purely in a mercantile light, and with a view to the influence it might have on the value of his manufactures, corn, and cattle. After mature deliberation, he is stated at first to have declined holding any stake in the new adventure. Upon being further urged, he declared that he would only interfere on the condition of receiving a *carte blanche* to fill up at his pleasure, as some compensation for the risks he might incur. To this modest proposal William . . . pretended to submit, and his considerate sire had the conscience to fill it up with the sum of 3,000 marks, to be paid yearly to the Flemish court, in consideration of certain vessels and troops to be supplied. Other accounts, however, state that the Duke refused to sanction these exorbitant demands, informing the Earl that he would send a written answer to his request. Then, having taken a piece of parchment, and carefully folded it without any contents, he directed it with this superscription: "Your income from England shall amount exactly to what you find written herein." Upon whatever terms, however, the contract was subsequently made, it is certain that the Duke obtained a handsome supply both of men and ships from Flanders.

William's embassy to the Pope, conducted by his favourite Lanfranc, was attended with even greater success. This he gained by having respectfully submitted his cause, in the first instance, to the judgment of Rome, which Harold omitted to do, and was thereupon declared an usurper by Alexander II., proceeding upon a political maxim, uniformly observed by the Papal See, to pronounce sentence in favour of those who apply to it against those who do not, without any regard to the merits of the case.

Having thus "hallowed his enterprise in the eyes of the world," William resolved to pursue it, in the face of difficulties such as none but a great and heroic spirit would have dared to encounter. It was not with a cowardly, dispirited people he was to contend. The long and peaceful reign of Edward might possibly have rendered the Saxon militia somewhat less formidable, but still the general temper of the nation was warlike, nor was the tranquillity of those times so profound as not to afford them some occasions of exercising their valour, in which they nobly maintained their ancient reputation. An English army, raised by Edward, had vanquished Macbeth, and restored Malcolm Canmore to the kingdom of Scotland. Another had very lately, and under the command of Harold himself, subdued the Welsh.

Harold's navy was much superior to that of the Normans, both in the goodness of his ships and the qualities of his sailors, as the Norman writers themselves acknowledge. He was further strengthened by a close alliance with Denmark, being of the royal blood of that nation by Githa his mother, who was sister to Swain or Sueno, the then reigning king. . . . On the side of Wales or of Scotland he had nothing to fear; the princes who governed the Welsh being attached to his interests and the Scotch, under Malcolm, who owed his crown to the English, having contracted a league of friendship with that nation, on which Harold might rely with security. Among his own people there was no discontent to invite or assist an invader. His government was so gracious that, usurper as he was, his subjects would have learned to love him. And, if we may judge from what occurred in the reign of Edward, the Normans were of all foreigners most odious to the English,

whose animosity against them had appeared in national acts, and had overpowered the inclination expressed by Edward in their favour. When all these circumstances are considered, it may well be affirmed that there is no enterprise recorded in history more surprisingly bold than this of the Duke of Normandy. . . .

Within a few months William was enabled to assemble a fleet of more than three thousand vessels, of all sizes, and an army exceeding sixty thousand men, select and well-appointed troops, commanded by some of the first leaders of the age. Vassals and volunteers alike flocked to his standard; adventurers from the south vied with the heads of the first families in Normandy and the adjacent states. These contributed to form a separate body, and to swell his veteran ranks.

The first appearance of the armament was at the mouth of the river Dive. There, also, the Duke received a great accession of strength. Alan Fergant (the son of Duke Hoel, of Brittany) arrived at the head of five thousand men, and the Bretons were speedily followed by other tributaries, allured by the amount of grants, pensions, places, or lands, dowers for their daughters, and rich English heiresses for the more adventurous bachelors. . .

Previously to joining his armament, William summoned a council, at which he formally conferred upon his consort Matilda the authority of duchess-regent, with the assistance of a council, of which Roger de Beaumont was the president. The Duchess and her court were present; and at the conclusion of the ceremonies, turning towards his consort, the Duke added: "And let us not, lady, lack the benefit of your prayers, nor those of your fair attendants, for the good success of this our expedition." He is said, also, to have associated his eldest son Robert, then a youth of fourteen, with the Duchess in the regency, assisted by the prelates and barons in council, to whom he had committed so responsible a trust.

After being detained a month in the Dive by contrary winds, the whole fleet succeeded in reaching the harbour of St. Valery.

During William's stay at this place some English spies, whom King Harold had sent to discover the power of the Duke, were taken. When they were brought before him, he

addressed them in these words: "Your lord might well have spared this charge. He needed not to have cast away his money to learn what he will soon feel more speedily than he expects. Tell him from me, if he meet me not in the place where he thinks he may most safely set his foot before the end of this year, he need never fear danger from me while he lives." Some of his nobles, expressing their apprehensions of Harold's power, he continued: "I am glad to hear this opinion of his great prowess; the greater shall our glory be in prevailing against him. But I see right well that I have small cause to fear his discovery of our strength, when you, who are so near me, can discern so little. Rest yourselves upon the justice of your cause, and the foresight of your commander. Who hath less than he who can justly term nothing his own? I know more of his weakness than ever he shall know of my strength till he feel it. Perform you your parts like men, and he shall never be able to disappoint either my assurance or your hopes."[1]

William was assembling his vassals previously to hoisting sail, when he was agreeably surprised by the arrival of his fair consort in a noble and well-built vessel, constructed at her own expense, and of which she made him an unexpected and welcome present. Besides its grand proportions, it was decorated in a style of princely splendour, equalled only by its power of sailing. Upon its prow it bore the effigy of their second son, William, his face directed towards England with a trumpet at his mouth, and bearing a bow with the arrow drawn to the head. Upon its approach acclamations which rent the air burst from the combined fleet; and scarcely had the Duchess greeted her loving lord, when, as if auspicious of victory, a breeze sprung up, and the Duke, leading the way in his gallant vessel, ordered his blood-red flag to be hoisted throughout the whole armament.

So great was the speed of the *Mira* that she quite outstripped the rest of the fleet. At dawn not a vessel was to be seen, and William, ordering the crew to slacken sail, bade the master ascend the topmast and report the distance of the squadron left behind.

"What is it you see?" inquired the Duke.

[1] Hayward, "Lives of Norman Kings.

"Nothing yet, but sea and sky."

"Look out sharply! What see you now?"

"I can see a few small specks afar off." And, in a little time, he added, "I can now see a forest of tall masts under a heavy press of sail."

Rejoined by his fleet, William proceeded without farther obstacle, and arrived next day in the bay of Pevensey, on the Sussex coast, September 28, 1066. So great was his impatience to effect a landing unopposed, that, advancing first among the archers, he leaped upon the shore. His foot slipping as he touched the land, he fell; but, with the same presence of mind displayed by the great Julius,[1] he grasped the earth with both his hands, crying with a loud voice, "By the splendour of the earth, I have seized England with both my hands!" and he sprang up with a joyous countenance, thus addressing himself to the earls and knights who followed him: "You know, my lords, that without challenge no good prize can be made, and that which I have seized, I will with your help maintain; for, in that case, God has surely appointed me to conquer. He who shall impugn it, or say nay, let him do battle with me." A Norman knight, seizing the Duke's idea to turn the accident into a happy omen, and reinspire the troops, who exclaimed that it was an evil sign, ran to a cottage near at hand, and taking some of the thatch, exclaimed, "See, Sire! I give you seizin of this land, with promise that ere a month you shall be lord over it." "I accept it," was the Duke's reply; "and may God aid the right!"

Farther to refresh the spirits of his army and to remove any sinister impressions, the Duke ordered ample rations to be served out after a landing was effected; and, having pitched his tent upon the beach, he sat down with his lords and knights to eat his dinner and drink success to their arrival in England. One of the Duke's first measures, however, was to despatch some flying squadrons to ascertain the state of the surrounding country before he encamped. Perceiving no signs of the

[1] It is recorded of Julius Cæsar that, on alighting from shipboard, in Africa, his foot slipped, and he fell in the same manner. He also averted the omen and turned it to good account, by exclaiming, "Africa, I hold thee fast."

enemy, he ordered fires to be lighted and preparations to be commenced for encamping for the night. During the dinner he is said to have made inquiries regarding two ships which were missing. These were lost in a violent gale, and on board of one of them was an astrologer, who had predicted a safe passage and no opposition upon the part of Harold. On hearing his fate, the Duke sarcastically remarked, "He is indeed an ass who pretends to tell others what will happen them, when ignorant how near at hand his own fate may be." William had for some time been in anxious expectation of tidings respecting the grand expedition from Denmark, simultaneous with his own, and four days after his arrival he heard of Harold's victory at Stamford Bridge. Such a victory, however, was almost as fatal as a defeat, and places the policy of William in a still stronger point of view; for the invasion of Tostig and the Dane, just preceding his own, was more than enough to decide the fate of Harold. The wily Norman employed his allies, as the Turkish janissaries use their prisoners in the onset of the battle, to impair the vigour and thin the numbers of their enemies. . . . .

Upon being informed of the approach of Harold . . . the Duke, having cheered his followers, proceeded to cut off their last chance of escape, leaving them no safety except in victory. He ran his vessels into deep water, and there scuttled them, so as to render them quite useless for the immediate purpose of a home voyage. . . . He next selected an advantageous position for the site of a wooden fortress, to retreat upon in case of need, the materials of which he had brought in his ships. Having put them together, he fortified and placed in it a strong garrison. . . . The position he had taken up lay between Pevensey and Hastings, and was admirably adapted for a general action, especially for the evolutions of his Norman horse. For a period of ten days not a single enemy appeared. The exigency of Harold's affairs had not permitted him to maintain another army such as that he had led into the north; and one unsuccessful battle upon the coast would go far to decide the fate of the country. . . .

But the rebel Tostig and the Dane, having united their forces, overthrown the Earls Morcar and Edwin, and taken

York, were directing their march upon the capital, when they were intercepted by Harold, routed, and both slain. Their fleet also fell into the hands of the victorious king, on the 25th of September, 1066. Instead of waiting a sufficient time to refresh and reinforce his gallant army, Harold now advanced eagerly towards the invader, who received private intelligence "that in four days the King would make his appearance at the head of 60,000 veteran troops." It was added "that William would do well to consult his safety and retire in all haste to Normandy." The Duke sent a reply "that he was come into England, not to run away but to fight if need be; and that, had he only 10,000 men left, he would accept battle." To show how much he was in earnest, and to set an example to his army, he omitted no occasion of sharing either peril or fatigue. In making a reconnoissance at the head of a detachment, he observed that Fitzosborne complained of the weight of his armour. William desired his attendants to take it off and place it over his own, and thus doubly laden rode back to his tent through the ranks of his applauding countrymen.

Still desirous, if possible, to ascend the English throne without increasing the national animosity by shedding blood, the Duke left no means untried to settle the question before involving the two nations in war. He first despatched a monk in whom he had confidence, to remind Harold of the oaths he had taken to support him in his succession to the kingdom left to him by his relative King Edward. He implored him not to disgrace Christianity by employing fire and sword, and shedding the blood of the innocent for the guilty. Incensed beyond control, Harold was on the point of striking the presumptuous monk, as he was proceeding to explain his master's object, and to inculcate its acceptance upon the king, had he not been restrained by his brother Gurth, earl of York, who motioned the good father to retire.

Harold then sent an embassy to William in his turn, and the messenger was immediately introduced into the Duke's presence. "What is Harold's will?" inquired the Duke. "For this am I sent by King Harold to the Duke of Normandy. He bids you not to count upon any promise he may have made when a captive, but to withdraw from the kingdom, upon which

condition King Harold will agree to repair your ships. If not, he will come and give you battle, should you be rash enough to bide his coming." "Tell him," was William's reply, "that I shall expect him in the open plain; and he shall know me by the colours I bear." He then presented to the ambassador a noble charger, a rich embroidered robe, and forty gold florins; a proof that he was in no want of money. . . . At the distance of about seven miles from the Norman camp, King Harold took up a position which he fortified with strong entrenchments. It was well chosen, and its natural defences were such as to protect it from attacks of the Norman horse, an arm in which Harold was wholly deficient, as well as in bowmen, relying upon the solid masses of his infantry, armed with sword and battle-axe. His fortifications were so constructed as completely to prevent them from being surrounded or outflanked by the enemy, insomuch that, if his troops had only held their ground without breaking order, in the pursuit, as their leader repeatedly inculcated, the Normans must have forced positions almost impregnable before they could claim the victory. In the centre of the three great outlets from the wooden ramparts which he had raised in front of his position, so as to admit of ample sorties while they confined the enemy's attacks, King Harold planted the English standard. Having completed his arrangements, turning towards his brother, he expressed a wish to reconnoitre the Norman encampment. Mounting their swiftest steeds, attended with a strong escort, they advanced so close as to observe the Duke's most minute arrangements, even up to his very tent and the surrounding pavilions. "What admirable order! and what numbers!" exclaimed Gurth; and it is added that, struck with the justice of this remark, Harold was disposed to change his own plans, and consulted with his brother upon the expediency of retiring upon London: a supposition, however, scarcely consistent with this brave king's previous character and conduct. "You should have adopted that line of policy before," was his brother's reply; "it is too late now. Retreat would be a flight, and carry consternation through all your ranks."

Upon their return, Harold despatched spies to ascertain as nearly as possible the numbers of the enemy. They were

arrested and brought before the Duke. Instead of condemning them to punishment, William ordered them to be conducted through his camp, to be supplied with refreshments, and to report what they had seen to their master, whose apprehensions were by no means allayed by all that he heard. It was observed that there were more priests in the Duke's camp than soldiers in King Harold's army, a piece of intelligence which must have been more surprising than gratifying to the clergy of the Anglo-Saxon Church. But fortunately for them, it appears that these supposed ecclesiastics were the Duke's archers and cross-bowmen, who, having their heads close shaven in the Norman style, had been mistaken by Harold's spies for members of the priesthood.

Whether sincere, or only desirous to save appearances, the Duke for some time persisted in his efforts to effect some kind of compromise with Harold. He sent another deputation, bearing three distinct propositions; first, that Harold should surrender the crown, upon certain conditions to be submitted to him on the admission of such ground of negotiations; secondly, to make the holy pontiff, Alexander II. arbiter of the differences between them; thirdly, to decide their respective claims by single combat, so as to avoid the effusion of so much blood. . . .

William, upon the rejection of these propositions, called his council of great barons, and declared that, his different letters and messages having been all employed in vain, he was desirous of acquainting them with his intention of holding a personal communication with Harold himself. "I will yet try what I can do by seeing and speaking to himself. I wish to convince him of the guilt of perjury, the punishment of which he is about to bring upon his own head, should he longer refuse to perform his sacred promise. Nay, if he would listen to reason, I would consent that he should retain the entire country of Northumberland, up to the borders of Scotland itself." . . . The baronial council approved of his motives, but earnestly entreated that whatever he did should be done promptly, as the militia and volunteers were pouring into Harold's camp every hour. "Upon my honour as a soldier," was the Duke's reply, "if I fail to gain over Harold as a friend in this interview, the battle shall be fought to-morrow."

Accompanied by only twenty knights, the Duke then mounted his charger, and rode at speed towards the English camp. Immediately in his rear, however, there followed a hundred Norman knights, attended by one thousand men-at-arms, who never lost sight of their prince's person. When he had reached the farthest barrier, noting well the excellent position and its defences, he sent a messenger to Harold's tent, apprising him of his arrival, and his extreme desire to hold parley with him in the open field, bringing with him such lords and retainers as he might deem fit. He begged him not to entertain the least suspicion, as his sole desire was to come to some arrangement advantageous to them both. Harold's brother, Gurth, received the envoy; but was instructed to send him back with sharp words, declaring that the King refused to speak with the Duke in the open plain, and that if the latter had any further conditions to offer, he should send them by letter, and the King would know how to answer them.

This uncourteous reply being reported to the Duke who considered it in the light of an ultimatum, he declared "that he had left nothing undone to avert the dread appeal to arms," the fatal consequences of which no one was better able to predict than himself. . . . Duke William now issued orders to prepare for encounter on the morrow. Brief and anxious was the interval; and it is believed to have been more seriously employed by the Normans than by the English. . . . The priests, with croziers in their hands, and reading their litanies, went through all the ranks, and visited all the positions and outposts of the mighty host. Even after giving orders to his several leaders, the Duke's last public act previously to the onset was, as usual with him, a religious one. Odo, bishop of Bayeux, celebrated mass before the entire army, and invited them to join him in a vow never more to eat flesh on the anniversary of that day; a requisition with which, with the awful chances before them, men of all ranks were easily induced to comply. . . . By dawn of day (October 14) the Norman army was drawn out in battle array, and William took his station on a small eminence in front of his position, having the relics, it is said, on which Harold had forsworn himself round his neck, and with the consecrated standard unfurled by his

side. "It is not only to acquire a kingdom," he began, "that I brought you hither, O gallant Normans, the first of men, the most renowned for victory over thrice your numbers, far over the deep sea. No! for, while your devotion to my cause deserves my warmest gratitude, it is to punish the English for the murders and misdeeds committed by them. Did they not slay in cold blood the young Prince Alfred, the brother of their deceased king? Did they not, by treason, rise and massacre the Danes throughout the breadth of the land, even at public festivals to which they invited their victims? and does not the blood of your ancestors cry for vengeance from the ground? There, before you, stand the malefactors awaiting their sentence; such crimes deserve death; and it is for you to execute it at the point of the sword. By victory, O Normans! you will obtain vengeance, fortune, spoil—yea, spoil beyond your hopes; by defeat, certain death; for no bravery nor conduct of mine can save you from that ignominious fate; there are no ships, and nothing is left but to assure yourselves of the protection of Heaven, and in that to confide and conquer.

"If I become king of England, you will be the owners of the land. Before you is the son of that Godwin who was charged with the murder of my unhappy cousin. You only can avenge me. Oh, remember the glorious actions of our ancestors—the conquest of Sicily—your own exploits against Henry of France, and his greatest allies; and then think of all the treasures which this country will afford you. You are in a hostile country, unknown to you, and must make it yours; for before you is the sword, the vast ocean behind, and no place of retreat; so that, if you will not contend for glory, you must fight for life."

William had drawn up his army in three divisions, and now gave orders for the attack. While putting on his armour, the squires in their haste placed the back of his cuirass before, upon which, observing that they regarded it as an evil omen, he jested upon the matter: "I have seen many who would scarcely have ventured into the field, on account of a mere error like this; but I never believed in omens, nor in fortune-telling, nor in divinations of any kind. My trust is in God

only; and if this mistake dishearten you, I will give you cause for joy; for if it betoken anything, it is that the power of my dukedom shall be made a kingdom, and that I, who was a duke, shall be a king." Again, he observed to the different leaders and nobles before entering the field: "To-day, assuredly, my fortune will change; and I shall be a king, or nothing, before nightfall."

The grand consecrated banner was immediately advanced. Rollo de Terni, earl[1] of Conches, was the ducal standard-bearer by old hereditary claim; and the Duke, inviting him to take charge of it, said: "You carry it in right of your birth, and I shall never deprive you of it." That lord, however, as well as Guiffard, count de Longueville, having declined the honour upon the plea of more active duties, it was entrusted to the hands of Toustain de Blanc, lord of Bec Crespin. The Duke then called for his favourite steed, the famous Bayard, which had been presented to him by the King of Spain, on occasion of the Earl of Longueville returning from his pilgrimage to St. Jago of Compostella. Extending his hand to take the reins of his noble charger, as he is represented in the Bayeux Tapestry, he vaulted into the saddle, while all around him expressed their admiration of his martial appearance and splendid horsemanship, as the fiery Bayard pranced and curvetted under his princely burden. "Where," cried the Count de Touzay, "shall we see a knight so fairly armed, who bears himself so nobly, carries his heavy arms so lightly, or couches his lance with so much grace? Let him fight and he will overcome, and shame befall him who shall fail him at need."

A shout of exultation welcomed him as he rode along the ranks; and the spectacle of two such armies, led by the most warlike and experienced generals of their age, has been described by contemporary historians as grand and imposing in the extreme. They were now in sight of each other; and the flower of European chivalry was there assembled, the arbiters of empire

[1] *Cuens* was the Norman title, from the Latin *comes*, 'companion' (to the sovereign). In France Comte became the equivalent, and the word is usually translated Count; but as the rank answers to that of Earl, which came to us from the Danes, some authors think it more English to use the latter title even for foreigners.—C. M. Y.

upon that memorable battle-ground. Veterans and volunteers of different states composed the bulk of the ducal army, in which the great predominance of knights, nobles, and princes was the distinguishing feature. Of the first of his three corps William gave the command to Roger de Montgomery, and to Fitzosborne, count de Breteuil; of the second, to Geoffrey Martel, attended by Hugues, a German prince of high repute, and some Norman leaders of known skill. The Duke placed himself at the head of the third, formed wholly of Normans, including his cavalry, which had special instructions to support the confederate bodies upon either wing, as the exigencies of the day might require. In this likewise was placed the reserve, under his immediate orders, to be advanced only in case of possible extremity, to retrieve the fate of the day. The archers filled up the point of each corps, discharging also the duty of light troops or *voltigeurs*, and in this order they advanced to the attack.

Before the papal banner, borne by Toustain the Fair, rode the gigantic warrior and minstrel Taillefer, singing the famous song of Roland, the chivalrous peer of Charlemagne, in which the whole army joined. Advancing at the head of the army, the warrior-minstrel challenged any one of the English to a single combat, which being accepted he slew the first and second, but was himself slain by the third assailant. Upon this the Normans commenced the attack.

Harold had arrayed his army in two divisions: the first destined to defend his entrenched positions, advantageously chosen upon an eminence; the second chiefly composed of the militia and London bands, forming the rear-ward and reserve; and here, too, the royal standard of England—a warrior armed—was displayed. He had resolved to act upon the defensive, and, being deficient in cavalry, he had strengthened his van and advanced body with select troops, added to the men of Kent, who, from long custom, claimed that post of honour, and who, after skirmishing with the enemy's light infantry, fell back upon the dense masses in their rear. King Harold, like the Duke, had harangued his troops with great spirit previously to their joining battle. He recalled to their remembrance the miseries they had sustained, especially from the Danes, by their

subjection to a foreign yoke. Would they tamely behold the spoil and ruin of their common land, their free government, their wealth, their long prosperity under the good King Edward,—of their wives, their children, their homes? He painted in strong colours the rifling of their property, the destruction, or, what is worse, the oppression and slavery of all classes of the people. "Whether," he concluded, "you are to endure these, or never to fear them more, depends upon yourselves, and must be sought in the result of this day's fight. Be men! close firm your ranks; obey my voice, and acquit yourselves as you shall see your king."

In point of strength and numbers the armies were nearly equal. In nerve and muscle the English were far superior, as their large and well-knit frames, the size of their poleaxes and swords, and the length of their darts, in addition to the strength of their bucklers, sufficiently proved. They were also more numerous and united than the Normans, acting upon the defensive in serried bodies, protected by artificial bulwarks, called pavises; but all these were more than counterbalanced by the Duke's superior tactics, his greater experience and skill in arms. He possessed an immense superiority as well in the discipline of his army as in the character and numbers of his bowmen and his cavalry, the absence of which in his army has been pronounced a capital error on the side of Harold. Again the Earl of York, the king's brother, implored that he might be permitted to lead the battle, while Harold himself, consulting the safety of his people rather than his own, should command the reserve. "If you are resolved to fight," he argued, "you should employ your authority in collecting a new army to meet the Normans in case of need. If you will commit the conduct of this force to me, I will not fail to prove both the love of a brother and the care and courage of a commander. For, as I am not at all obliged to the Duke by oath, I shall either prevail with a better cause, or die with an easier conscience." Harold strenuously opposed any alterations in his plans. "What," he exclaimed, "would you have me fly before a company of priests!"—alluding to the Norman custom of shaving their chins from the example set by the Duke. "But, whatever they are, I have digested in my mind the hardest events of

battle; and never will I incur a suspicion of the infamy of cowardice." In this brave mood he met the battle.

The first onset of the Normans was terrible. It was such as only Harold's veterans, trained under his own eye, long inured to war and victory, could have sustained; for such were the Duke's precautions that, before they could close with the Normans, they were saluted with a repeated storm of arrows, such as had before swept the doughtiest chivalry of France before it. But the English, though pierced with many a wound, closed their ranks, and faltered not. They were instructed by Harold to cover themselves by joining their targets, while they advanced to close with the enemy. The Duke made the attack with his right wing, a division of which was commanded by Robert Fitz-Beaumont, a young commander of great promise. It was his object to carry the advanced position occupied by the Kentish men, sustained by Harold and his veterans, and to drive them back upon their entrenchments. Finding that his deadly showers of arrows, though perfectly new to the English, and for some moments opening their ranks by their death-bolts, failed to produce the usual effect, and that his first onset was as firmly received and repulsed as if not an arrow had flown, the Duke ordered his heavy horse to make a charge through the opened ranks of his archers and men-at-arms.

But the charge was received upon the point of the English lance, the sole weapon on that eventful day to counterpoise the power of the Norman cavalry and spear. Many a horseman reeled in the dust; and upon renewing the charge, few approached close enough to give the heroic English the same advantage. The Duke immediately threw his squadrons into wings, and through the open spaces he gave orders for the veteran infantry to advance in line and charge. Then, indeed, came the shock of battle—the veteran Normans composing part of William's centre coming to close handstrokes with the unbroken van of Harold, consisting of his staunchest soldiers, headed by the Kentish men. The conflict was maintained with spirit on both sides. The carnage, like the shock, was horrible; spear and lance were thrown aside; and the pole and battle-axe and the sword were the only weapons employed. The English asked no more than to fight hand to hand, and

took a fearful vengeance for the lives of their comrades who had fallen by the arrows of the Normans. The latter began to waver; but the Duke was at hand to reinforce Montgomery and De Beaumont at the weak points; yet, while he maintained the combat, he was unable to gain the least ground, much less to dislodge the English. It was in vain that the archers plied their bows, followed by the men-at-arms, who opened the spaces for the repeated charges of the cavalry, gallantly made only to be more gallantly repulsed.

Harold, too, had fortified his line of entrenchments in such a manner as to provide his men with some cover from the long-bows and spears of the Normans, and give due advantage to the old English battle-axe in a close defensive contact with William's serried ranks. "Their feet steady, their hands diligent, their eyes keen and watchful, their hearts resolute; their cool, stern valour was not misguided by their hate; nor was their hate cooled by their wary courage."

The Duke, after some hours' conflict of this deadly kind, was scarcely able to keep his front ranks in order, although supported by fresh reinforcements, and the renewed attacks of his horse. With them the English veterans knew how to deal; their only annoyance and their dread was of the winged arrows, which showered so thick that they seemed to have the enemy in the midst of them. Neither steel nor target was proof against these missiles; for every hand, every finger's breadth, was an exposed point for many a piercing wound; and the Normans, by shooting into the air, over the heads of the foremost ranks, slew numbers in the centre and rear destined to reinforce the van.

King Harold, however, showed himself equal to the emergency. He was in every part of the field where the pressure was most formidable or where danger called him. Under many disadvantages he displayed all the bravery of a veteran, and the skill—according to the military practice of England at that period—of a great commander. He repaired all disasters, reinforced the weak points, and closed the broken ranks. He kept them in firm array, each portion of his force aiding the other, so as not only to bear the full brunt of the enemy's shocks, but to shake their opposing squadrons till they had difficulty to maintain their ground.

In the rear of his entrenched camp the King had constructed a breastwork made of strong osier branches, bound with ropes and supported by wooden pillars, which resisted the arrows. From behind this defence his soldiers could issue forth, and mount the rampart in front, as safely as if they were clothed in complete armour.

To carry this position the Normans must have entered the trenches and thence scaled the barriers; and the moment they gained the parapet the battle-axes would come into play. The Duke, alarmed to find that he could make no impression, and that his troops were evidently losing confidence, ordered his second line of veteran Normans to advance, while he directed the archers to give their arrows such an aim as to ensure their falling within the English barriers, not against them.

In this attack the Duke exposed his person so far that it was more than once reported he was slain. He had three horses killed under him, and often necessarily alighted to fight on foot. His power of endurance was great; and he thus set an inspiriting example to his soldiers, applauding the brave, rebuking the slow, and shouting out with vehement gestures that it was a shame for them, who had been victorious over all the nations they had encountered, to be so long withheld by the English from plucking the crown of victory. It was solely by the strength of such authority and example that he could sustain the sinking spirits of his troops, who, in fair and close encounter with the English, showed their physical inferiority; a distinction which was still more marked with regard to the other foreigners.

This renewed attack was conducted upon a larger scale, strongly reinforced, but met with no better success. In a conflict for the possession of the first of the three barriers in the centre outlet the slaughter was terrific; William advanced a fresh body of his Normans, all the efforts of the confederates being in vain; and it was then that the rage and horrors of this desperate combat reached their height. The loud cries of the English, engaged hand to hand with William's veterans, added to its terrors. "Holy Rood! God Almighty!" was their battle-cry, as they struck the death-blow upon the foe with the last expiring energy of hate. Harold, though he had been wounded by the Duke's stratagem of shooting over the

barriers, was still seen encouraging his troops. Keeping his ranks close, he repeatedly admonished them that they should cut off the heads of the Norman spears with their axes, and then slay their enemy, but for no consideration to break their order.

Unhappily, this injunction was repeated in vain. The error committed by the English was fatal—one that in war can never be committed twice. The third sustained attack of the Normans having been repelled, they issued from their positions in great numbers, eager in pursuit; the retreat, if not feigned, was conducted with great order, and the English were in turn repulsed. Still they retained their former position; they had been engaged from break of day, and it was now high noon. After several ineffectual efforts, the Normans again began to give way; another report of the Duke's death being circulated [1] added to the alarm; and if Harold at this juncture could have advanced in compact order, the victory had been his own.

The Duke, however, was soon seen traversing his front ranks at full gallop, with his half-brother, Odo, holding the crozier, riding at his side. A few minutes later his appearance would have probably failed to retrieve the battle.

Perceiving that open attacks were of no avail, the Duke, after having restored order, had recourse to one of his favourite stratagems. He ordered a general attack on the positions of the English, by his whole line, but added secret instructions that, in the heat of the *mêlée*, his soldiers should again retreat; and on this last occasion Harold could no longer restrain the impetuosity of his troops. Of a frank and noble spirit, their

[1] The report having gained the rear, where an immense number of Norman clergy were awaiting the result, a general panic arose among the priests, clerks, and varlets, who were left with the women in charge of the baggage. They were with difficulty prevented from taking to instant flight. Several of the prelates had retired with the Bishop of Coutances to an eminence, whence they made earnest intercession with prayer; but their chief confidence lay in the valour of their brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who fought like a lion, and occasionally hastened from William's side to raise their sinking spirits. He now arrived very opportunely to stop their retreat, and having refreshed himself with some cups of wine he resumed his arms, encouraged the soldiers, and acting the part of the Duke's aide-de-camp, was seen directing the officers and men at different points of the field.—W. PICT., *Hist. de Nor.*

ardent hope of victory carried them away. They fell into the snare. The Normans, in compact order, turned upon their pursuers, who had broken rank, and seizing the advantage, pierced their squares on all sides, and made a cruel butchery. Yet, in spite of fortune and of death, the English fled not, but, throwing themselves into small squares, sustained the fierce shocks of the enemy.

Other disasters, however, were at hand. The Duke, in giving the signal to wheel and attack, ordered out his heavy horse and his reserve, and it was in vain that the English still fought like men who beheld the victory unjustly snatched out of their hands. Thrice with his cavalry he charged the English wings, while clouds of arrows darkened all the plain. From that moment the battle was decided, for Harold had already fallen. Towards the evening, while still unweariedly sustaining his army with his voice and hand, he was struck with an arrow through the left eye into the brain, and fell dead upon the field. His two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, were also slain, with nearly all the nobles and knights, in the battle.

The old Anglo-Saxon heroism, worthy of a better fate, set in that dark eclipse; the battle-axe no longer availed against the Norman spear. Each spot of ground where they stood was a soldier's grave. At length, having formed into one body, they retired in tolerable order to a rising ground. Thence they once more repulsed the Normans with great slaughter, whose commander, Count Eustace, concluding that the English had received reinforcements, fled back to the Duke, declaring that if he advanced any farther he was lost. While thus speaking he was struck to the ground, and the blood gushed from his nose and mouth. A number of Norman lords and knights fell in this last deadly conflict, till the Duke withdrew his advanced force, and the English were permitted to retire unmolested. A considerable body of Normans perished in attempting the pursuit over low, marshy grounds, covered with sedges and reeds, where they were either stifled or destroyed by their enemies, who were well acquainted with the localities of the spot.

When the English retired to the acclivity, the Normans, entering the entrenchments, renewed the carnage at every step.

In the last attack the Duke had another horse killed under him; but Toustain, at the head of the Norman knights, penetrated to the royal standard. There it was that the gallant earl, Harold's brother, and the young Leofwin, fell covered with wounds. It is stated by some writers that Harold himself had retired to this hill, and that he had the grief of surviving to see the Norman banners raised over the spot where the English ensigns had waved. Certain it is that there was neither rout nor flight, so great was the despairing energy with which the English fought. King Harold's army was exterminated, but not vanquished, and England lay paralysed at the feet of the Conqueror.

It is also a singular fact that there is no record of a single prisoner having been made, or of a single English soldier having turned his back or fled. It is thus evident that the Normans owed their victory to William's stratagem, and to the use of the bow, both in reference to Harold's death[1] and to the slaughter it inflicted from a distance. Yet the English soon became the most formidable in that weapon of any nation, and the best marksmen in the world. They could discharge their bows ten or twelve ranks deep at the same moment, and pierce almost as many of the enemy. It proved more fatal than the harquebuss and the caliver when first brought into use; and the wound was of such a nature as more effectually to disable the combatants, especially the horse.

It is asserted that the Conqueror, passing at night over the field of battle, observed a soldier in the act of piercing the dead body of a knight with his lance. It was the fallen King. Indignant at the sight, he ordered the man to be discharged; esteeming it as dishonourable, says the chronicle, to strike an enemy when dead, as to turn his back upon him in fight.

So terminated the memorable battle of Hastings, to the astonishment of Europe, which had predicted William's failure, and perhaps to that of the Conqueror himself. . . . That night the Duke pitched his tents upon the field which he had thus won.

[1] The body of Harold is said to have been found amidst a heap of slain by his mistress, Lady Edith "with the swan's neck," who was induced to make the search at the request of two monks of Waltham, sent by Harold's mother.

Soon after the ensuing dawn, he commanded his brother Odo to celebrate mass, and sing requiems for the dead. He at first refused to restore to the weeping parent the body of her son; but afterwards gave it up with those of his two brothers to the queen-mother, by whom they were interred in the abbey of Waltham. . . .

The day after the victory, the Duke returned to Hastings, about seven miles from the field, in order to refresh his army, and fix upon his plans of prosecuting his enterprise. He despatched messengers to announce his success to his friends and allies abroad. His duchess, now a queen, was found engaged in her devotions in the Benedictine priory of Notre Dame, near St. Sévère. The occasion was opportune for the celebration of a *Te Deum* to the God of Battles, which was immediately performed with due ceremonies; and it was decreed that, from that time, the name of the priory should receive the pleasing addition of Bonnes Nouvelles—Our Lady of Good News—which it retains to the present day. To his Holiness the Pope William made a present of King Harold's standard, representing a warrior in the act of striking, wrought curiously with gold and precious stones.

The complete destruction, or dispersion, of the English army, without an effort to rally; the bold measures and rapid progress of the Normans, with the national consternation everywhere produced, at once opened William's way to the long-disputed throne. That throne is still filled by the descendants of the Conqueror, and the greatest families in the realm date their origin from the battle of Hastings. Even before he had resumed his triumphal march, his arrival in the capital was daily expected. A universal panic had seized the heart, and for a moment prostrated the energies, of the country; and its greatest leaders, instead of rallying and summoning forth its strength in their native districts, sunk under the blow, and supinely awaited the destiny preparing for them.

With the Conqueror's entry into London a new epoch in his extraordinary and eventful career opens upon our view. The military head of a small state seemed to have achieved in a single battle the most adventurous and enterprising conquest in the records of Europe. Assuming the monarch's sceptre, he

thenceforth appears in the anomalous position of the ruler of a comparatively free people, to whose laws he was bound to subscribe, and who submitted, however unwillingly, on such conditions to acknowledge him as their sovereign. The consequences of such a compact were easily to be foreseen; but in the bitter fruits which it bore were also ripened the seeds of British constitutional liberty.[1]

HEREWARD AND WALTHEOF.

A.D. 1060—1077.

(*From* LINGARD'S "*History of England.*")

A. D.
1066 AFTER the battle of Hastings William had fondly persuaded himself that the campaign was terminated, and that the natives, disheartened by the fall of their king and the defeat of their army, would hasten to offer him the crown. A few days dissipated the illusion. . . . The Witan had assembled in London immediately after the death of Harold. The population of this capital was numerous and warlike; and the number of its defenders had been increased by the thanes of the neighbouring counties. By their unanimous choice, the Etheling Edgar, the rightful claimant, was placed on the throne. But Edgar was young, and devoid of abilities: the first place in the council devolved on Stigand, the metropolitan; and the direction of the military operations was committed to the two powerful earls, Edwin and Morcar. Their first effort was unsuccessful: and the confidence of the citizens was shaken by the feeble resistance which a numerous body of natives had opposed to an inferior force of five hundred Norman horse. William contented himself with burning the suburbs; he was unwilling or afraid to storm the walls; and resolved to punish his opponents by destroying their property in the

[1] Abridged from chapter iv. of vol. i.

open country. Leaving London, he spread his army over the counties of Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire. Everything valuable was plundered by the soldiers; and what they could not carry away was committed to the flames.

In the meantime mistrust and disunion reigned among the advisers of Edgar. Every new misfortune was attributed to the incapacity or the treachery of the leaders. It was even whispered that Edwin and Morcar sought not so much the liberation of their country, as the transfer of the crown from Edgar to one of themselves. The two earls left the city; and their departure, instead of lessening, augmented the general consternation. The first who threw himself on the mercy of the Conqueror was Stigand, who met William as he crossed the Thames at Wallingford, swore fealty to him as his sovereign, and was received with the flattering appellation of father and bishop. His defection was followed by that of others; and the determination of those who wavered was accelerated by the rapidity with which the Norman pursued his plan of devastation. Buckinghamshire and part of the county of Hertford had been already laid waste, when a deputation arrived, consisting of Edgar, Edwin, and Morcar on the part of the nobility, of the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Worcester and Hereford on that of the clergy, and of the principal citizens of London in the name of their fellows. At Berkhampstead they swore allegiance to the Conqueror, gave hostages, and made him an offer of the crown. He affected to pause; nor did he formally accept the proposal till the Norman barons had ratified it by their applause. He then appointed for his coronation the approaching festival of Christmas.

The Normans, proud of their superior civilization, treated the natives as barbarians. William placed no reliance on their oaths, and took every precaution against their hostility. But most he feared the inhabitants of London, a population brave, mutinous, and confident in its numbers. Before he would expose his person among them, he ordered the house which he was to occupy to be surrounded with military defences; and on the day of his coronation in Westminster Abbey, (December 25) stationed in the neighbourhood a numerous

division of his army. As Stigand had been suspended, the ceremony was performed by Aldred, archbishop of York: and that prelate put the question to the English, the Bishop of Constance to the Normans, whether they were willing that William should be their sovereign. Both nations expressed their assent with loud acclamations; and at the same moment, as if at a preconcerted signal, the troops in the precincts of the Abbey set fire to the nearest houses, and began to plunder the city. The tumult within the church was not exceeded by that without. The Normans pictured to themselves a general rising of the inhabitants: the natives imagined that they had been drawn together as victims destined for slaughter. William, though he trembled for his life, refused to interrupt the ceremony. In a short time he was left with none but the prelates and clergy at the foot of the altar.

The English, both men and women, had fled to provide for their own safety; and of the Normans some had hastened to extinguish the flames, the others to share in the plunder. The service was completed with precipitation, and the Conqueror took the usual oath of the Anglo-Saxon kings, with this addition, that he would govern as justly as the best of his predecessors. To William, who sought to reconcile the two nations, this unfortunate occurrence was a subject of deep regret. It inflamed all those jealousies and resentments which it was his interest to extinguish, and taught the natives to look upon their conquerors as perfidious and implacable enemies. To apologise for the misconduct of the Normans, it was alleged that the acclamations of loyalty in the church had been mistaken for shouts of insurrection. But in that case, it was asked, why did they not fly to the defence of the King? Why did they pretend to put down a rising in one quarter by exciting a conflagration in another? There can be little doubt that the outrage was designed, and that it originated in the love of plunder. At Dover, the Normans under the very eye of their leader could not be restrained from pillage; at London, the superior opulence of the citizens offered an irresistible temptation to their rapacity. This suspicion is confirmed by the subsequent conduct of the King. He assembled his barons and admonished them, that by oppression they would drive

the natives to rebellion, and bring indelible disgrace on themselves and their country. For the rest of the army he published numerous regulations. Nor were his orders suffered to evaporate in impotent menaces; commissioners were appointed to carry them into effect.

William has been represented as of a temper reserved and morose, more inclined to acts of severity than of kindness: but, if such were his natural disposition, he had the art to conceal or the resolution to subdue it. All the first measures of his reign tended to allay the animosity and to win the affections of the English. No change was attempted in their laws or customs, but what the existing circumstances imperiously required. . . .

Access to the royal presence was refused to no one. William listened graciously to the complaints of the people; heard their causes in person; and though his decisions were directed by the principles of justice, was careful to temper them with feelings of mercy. From London he retired to Barking, where his court was attended by crowds of English thanes. At their request he received their homage; and in return granted to all the confirmation, to several an augmentation, of their estates and honours. But nothing was more grateful to the national feelings than the attention which he paid to the Etheling Edgar. To console the Prince for the loss of that crown to which he was entitled by his birth, he admitted him into the number of his intimate friends, and bestowed on him an extensive property, not unfitting the last descendant of an ancient race of kings. . . . From Barking he made a progress through the neighbouring counties. His route was distinguished by the numerous benefits which he scattered around him, and his affability and condescension to the spectators proved how anxious he was to procure their favour and to merit their esteem.

In the month of March he collected his army on the beach near Pevensey; distributed to each man a liberal donative, and embarked with a prosperous wind for the coast of Normandy. He was received by his countrymen with enthusiastic joy; wherever he proceeded, the pursuits of commerce and agriculture were suspended; and the solemn fast of Lent

was universally transformed into a season of festivity and merriment. In his train followed, not only the Norman barons, the faithful companions of his victory, but also many English thanes and prelates, the proudest ornaments of his triumph. The latter appeared in the honourable station of attendants on the King of England; in reality they were captives, retained as securities for the fidelity of their countrymen. We are told they attracted the admiration of the spectators, among whom were many French noblemen whom curiosity had drawn to the Norman court. In their persons the English were thought to exhibit the elegance of female beauty. Their hair (long hair was a mark of birth with the Northern nations) flowed in ringlets on their shoulders; and their mantles, of the richest silks, were ornamented with the profusion of Oriental magnificence. To enhance in the eyes of his guests and subjects the value of his conquests, William displayed before them the treasures which he had either acquired as plunder after the battle, or received at his coronation as presents. Of these a considerable portion, with the golden banner of Harold, was destined for the acceptance of the Pope; the remainder was distributed among the churches of Normandy and the neighbouring provinces. . . .

During his absence, the King had entrusted the reins of government to William Fitz-Osbern, and Odo, bishop of Bayeux.[1] . . . The favour of William had promoted Odo at an early age to the see of Bayeux, and he soon displayed extraordinary abilities both in the administration of his diocese and in the councils of his sovereign. . . . "He was," says a historian, who had probably shared in his bounty, "a prelate of such rare and noble qualities, that the English, barbarians as they were, could not but love him and fear him." On the other hand, we are assured by another well-informed and less partial writer, that his character was a compound of vice and virtue; and that, instead of attending to the duties of his station, he made riches and power the principal objects of his pursuit.

To Odo had been assigned the government of Kent; the inhabitants of which, from their frequent intercourse with the Continent, were considered less savage than the generality of their countrymen. The remainder of the kingdom was

[1] Odo was the half-brother of the Conqueror.

committed to the vigilance of Fitz-Osbern, a Norman baron, related on the mother's side to the ducal family. William and he had grown up together from their infancy, and the attachment of their childish years had been afterwards strengthened by mutual services. In every civil commotion Fitz-Osbern had supported his sovereign; to his influence was attributed the determination of William to invade England; and to the praise of consummate wisdom in the cabinet, he added that of unrivalled courage in the field. He was considered as the pride of the Normans and the scourge of the English. . . .

As soon as these ministers entered on their high office, they departed from the system of conciliation which the King had adopted, and assumed the lofty mien and the arrogant manners of conquerors. The complaints of the injured were despised: aggression was encouraged by impunity. . . . The refusal of redress awakened the indignation of the English; and in this moment of national effervescence, if an individual had come forward able to combine and direct the general hostility, the Norman ascendancy would probably have been suppressed. But the principal chieftains were absent, and the measures of the insurgents, without system or connexion, were the mere result of sudden irritation, and better calculated for the purpose of present revenge than of permanent deliverance. . . .

Desultory conflicts might indeed harass the Normans, but they contributed little to prevent the entire subjugation of the country, or to promote the great cause of independence. The more prudent of the Saxons reserved their efforts for a fairer prospect of success; and deputies were sent to Denmark to offer to Sveno Tiuffveskeg a crown which had been already worn by two of his predecessors, Canute and Hardecanute. . . .

A.D. 1067 The mind of William was exasperated by frequent messages from Odo and Fitz-Osbern; and he returned to England in December with a secret resolution to crush by severity a people whom he could not win by kindness. During the Christmas holidays the English thanes waited on their sovereign. He embraced them as friends, inquired into their grievances, and granted their requests. But his hostility pierced through the veil which he had thrown over it; and

the imposition of a most grievous tax awakened well-founded apprehensions. Though the spirit of resistance which had so much annoyed his deputies seemed to disappear at his arrival, it still lingered in the northern and western extremities of the kingdom. Exeter, from the time of Athelstan, had gradually risen into a populous city; it was surrounded by a wall of considerable strength; and the inhabitants were animated with the most deadly hatred against the invaders. A band of mercenaries on board a small squadron of Norman ships which was driven by a tempest into the harbour had been treated with cruelty and scorn by the populace. Sensible of their danger, the burgesses had made preparations for a siege, raised turrets and battlements on the walls, and despatched emissaries to excite a similar spirit in other towns. When William sent to require their oaths of fealty, and the admission of a garrison into the city, they returned a peremptory refusal, but at the same time expressed a willingness to pay him the dues, and to perform the services, which had been exacted by their native monarchs. The Conqueror was not accustomed to submit to conditions dictated by his subjects; he raised a numerous force, of which a great portion consisted of Englishmen, and marched with a resolution to inflict severe vengeance on the rebels. At some distance he was met by the magistrates, who implored his clemency, proffered the submission of the inhabitants, and gave hostages for their fidelity. With five hundred horse he approached the gates. To his astonishment it was barred against him, and a crowd of combatants bade him defiance from the walls. It was in vain that, to intimidate them, he ordered one of the hostages to be deprived of his eyes. The siege lasted eighteen days, and the royalists suffered severe loss in different assaults. The citizens at last submitted, but on conditions which could hardly have been anticipated. They took indeed the oath of allegiance, and admitted a garrison, but their lives, property, and immunities were secured; and to prevent the opportunity of plunder, the besieging army was removed from the vicinity of the gates. Having pacified Cornwall, the King returned to Winchester and sent for the Duchess Matilda to England. She was crowned at the ensuing festival of Whitsuntide.

A.D. 1068 But the presence of William was now required in the north. No Englishman had rendered him more important services than Edwin, whose influence had induced one-third of the kingdom to admit his authority. The Norman, in the warmth of his gratitude, promised the Earl his daughter in marriage, an engagement which he refused to fulfil as soon as he felt himself secure upon the throne. Inflamed with resentment, Edwin flew to arms; the spirit of resistance was diffused from the heart of Mercia to the confines of Scotland; and even the citizens of York, in opposition to the entreaties and predictions of their Archbishop, rose in the sacred cause of independence. Yet this mighty insurrection served only to confirm the power of the Norman, whose vigilance anticipated the designs of his enemies. Edwin and Morcar were surprised before they were prepared, and their submission was received with a promise of forgiveness and a resolution of vengeance. York opened its gates to the Conqueror; Archil, a powerful Northumbrian, and Egelwin, bishop of Durham, hastened to offer him their homage; and Malcolm, the king of Scotland, who had prepared to assist the insurgents, swore by his deputies to do faithful service to William. . . .

In the spring of the same year, Githa, the mother of Harold, and several ladies of noble birth, fearing the rapacity and brutality of the Normans, escaped with all their treasures from Exeter, and concealed themselves for a while in one of the little isles of Stepholme and Flatholme in the mouth of the Severn. Thence they sailed for the coast of Flanders; and eluding the notice or frustating the pursuit of their enemies, found a secure retreat at St. Omer. Githa's grandsons, Godwin, Edmund, and Magnus, the children of the unfortunate Harold, had found a protector in Dermot, king of Leinster. . . .

A more illustrious fugitive was the Etheling Edgar, who undertook to convey his mother Agatha, with his sisters Margaret and Christina, to Hungary, their native country. But a storm drove them into the Frith of Forth; and Malcolm, who had formerly been a wanderer in England, hastened to receive them, conducted them to his castle of Dunfermline, and by the attention which he paid to the royal exiles endeavoured to evince his gratitude for the protection which

in similar circumstances he had experienced from their relative, Edward the Confessor.

William's late expedition to York had produced only a delusive appearance of tranquillity. The spirit of resistance was still alive; and if the royal authority was obeyed in the neighbourhood of the different garrisons, in the open country it was held at defiance. In several districts the glens and forests swarmed with voluntary fugitives, who, disdaining to crouch beneath a foreign yoke, had abandoned their habitations, and supported themselves by the plunder of the Normans and royalists. The King had sold the earldom of Northumbria to Cospatric,[1] a noble thane; but now he transferred it, or the county of Durham, to a more trusty officer, Robert de Cumin, who, with five or seven hundred horse, hastened to take possession. On the left bank of the Tees he was met by Egelwin, bishop of Durham, who informed him that the natives had sworn to maintain their independence, or to perish in the attempt, and advised him not to expose himself with so small an escort to the resentment of a brave and exasperated people. The admonition was received with contempt. Cumin entered A.D. Durham, took possession of the episcopal residence, and 1069 abandoned the houses of the citizens to the rapacity of his followers. During the night the English assembled in great force; about the dawn they burst into the city. The Normans, exhausted by the fatigue of their march and the debauch of the last evening, fell for the most part unresisting victims to the fury of their enemies; the rest retired in haste to their leader at the palace of the Bishop. For a while they kept their pursuers at bay from the doors and windows; but in a short time the house was in flames, and Cumin, with his associates, perished in the conflagration. Of the whole number, two only escaped from the massacre. . . .

This was the most busy and eventful year in the reign of William. In June the sons of Harold, with a fleet of sixty-four sail, returned from Ireland, and landed near Plymouth. They separated in the pursuit of plunder, but were surprised by Brian, son of the Earl of Bretagne. The leaders escaped

[1] Cospatric was the grandson of the Earl Untred, by Elgiva, a daughter of King Ethelred.—C. M. Y.

to their ships; almost all their followers perished in two engagements fought the same day. Two of Harold's sons retired to Denmark; their sister, who accompanied them, was afterwards married to the sovereign of Russia.

In July arrived the threatened expedition from Denmark. Sveno, who spent two years in making preparations, had summoned to his standard adventurers from every nation inhabiting the shores of the Baltic; and had intrusted the command of a fleet of two hundred and forty sail to the care of his eldest son Canute, aided by the counsels and experience of Sbern, his uncle, and Christian, his bishop. The Normans claim the praise of having repulsed the invaders at Dover, Sandwich, Ipswich, and Norwich: perhaps the Danes only touched at these places to inform the natives of their arrival, or to distract the attention of their enemy. In the beginning of August they sailed to the Humber, where they were joined by Edgar, Cospatric, Waltheof, Archil, and the five sons of Carl, with a squadron of English ships. Archbishop Aldred died of grief at the prospect of the evils which threatened his devoted country. The Normans at York, to clear the ground in the vicinity of their castles, set fire to the neighbouring houses; the flames were spread by the wind; and in a conflagration of three days the cathedral and a great part of the city were reduced to ashes. During the confusion the Danes and English arrived, and totally defeated the enemy, who had the imprudence to leave their fortifications, and fight in the streets. Three thousand Normans were slain. . . .

The King was hunting in the forest of Dean when he received the first news of this disaster. In the paroxysm of his passion he swore by the splendour of the Almighty that not one Northumbrian should escape his revenge. Acquainted with the menaces of Sveno, he had made preparations adequate to the danger; auxiliaries had been sought from every people between the Rhine and the Tagus; and to secure their services, besides a liberal allowance for the present, promises had been added of future and more substantial rewards. It was not the intention of the confederates to hazard an engagement with so numerous and disciplined a force. As it advanced, they separated. Waltheof remained for the defence

of York: Cospatric led his Northumbrians beyond the Tyne: the Danes retired to their ships, and sailed to the coast of Lindesey. . . .

At Pontefract William was detained for three weeks by the swell of the river Are: a ford was at last discovered; he reached York, and ordered it to be carried by assault.

Though Waltheof defended the city with obstinacy; though he slew with his own hand several Normans, as they rushed in through the gateway, he was compelled to abandon it to the Conqueror, who immediately repaired the castles and appointed garrisons for their defence. Still the natives flattered themselves that the winter would compel him to return into the south: to their disappointment, he sent for his crown from Winchester, and during the Christmas kept his court with the usual festivities at York.

Elated with victory, and unrestrained by the motives of religion or the feelings of humanity, William on this occasion devised and executed a system of revenge which has covered his name with everlasting infamy. As his former attempts to enforce obedience had failed, he now resolved to exterminate the refractory natives, and to place a wilderness as a barrier between his Normans and their implacable enemies. With this view he led his retainers from York, dispersed them in small divisions over the country, and gave them orders to spare neither man nor beast, but to destroy the houses, corn, implements of husbandry, and whatever might be useful or necessary to the support of human life. The work of plunder, slaughter, and conflagration commenced on the left bank of the Ouse, and successively reached the Tees, the Were, and the Tyne. The more distant inhabitants crossed over the last river; the citizens of Durham, mindful of the fate of Cumin, did not believe themselves safe till they were settled in Holy Island, the property of their bishop. But thousands, whose flight was intercepted, concealed themselves in the forests, or made their way to the mountains, where they perished by hunger or disease. The number of men, women, and children who fell victims to this barbarous policy is said to have exceeded one hundred thousand. For nine years not a patch of cultivated ground could be seen between York and

A. D. 1069

Durham; and at the distance of a century eye-witnesses assure us that the country was strewed with ruins, the extent and number of which still attested the sanguinary ambition and implacable resentment of the Conqueror.

The English chieftains, terrified by this severe infliction, abandoned the contest. Edgar, with the Bishop of Durham, and his principal associates, sailed from Weremouth to Scotland; Cospatric by messengers solicited and obtained his pardon and his earldom; Waltheof, who by his valour had excited the admiration and merited the esteem of the Normans, visited the King on the banks of the Tees, received from him the hand of his niece Judith in marriage, and recovered his former honours, the earldoms of Northampton and Huntingdon. From the Tees William, on what account we are not informed, returned by a road which had never been trodden by an armed force. It was in the heart of winter: a deep snow covered the ground; and the rivers, mountains, and ravines continually presented new and unexpected obstacles. In the general confusion, order and discipline disappeared; even the King himself wandered from the track, and passed an anxious night in total ignorance both where he was himself, and what direction the army had taken. After surmounting numerous difficulties, and suffering the severest privations, the men reached York; but most of the horses had perished in the snow.

This adventure might have checked the ardour of a less resolute leader; but the Conqueror possessed a sovereign contempt of hardships, and within a few weeks undertook a longer and more perilous expedition. In the beginning of March, amid storms of snow, sleet, and hail, he led his army from York to Chester, over the mountains which divided the two coasts of the island. The foreign mercenaries began to murmur; by degrees they burst into open mutiny, and clamorously demanded their discharge. "Let them go, if they please," answered the King, with apparent indifference; "I do not want their services." At the head of the army, and frequently on foot, he gave the example to his followers, who blushed not to equal the exertions and alacrity of their prince. At Chester he built a castle, pacified the country, and

received Edric the Wild into favour.[1] Thence he proceeded to Salisbury, where he rewarded and disbanded the army. The only punishment inflicted on the mutineers was, that they were compelled to serve forty days longer than their fellows. . . . A.D.

William was now (1070) undisputed master of England. From the Channel to the borders of Scotland his authority was universally acknowledged in every county: with the exception of Cospatric's government, it was enforced by the presence of a powerful body of troops. In each populous burgh a strong fortress had been erected: in case of insurrection the Normans found an asylum within its walls; and the same place confined the principal natives of the district, as hostages for the obedience of their countrymen. . . . 1070

But in 1071 the embers of civil war were again rekindled by the jealousy of William. During the late disturbance Edwin and Morcar had cautiously abstained from any communication with the insurgents. But if their conduct was unexceptionable, their influence was judged dangerous. In them the natives beheld the present hope, and the future liberators, of their country; and the King judged it expedient to allay his own apprehensions by securing their persons. The attempt was made in vain. Edwin concealed himself; solicited aid from the friends of his family; and, eluding the vigilance of the Normans, endeavoured to escape towards the borders of Scotland. Unfortunately, the secret of his route was betrayed by three of his vassals: the temporary swell of a rivulet from the influx of the tide intercepted his flight, and he fell, with twenty of his faithful adherents, fighting against his pursuers. The traitors presented his head to William, who rewarded their services with a sentence of perpetual banishment. The fate of his brother Morcar was different. He fled to the protection of Hereward, who had presumed to rear the banner of independence amidst the fens and morasses of Cambridgeshire. 1071

The memory of Hereward was long dear to the people of England. The recital of his exploits gratified their vanity

[1] Sometimes called Edric the Forester. He was lord of lands on the Severn and Wye, and had at first submitted to William, but was provoked into insurrection by the insolence of the Norman nobles.—C. M. Y.

and resentment; and traditionary songs transmitted his fame to succeeding generations. His father, the lord of Born in Lincolnshire, unable to restrain the turbulence of his temper, had obtained an order for his banishment from Edward the Confessor; and the exile had earned in foreign countries the praise of a hardy and fearless warrior. He was in Flanders at the period of the Conquest; but when he heard that his father was dead, and that his mother had been dispossessed of the lordship of Born by a foreigner, he returned in haste, collected the vassals of the family, and drove the Norman from his paternal estates. The fame of the exploit increased the number of his followers; every man anxious to avenge his own wrongs, or the wrongs of his country, hastened to the standard of Hereward; a fortress of wood was erected in the Isle of Ely for the protection of their treasures; and a small band of outlaws, instigated by revenge, and emboldened by despair, set at defiance the whole power of the Conqueror.

Hereward, with several of his followers, had received the sword of knighthood from his uncle Brand, abbot of Peterborough. Brand died before the close of the year 1069; and William gave the abbey to Turold, a foreign monk, who, with a guard of one hundred and sixty horsemen, proceeded to take possession. He had already reached Stamford, when Hereward resolved to plunder the monastery. The Danes, who had passed the winter in the Humber, were now in the Wash; and Sbern, their leader, consented to join the outlaws. The town of Peterborough was burnt; the monks were dispersed; the treasures which they had concealed were discovered, and the abbey was given to the flames. Hereward retired to his asylum. Sbern sailed towards Denmark.

To remove these importunate enemies, Turold purchased the services of Ivo Tailbois, to whom the Conqueror had given the district of Hoyland. Confident of success, the Abbot and the Norman commenced the expedition with a numerous body of cavalry. But nothing could elude the vigilance of Hereward. As Tailbois entered one side of a thick wood, the chieftain issued from the other, darted unexpectedly upon Turold, and carried him off with several other Normans, whom he confined

in damp and unwholesome dungeons, till the sum of two thousand pounds had been paid for their ransom.

For a while the pride of William disdained to notice the efforts of Hereward; but when Morcar and most of the exiles from Scotland had joined that chieftain, prudence compelled him to crush the hydra before it could grow to maturity. He stationed his fleet in the Wash, with orders to observe every outlet from the fens to the ocean; by land he distributed his forces in such manner as to render escape almost impossible. Still the great difficulty remained to reach the enemy, who had retired to their fortress, situated in an expanse of water which in the narrowest part was more than two miles in breadth. The King undertook to construct a solid road across the marshes, and to throw bridges over the channels of the rivers, a work of considerable labour and of equal danger, in the face of a vigilant and enterprising enemy. Hereward frequently dispersed the workmen; and his attacks were so sudden, so incessant, and so destructive, that the Normans attributed his success to the assistance of Satan. At the instigation of Tailbois, William had the weakness to employ a sorceress, who was expected, by the superior efficacy of her spells, to defeat those of the English magicians. She was placed in a wooden turret at the head of the work; but Hereward, who had watched his opportunity, set fire to the dry reeds in the neighbourhood; the wind rapidly spread the conflagration, and the enchantress with her gourds, the turret with the workmen, were enveloped and consumed in the flames.

These checks might irritate the King; they could not divert him from his purpose. In defiance of every obstacle, the work advanced: it was evident that in a few days the Normans would be in possession of the island, and the greater part of the outlaws voluntarily submitted to the royal mercy. Their fate was different. Of some he accepted the ransom; a few suffered death; many lost an eye, a hand, or a foot; and several, among whom were Morcar and the Bishop of Durham, were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Hereward alone could not brook the idea of submission. He escaped across the marshes, concealed himself in the woods, and as soon as the royal army had retired, resumed hostilities against the

A.D. enemy. But the King, who had learnt to respect his valour, was not adverse to a reconciliation. The chieftain took the oath of allegiance, and was permitted to enjoy in peace the patrimony of his ancestors.

1072 William was now at leisure to chastise the presumption of Malcolm (King of Scotland),[1] who had not only afforded an asylum to his enemies, but had seized every opportunity to enter the northern counties, exciting the natives to rebellion, and ravaging the lands of those who refused. . . .

In his return he halted at Durham, . . . and summoned before his tribunal Cospatric, the earl of Northumberland. He was charged with old offences, which it was supposed had been long ago forgiven, the massacres of the Normans at Durham and York. Banished by the sentence of the court, Cospatric retired, after several adventures, to Malcolm, and received from the pity or policy of that prince the castles and demesnes of Dunbar. His earldom was bestowed on Waltheof. . . .

Hereward was the last Englishman who had drawn the sword in the cause of independence. The natives submitted to the yoke in sullen despair; even Edgar the Etheling resigned the hope of revenge, and consented to solicit a livelihood from the mercy of the man whose ambition had robbed him of a crown. He was still in Scotland, when the King of France offered him a princely establishment at Montreuil, near the borders of Normandy; not that Philip cared for the misfortunes of the Etheling, but that he sought to annoy William, who had become his rival both in power and dignity.

1075 Edgar put to sea with the wealth which he had brought from England, and the presents which had been made to him by the King, Queen, and nobles of Scotland. But his small squadron was dispersed by a tempest, his ships were stranded on the coast, his treasures and some of his followers were seized by the inhabitants, and the unfortunate Prince returned to solicit once more the protection of his brother-in-law. By him he was advised to seek a reconciliation with William, who received the overture with pleasure. At Durham the sheriff of Yorkshire met him with a numerous escort, in appearance to

[1] This is from a Norman point of view. In the eyes of the West Saxon royal family William could be nothing but an usurper.—C. M. Y.

do him honour, in reality to secure his person. Under this guard he traversed England, crossed the sea, and was presented to William in Normandy, who granted him the first place at court, an apartment in the palace, and a yearly pension of three hundred and sixty-five pounds of silver. For several years the last male descendant of Cerdic confined his ambition to the sports of the field; in 1086 he obtained permission to conduct two hundred knights to Apulia, and from Apulia to the Holy Land.[1]

After the surrender of Morcar, William had led an army into Normandy to support his interests in the province of Maine. A.D. 1075 His absence encouraged the malcontents in England to unfurl the banner of insurrection. But the rebels were no longer natives; they were Normans, dissatisfied with the rewards which they had received, and offended by the haughty and overbearing carriage of the King. At their head were Roger Fitz-Osbern, who had succeeded his father in the earldom of Hereford, and Ralph de Guader, a noble Breton, earl of Norfolk. The latter, in defiance of the royal prohibition, had married the sister of the former; and the two earls, aware of William's vengeance, resolved to anticipate the danger. It was their object to prevent his return to England; to partition the kingdom into the three great divisions of Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria; to take two of these for themselves, and to give the third to Waltheof, whose accession to the confederacy would, they expected, secure the co-operation of the natives. Waltheof refused to engage in the enterprise, but imprudently suffered himself to be sworn to secrecy. The plan of the conspirators was soon discovered to William de Warrenne and Richard de Bienfait, the grand justiciaries; in a battle at Bicham, in Norfolk, the rebels were defeated, and every prisoner made in the pursuit was punished with the loss of his right foot. The victors besieged Guader in the castle of Norwich during three months; at length, despairing of succour, he consented to quit the kingdom with his followers within a certain period; and after visiting Denmark, returned to his patrimonial estates in Bretagne.

[1] During the reign of William Rufus Edgar was permitted to return to England, and obtained a distinguished place in the court.—C. M. Y.

William had now returned from Normandy, and summoned a council of his barons at London. In this court Guader was outlawed, Fitz-Osbern was convicted of treason, and sentenced, according to the Norman code, to perpetual imprisonment and the loss of his property. His father's services indeed pleaded forcibly in his favour, but his proud and ungovernable temper disdained to ask for mercy. Waltheof was next arraigned. His secret had been betrayed by the perfidy of Judith, who had fixed her affections on a Norman nobleman, and was anxious to emancipate herself from her English husband. By the Anglo-Saxon law treason was punished with death and forfeiture; but the guilt of Waltheof was rather of that species which has since been denominated misprision of treason. He had been acquainted with the conspiracy, and had not as a faithful vassal disclosed it to his sovereign. His judges were divided in opinion, and the unfortunate earl continued during the year a close prisoner in the castle of Winchester. Archbishop Lanfranc laboured to procure his release, but the intrigues of his wife, and of the nobleman who bought his estates, defeated the efforts of the primate. Waltheof
A.D. 1076 was condemned to die, and executed at an early hour the next morning, before the citizens could be apprised of his intended fate. By the natives his death was sincerely deplored. They deemed him the victim of Norman injustice, and revered his memory as that of a martyr.

The reader will be pleased to learn that the perfidy of Judith experienced a suitable retribution. William ordered her to marry a foreign nobleman named Simon, but she refused to give her hand to a husband that was deformed. The King knew how to punish her disobedience. Simon married the eldest daughter of Waltheof, and received the estates of her father; Judith was left to languish in poverty, unpitied by the English or the Normans, and the object of general hatred or contempt. . . .

The character of William the Conqueror has been drawn with apparent impartiality in the Saxon Chronicle, by Eadmer, a contemporary and an Englishman:—

"If any one wish to know what manner of man he was, or what worship he had, or of how many lands he were the lord,

we will describe him as we have known him; for we looked on him, and some while lived in his herd. King William was a very wise man, and very rich, more worshipful and strong than any of his forefangers. He was mild to good men who loved God; and stark beyond all bounds to those who withsaid his will. On the very stede, where God gave him to win England, he reared a noble monastery, and set monks therein, and endowed it well. He was very worshipful. Thrice he bore his king-helmet[1] every year when he was in England; at Easter he bore it at Winchester, at Pentecost at Westminster, and in mid-winter at Gloucester. And there were with him all the rich men over all England; archbishops and diocesan bishops, abbots and earls, thanes and knights. Moreover he was a very stark man, and very savage, so that no man durst do anything against his will. He had earls in his bonds, who had done against his will; bishops he set off their bishoprics, abbots off their abbotries, and thanes in prisons; and at last he did not spare his own brother Odo. Him he set in prison. Yet, among other things, we must not forget the good frith[2] which he made in this land, so that a man that was good for aught might travel over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold without molestation; and no man durst slay another man, though he had suffered never so mickle evil from the other. He ruled over England, and by his cunning he was so thoroughly acquainted with it, that there is not a hide of land of which he did not know, both who had it and what was its worth, and that he set down in his writings. Wales was under his weald, and therein he wrought castles; and he wielded the Isle of Man withal. Moreover he subdued Scotland by his mickle strength. Normandy was his by kinn, and over the earldom called Manns he ruled; and if he might have lived yet two years, he would have won Ireland by the fame of his power, and without any armament. Yet truly in his time men had mickle suffering, and very many hardships. Castles he caused to be wrought, and poor men to be oppressed. He was so very stark. He

[1] His crown. The kings wore their crowns in public at the great festivals. —C. M. Y.

[2] Frith is the king's peace or protection, the violation of which subjected the offender to a heavy fine.

took from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver, and that he took, some by right and some by mickle might, for very little need. He had fallen into avarice, and greediness he loved withal. . . . He let his lands to fine as dear as he could; then came some other and bade more than the first had given, and the King let it to him who bade more; then came a third, and bid yet more, and the King let it into the hands of the man who bade the most. Nor did he reck how sinfully his reeves got money of poor men, or how many unlawful things they did. For the more men talked of right law, the more they did against the law. . . . He also set many deer-friths,[1] and he made laws therewith, that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him man should blind. As he forbade the slaying of harts, so also did he of boars. So much he loved the high deer, as if he had been their father. He also decreed about hares, that they should go free. His rich men moaned and the poor men murmured, but he was so hard that he recked not the hatred of them all; for it was need they should follow the King's will withal, if they wished to live, or to have lands, or goods, or his favour. Alas! that any man should be so moody, and should so puff up himself, and think himself above all other men. May Almighty God have mercy on his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins!"[2]

FEUDALISM.

(*From "History of England during the Early and Middle Ages," by* CHARLES H. PEARSON, M.A.)

THE origin of feudalism is as difficult to trace as the source of the Niger. The relation of chief and clansman among barbarians, the oath of Roman soldiers to the Emperor, the civic

[1] Deer-friths were forests in which the deer were under the king's protection or frith.

[2] Abridged from vol. ii. chapter i.

responsibility of a father for his children, transferred to a lord for his dependents, are all elements in the system which overspread Europe in the Middle Ages. Men in those times commonly regarded it from the practical point of view, as service for reward. But it came to have a higher meaning to the State. The feudal baron was the representative of kingship on his domain; rendering justice, maintaining police, and seeing that military service was performed. As a viceroy, he was accountable for the just performance of these duties to the crown: above all, he was a link in the great chain that bound the lowest peasant and the successors of Charlemagne together. Roman imperialism had divided the world into master and slave. The juster theory of the Middle Ages, no doubt influenced by Christianity, regarded mankind as a great family, and sought to strengthen the bonds of union by engagements taken solemnly before man and God. The oath of homage was the most binding that could be taken; the love of a father to his son, the duty of a wife to her husband, were regarded as of less force.

"Homage," in the beautiful language of Littleton, "is the most honourable service, and most humble service of reverence that a frank tenant may do to his lord. For, when the tenant shall make homage to his lord, he shall be ungirt, and his head uncovered, and his lord shall sit, and the tenant shall kneel before him on both his knees, and hold his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord, and shall say thus: 'I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and unto you shall be true and faithful, and bear to you faith for the tenements (M.N.) that I claim to hold of you; saving the faith that I owe unto our sovereign lord the king;' and then the lord so sitting shall kiss him." In order to avoid mistake, the tenements for which homage was paid were enumerated. The whole ceremony was performed before witnesses, and was a record of the lord's title-deeds. . . . Where a fief was held by a married woman, her husband took her place towards the lord. But the exception in favour of single women was inconvenient; and in later times a modified form of oath was introduced, in which all mention of personal duty was omitted. Again, bishops elect did homage for their baronies,

but, after consecration, they only took the oath of fealty. The clerical oath of homage (like that of the women) omitted the words "I become your man," on the ground that the priest had professed himself to be only the man of God. Lastly, homage was restricted to the holders of estates which they could bequeath to their heirs generally, or the heirs of their body.

The distinction of homage and fealty is important. Fealty was more sacred, because confirmed with an oath; less dignified, as it could be done by attorney; more general, as it extended to all freeholders and villeins; less personal, as it did not include the obligation to become the lord's man; and less binding, as, unlike those who held by homage, the tenant by fealty was not bound to sell or pledge everything for his lord's ransom. Hence, apparently, tenants for a term of life did fealty, but not homage. . . . The difference between fealty and the allegiance which every subject owed to the crown lay in the fact that fealty was done in respect of a tenure, implied a direct benefit enjoyed, and was legal evidence of the lord's rights.

Homage and fealty being the relations of service, the vassal's condition was determined by the nature of his tenure. Every tenure implied some service, either fixed, and then more or less honourable; or arbitrary, and so a mark of servitude. The Church taking precedence of the State, tenure in frank almoigne—that is, by the services of religion—came first. This was the tenure of lands that were given without the obligation of any secular service. The Churchmen endowed were, however, bound to offer up prayers and masses for the soul of their benefactor, and he or his heirs might distrain on them if this duty were neglected.[1] Tenure by homage ancestral was merely tenantcy-in-chief by immemorial prescription in the family. It carried with it the ordinary feudal burdens to the tenant; but, in return, his lord was bound to warrant him the possession of his estate. Tenure by grand serjeantry implied the performance of some personal service to the King,

[1] The Templars' lands were claimed by the heirs of the original donors as escheats when the order was dissolved. So, too, a very just claim was set up at the dissolution of monasteries, that lands granted in frank almoigne should revert to the families of their original donors, since the services for which they were given could no longer be rendered.

to be his chamberlain or champion. Tenure by petty serjeantry was the yearly payment of some implement of war to the King. These were the tenures of tenants-in-chief; below them, scutage and socage tenures. The term scutage is now commonly used of the tax for which service of the shield was commuted. Originally, it meant the obligation to serve in arms forty days in the year, and was attached to every knight's fee. Fealty, with or without homage, and scutage, together made up knight's service. Fealty, with or without homage, and any other special service, below petty serjeantry, constituted the important class of socage tenures. The obligation to perform all services indiscriminately was villenage. In other words, the distinction between gentry and mere freedom lay in the service of arms; between freedom and servitude, in fixed instead of variable dues. The distinctions of socage tenure are numerous, as the word came to cover the service of the plough, rent for houses paid immediately to the crown (burgage tenure), or rent by various tenures, even one so debasing as doing the hangman's duty. Sometimes two or three conditions were united; it did not matter, so long as they were not variable. Beneath these middle classes came the large class of villeins. A villein might be *regardant*, attached to the soil; or *in gross*, attached to the person of his lord. A freeman might hold land in villenage, and be bound to do villein's service upon it. One of the things that most complicates the consideration of feudal England is the way in which a personality attached to corporations and lands. Every acre of soil, every institution, was animate, so to speak, with duties and privileges, which had attached to it from time immemorial, and could not be lost.

The obligations of a feudal vassal were service in council, in the court of law, and in the field. . . . He was bound to sustain his lord in self-defence and to guard his castle during a certain number of days. . . . He was forced to contribute to redeem his lord from captivity, or when his lord's eldest daughter was married, or when the eldest son became knight. These reliefs, as they were called, were at first arbitrary and oppressive. Gradually they were fixed, by custom, at the rate of five pounds for the knight's fee of land, or four hides; this

was "the reasonable relief" that is mentioned in Magna Charta. . . . In the case of tenants-in-chief, their heiresses were royal wards, whom the King might marry at pleasure. The abuse of this prerogative by monarchs, who gave the daughters of noblemen to unworthy favourites, was a grave grievance, of which the barons constantly complained, but which was never effectually redressed. The vassal could not transmit his inheritance to a leper. He lost life and land if he fled from his lord in battle through cowardice, and even his freehold escheated to the crown. Generally he forfeited his fief if he did not perform its duties, or if he made any attempt on the person or honour of his lord and his family. But these obligations were reciprocal. The lord was not even allowed to raise a stick upon his vassal. Insult, outrage, or the denial of aid or justice, entitled the vassal to withdraw his fief and declare war upon his superior, though it was at his peril in England if he violated the King's peace. In cases that did not come to this extremity, the vassal might appeal to a court of his peers, presided over, it is true, by his lord; but a further appeal lay from this to the suzerain. That injustice was often done is probable. But the institutions of these times are not chargeable with unfairness in their spirit. The great curse of the country was its over-legality, and the belief that it could root out abuses by multiplying systems and laws. . . .

The universality with which the principles of feudalism were applied can scarcely be exaggerated. In the ordinary life of society, the knight was invested with his order as with a fief, and the woman bound to her husband by a promise resembling the oath of homage. In religion, the great question at issue between Church and State was conceived under feudal aspects, and men debated whether Pope and Emperor were alike supreme in their own demesne, but each owing service to the other for some fief held of him; or one subject to the other; or both independent powers, holding only of Christ, their suzerain. In law, the theory that a monarchy was a fief, and the administration of justice one of its appurtenances, has stamped itself upon English legislation. In itself, it was no small change that the monarch should be called King of England instead of King of the Angles: it substituted the notion of proprietorship

for that of headship of a clan. That peculiar feature of these ages which led them to express their abstract ideas in rigid symbols, to materialize and petrify what would otherwise have been fleeting and vague, contributed to invest legal fictions with an intense reality. Hence it was that the English towns, as soon as they became free and corporate, were treated as barons. Each of them was an organic life, so to speak, with many members but only one will, and with the responsibilities of an individual. The governing powers of a corporation, its mayor, aldermen, and common council, were the lord of the citizens. Naturally, therefore, they were held responsible for the actions of any one of their body. The cost of a criminal's offences was assessed on his fellow-citizens, and the debt owed by a single man to the exchequer might be recovered from his township: the act of a deputation was binding on those from whom it came. In these few facts lies the whole representative theory. Once grant that a city can be conceived as a person, and the great democratic problem of expressing every individual will is solved.[1]

RESULTS OF THE CONQUEST.

(*From "History of England during the Early and Middle Ages," by* CHARLES H. PEARSON, M.A.)

IN the year A.D. 1085 William was alarmed by the news of a joint invasion from Denmark and Flanders. An army was hastily brought over from Normandy, and quartered throughout England: the numbers were greater than had ever landed before: perhaps the King apprehended rebellion. In a few months the danger had passed away; Knut was detained by contrary winds, and the treason of his captains, so that William was able to dismiss a portion of his force. But as it was not to be endured that such a kingdom as England should lie at the mercy of any foreign foe, the King determined in A.D. 1085

[1] Vol. i. chapter xxxiv.

council on a new military organization, which should enable him to collect an army at a moment's notice. As land was the basis of all calculations of this sort, commissioners were appointed for different counties to make a census of population and property. Their method of procedure was to summon before them the sheriffs, the lords of manors, the parish priests, the hundred-reeves, the bailiffs, and six villeins out of every hamlet. These men stated on oath what amount of land there was in the district, whether it was wood, meadow, or pasture, what was its value, what services were due from its owners; and generally the numbers of free and bond on the estate. In some instances, other particulars were inserted, such as the number of live stock; which the transcribers struck out or retained without any fixed rule, in the summary made for the crown. The English, unaccustomed to a census, murmured at the prospect of more accurate taxation, and their chroniclers thought it "shameful to tell" what "the King had thought it no shame to do." Yet the accurate definitions of land in Anglo-Saxon charters must have familiarized the people with these inquiries on a small scale; and the registries of the county courts and the old conveyances of property, in which husbandmen and live stock were sometimes enumerated, were perhaps part of the evidence which came before the commissioners. The mere existence of hundreds and tithings is further proof that the people did not live without boundaries or legal divisions before their conquest by William. The idea of Domesday Book, if it had any precedent, was probably derived from the customs of England rather than from those of Normandy. But its true cause lies in the necessities of a new government and of difficult times. It served for centuries as the basis of all taxation, and the authority by which all disputes about landed tenures and customs were decided. . . .

In estimating the population of England, it must be borne in mind that "Domesday Book" is not an exhaustive statement. The three northern counties, and parts of Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Monmouthshire, were not included in the survey. The North was still desolate, and scarcely conquered; Monmouthshire was Welsh. This omission is unimportant, as it

would be easy to calculate averages for these districts. But there are other incompletenesses. London and Winchester, and some smaller places, such as Devizes and Marlborough, are not mentioned at all; Bristol, which possessed a large trade, is, for some unknown reason, almost passed over; and abbeys, castles, and their respective liberties, are sometimes either unnoticed or imperfectly described. The reason of these omissions is unknown; in some cases, perhaps, a separate record was made, but has been lost; in one instance we are told that the commissioners favoured a monastery by rating its possessions below their value. Although there were more than four thousand churches in England at this period, less than sixteen hundred ecclesiastics are enumerated, and out of these only one thousand are entered as parish priests. These deductions from the completeness of the returns are the more important, because it is probable they affect chiefly the middle classes—that is, the men who, like priests and citizens in towns, had no necessary connexion with land as the owners of freehold property, or as bound down to the soil. The population actually given is 283,342: this, of course, consists only of able-bodied men, and multiplied by five would give an actual population of about 1,400,000. Allowing for all omissions, we may probably place it at rather over than under 1,800,000; a number which may seem small, but which was not doubled till the reign of Charles II., six hundred years later. . . .

The largest class was the semi-servile. Of these, villeins and borders, or cottiers, make up the mass, about 200,000 in all. They were bond upon bond-land; that is to say, their land owed a certain tribute to its owner, and they owed certain services to the land: they could not quit it without permission from their lord. But they were not mere property; they could not be sold off the soil into service of a different kind, like the few slaves who still remained in England, and who numbered roughly about 25,000.

The large number of the middle classes, and the small number of slaves, are points in this estimate that deserve consideration. It is clear that the Conquest did not introduce any new refinement in servitude. In a matter where we have no certain data, all statements must be made guardedly; but

the language of chroniclers and laws, and the probabilities of what would result from the anarchy and war that had so long desolated England under its native kings, induce a belief that the Conquest was a gain to all classes, except the highest, in matters of freedom. . . . In Essex the number of freemen positively increased, and the change may probably be ascribed to the growing wool-trade with Flanders, as we find sheep multiplying on the great estates, and with the change from arable to pasture land fewer labourers would be required. . . . The great English nobles were the least fortunate among the conquered people. We do not know under what pleas they were severally dispossessed, but in all ascertained cases the pretence was rebellion or conspiracy, and the only doubtful instance is Waltheof: Brihtric, who had large possessions in Gloucestershire, was said to have incurred the Queen's displeasure by refusing her hand before she married William, and it is certain that his estates were transferred to her; but it is impossible to suppose that Matilda's wounded vanity was put forward as a plea for dispossession. The mother of Edwin and Morcar seems never to have been disturbed, and their sister Lucia became so wealthy by inheritances that she was married to three husbands successively. A few men of mixed lineage or unambitious temperament, like Sweyn of Essex, Eldred of Somersetshire, and Aluric of Hampshire and Wiltshire, retained their patrimonial estates through all the vicissitudes of invasion and civil war. But, generally, Normans of the second rank and adventurers from Flanders and France were substituted for the old nobility. The great barons of the duchy seem mostly to have preferred their own country, and it was William's policy to advance especially his kinsmen and new men.

The towns shared the misfortunes, as they had aided the struggles, of the nobles. Some had stood a siege; in others houses were thrown down that a castle might be erected; and in all—however wasted—the old rent was continued, and, if possible, raised. In Shrewsbury, where one hundred and eighty houses had been destroyed, or exempted, or transferred from the common taxation, the remaining two hundred and fifty-two had to pay the same rent as in King Edward's time.

In Warwick the rent of 89*l.* 8*s.* paid under the Confessor was more than doubled under the Normans. . . .

Naturally the inland towns were unable under this system to repair the ravages of war, although Frenchmen were encouraged to settle in them by the gift of tenements rent free. But the towns on the sea-coast, Chichester, Pevensey, Sandwich, and Dunwich, profited by the large Continental trade, and increased in population and in wealth. Dover was rebuilt, and appears as a place of importance. . . . Besides the ravages of war, the English seem to have suffered during part of the reign from bad seasons, and from what the chronicles call wild-fire in the towns. Many cities are said to have been destroyed, and we know that in Lincoln more than eighty houses were consumed. But the importance of the English cities must not be exaggerated. Of London, Bristol, and Winchester, as they have no mention in the survey, and were probably, from their importance, allowed to compound, we can make no definite statement. But we know that York, under the Confessor, had only about eighteen hundred houses, and Norwich only one thousand three hundred and twenty burgesses. Even if we assume that houses in towns were more thickly inhabited than in the country (and this can only be true in a few cases), it is evident that from seven to ten thousand would be the population of a first-class town.

The country at large had not suffered like the towns, and the losses actually sustained had been more easily repaired under good government. In fact, as farm-buildings were mostly of wood, and orchards and gardens were few and far between, the ravages of war were chiefly felt in the lawless consumption of flocks and herds, and in the killing or driving away of labourers. At times when there was no free-labour market it was certain ruin to a small proprietor if he was deprived of the serfs attached to his land. . . .

The proportions in which the land was divided are very remarkable. Roughly, we may say that the Crown held ten parts to fifteen owned by the Church, and twenty-five by the baronage; or the Crown a fifth, the Church three-tenths, and the barons about half. . . . First in wealth among the baronage came the princes of the blood, like Eude of Bayeux, whose

manors returned a rental of 3,384*l.*, and Robert of Mortaine, who received nearly 2,000*l.* Next in importance are the great prelates, the lands of the see of Canterbury alone bringing in nearly 1,500*l.* a year. It is a great descent to the mere nobles, men like William de Braiose, Eudo Dapifer, or Sweyn of Essex, whose estates only brought in from 500*l.* to 300*l.* a year. . . . From five to twenty pounds a year was no uncommon income for a gentleman; multiplied by twenty, to compare with present values, this would still represent a competence for a small squire in parts of the Continent. . . .

The first result of the Domesday Survey was, that much lawless aggression of the Normans was undone, and property reverted to its original owners. This was not always submitted to without feuds and bloodshed; and a few of the barons, indignant at their treatment, emigrated with their followers into Scotland, and contributed to people the Lowlands with a mixed race as in England. The great bulk of the tenants-in-chief who acquiesced, however unwillingly, in the new settlement, renewed their oaths of homage to William in a great meeting at Salisbury (August, A.D. 1086). From this day forward Domesday Book was the record and voucher of titles throughout England. Without parallel, as without precedent, in the history of civilized nations, it has no doubt exercised a silent influence over our constitutional progress, by the character of permanency it impressed upon all property and tenures. Before long, men's minds were so penetrated with the customs of their country, that heaven itself was regarded as a feudal sovereignty.

While the State was being re-modelled, the Church could not expect to remain untouched, and the English clergy had done their best to cherish the national feeling and rouse rebellion. But it was not easy to meddle with a corporation whose chief was the head of Christendom; and had the English Church been more loyal to the Pope, or more canonical, it would probably have escaped with comparative impunity. As it was, it gained in property by the changes made around it; the devotion of the conquerors frequently sought to expiate the violences of a soldier's life by the endowment or foundation of monasteries. But these were slight compensation for the loss

of office, and for changes in the liturgical habits, so to speak, of English Churchmen. On the final deprivation of Stigand, who had shown himself incapable of trust, and was doomed to honourable but lifelong imprisonment, the illustrious Lanfranc, prior of Caen, was appointed his successor.

Lanfranc is one of those great Italians who have moulded the character of the times in which they lived. . . . He had the contempt of a civilized Italian and a Norman conqueror for "the barbarous people" among whom he was made primate. He stood manfully by the privileges of his see, maintaining the rights of Canterbury over York, and reclaiming the manors taken from his diocese. But his hand was heavy upon the English. He brought the native bishops to account for the irregular habits which prescription had established and excused; one by one, as their delinquencies were proved, they were dispossessed of their preferment, not without fair trial, but mercilessly. . . .

Lanfranc himself seems to have bestowed his preferment conscientiously. But William, in spite of his piety, was less scrupulous, and repeatedly gave benefices to buy off old claims on his bounty, or place power in the hands of trustworthy partisans. Ignorant and vulgar men swarmed over from the Continent to enjoy the Church plunder of England. . . . Generally it was in the interests of a monastery that its head should belong to the dominant caste, but there was the taint of violence upon these appointments, and scrupulous men shrunk from profiting by the favours of blood-stained and disorderly conquerors. The venerable Guitmund, a monk without office in a petty Norman monastery, was summoned across the seas to William's court, and invited to take up his residence there till a bishopric should fall vacant. Guitmund answered that he was a sick man, perplexed with doubts and sorrows of thought, and frailties of an infirm purpose; but were he fitter than he was to guide others, he would never accept preferment of which the rightful owners had been forcibly dispossessed, or share in the spoils of blood. When he thought of the crimes by which England had been won, he trembled to touch it, with all its wealth, as though it glowed with the fire of hell. Then, dilating into prophecy, he warned

the King and court of the just judgments of God which had overtaken all the great spoilers of mankind, and would certainly call the Normans one day to account. William, respecting Guitmund's sincerity, gave him an honourable passage back, and offered him the archbishopric of Rouen on the next vacancy. But the Norman clergy had heard with indignation of the man who rebuked the sins by which his neighbours profited. They urged that Guitmund was the son of a priest, as a canonical reason against his election. Guitmund did not care to cause any heart-burnings for a mere matter of personal advantage. He obtained his superior's leave to quit the country, and ended his days in Italy, as Bishop of Aversa.

William's policy to the Church, regarded as a distinct society from the State, produced the most important results on the fortunes of his successors and of England. He slightly strengthened the connexion with Rome, but deprived the national clergy of half their powers. So far as the interference of legates was necessary to depose the English prelates from their sees, William admitted it readily, and repaid the Papal court by a more rigid enforcement of Peter's pence. But when Hildebrand was encouraged to demand fealty from the King whose arms the Pope had blessed, William returned a peremptory refusal; none of his ancestors had done it, and he would give up no old right. Hildebrand knew something of the King, and allowed the question to drop. The English clergy had hitherto been at once a part of the commonwealth and a separate state by themselves. Their synods, although sometimes attended by the King and nobles, had been virtually free to prescribe their public policy as a body, or to draw up laws for the regulation of daily life. They had wielded the whole correctional police of the country; and the bishop had sate by the side of the ealdorman to dispense justice in the scir-gemots.[1] These powers—small, safe, and perhaps salutary in barbarous times, when any means of enforcing law were valuable—were dangerous when the relations of neighbouring states had become more intricate, and when the popular sense of right and wrong had begun to confound the secular notion

[1] Scir-gemot, or assembly of the shire.—E. M. S.

of injury with the spiritual notion of sin. For the clergy to decide which Pope they should obey in case of a contested election might seriously embarrass public policy. William declared that the question of recognition lay with himself The declaration did not settle the matter. The claim of the Church was inadmissible, but it was logically just: so long as the clergy were a separate caste under a Pope, it was for them to determine who was their head; otherwise they were no independent body, but a branch of the public service. William's edict was the preamble to Henry VIII.'s assertion of State supremacy: between the two lay more than four centuries of passionate discussion on the two rival sovereignties. The enactment that the English Church, assembled in council, might pass no laws or canons except such as William had recommended or approved, was another statesmanlike act, which created its own precedent. The Church could prove from history that it had never been controlled in this function. But inasmuch as it claimed and exercised the right to fine moral delinquents, to seclude them from society and withdraw them from active service, when it entered in certain cases on the property of those who had infringed its canonical laws, the State might well think itself justified in limiting the extension of these powers. One point was so important that it called for a separate enactment. A man whom the Church excommunicated was in strict theory an outcast from all society; his wife and children must shrink from him; his household shared the sentence if they brought him food; no man might serve in arms with him. Clearly these powers, even if justly exercised, much more if wielded by a passionate or factious bishop, might cause irretrievable injury to the public service. William therefore ordained that no chief tenant of the crown, however great his sin, should be excommunicated in future, except by the King's special precept. It was probably understood that the precept was not to be refused—rather, that it was to be backed by the kingly power—in flagrant cases: our Norman sovereigns were not very rigid moralists, but they had a pecuniary interest in enforcing penalties.

We do not hear that the upright and courageous Churchman

Lanfranc offered any opposition to these innovations; though he would probably have treated the first as a dead letter, if it had ever stood in his way. But he must have felt the difficulties of William's position, and that the extension and clashing of rival courts were injurious to the administration of justice; that an inquisition and secular courts could not co-exist. As a Churchman, he probably felt that his order suffered from mixing in temporal matters. It may therefore have been as a matter of discipline that the bishops about this time withdrew from the scir-gemots, and confined themselves to their own courts. But the fact that local privileges were degraded, and feudal powers raised, no doubt assisted the change. The prelates did not care for a disputed rule in courts that were almost contemptible. William's general policy was to leave the laws which he found in the country unaltered, and to content himself with enforcing them stringently. . . . Though capable of savage excesses through passion or policy, he was not deliberately cruel. In his earliest laws he forbade the infliction of capital punishment for trifling offences, on the ground that man, made in God's image and redeemed by Christ's blood, ought not to be lightly slain. Later on, he abolished death as a capital punishment, and substituted penalties of mutilation, in order that the correction might be proportioned to the offence.

But the spirit of institutions may change while the letter remains unaltered, and it made a great difference to the subject people whether they were bound in a general way to keep order among themselves, or were responsible for offences against the peace to men who had a direct interest in pressing the penalties of the law against them. Assassination was a common form of English vengeance upon the lawless foreign soldiery. At first, the murderers were accustomed to mutilate the body, that it might not be recognised, in order to save their neighbours from the "murdrum," or fine of blood, which was heavier for a Norman than for an Englishman. To prevent this evasion of justice, the practice was introduced of considering every slain man a Norman, unless proof of "Englishry" were made by the four nearest relatives of the deceased. With a similar object, as no Saxon murderer would ever have been convicted on his neighbour's oath, the ordeal was instituted, in cases of felony,

for compensation. The famous curfew-bell, which was tolled at sunset in sign that lights and fires were to be put out, was a further expedient of police. The evening beer-clubs had become dangerous as the rendezvous of conspirators.

But one of the worst aggravations of the Conquest lay in the difference of language between Normans and Saxons. William, indeed, had once set himself to learn English; but the difficulties of the task had been too great; and his barons could never pronounce the names of the cities they stormed: they called Lincoln Nichole, and York Eurwic. Gradually, indeed, a kind of mixed dialect sprang up, something like the *lingua franca* of the Levant, or the slang of Anglo-Indian society, confounding the two vocabularies and disregarding grammatical forms. But during William's reign, when there were no central courts, except the King's council, and no trained advocates, justice was administered by men unacquainted with the vernacular, and Latin became the language of official use. No doubt there was always a steward or clerk of the court, who interpreted for the people, and with whom the real management of business lay. But it was not the less an evil to the nation, that its laws, and their science, were treated in a foreign idiom, and the assistance of professional men began to be needed by those who sought justice.

The greatest change that the Conquest effected, and politically the most beneficial, was the practical substitution of small administrative units, such as the "shire," for the large national divisions of provinces. It is true that the name "shire" was at least as old in England as Ine's time, and that Northumbria and Mercia are still spoken of for many years in the chronicles. But, practically, the earls of Ethelred's time had presided over several counties together, while it is rare, after the first years of the Conquest, to meet with more than one in the same hands. Our kings were jealous of over-grown principalities. Separated by the great fen district, and by the almost unbroken forests which stretched from the banks of the Mersey and Ribble through Derbyshire to Sherborne, Angle and Saxon had grown up practically as distinct as Englishman and Scotchman before the Union, with different dialects and laws, under various feudal relations, with traditions of different

dynasties and of almost unbroken hostilities, and with nobilities of so distinct origin that Tostig is, perhaps, the first Southerner who was nominated for an earlship north of Mercia. But after the desolation of Yorkshire a new population grew up, recruited from all quarters; Frenchmen and Flemings settled in the towns; Cumberland was colonized with Saxons from the south by William Rufus's policy; and we know that the population of Norfolk doubled in twenty years under the Conqueror. For a time, too, the native population was united by common sympathies against its foreign nobility; and as the Normans were gradually absorbed, all had a similar grievance against the Poitevin and Angevine adventurers whom our kings, from Henry II. to Henry III., encouraged. Accordingly, while the term English denotes two separate races before the Conquest, it comes to designate a new nationality afterwards. The revolutionary decree that changed France from provinces into departments was not more important for history than these results, mostly unpremeditated, of the Conqueror's policy.

Few of the Conqueror's own acts made a deeper impression on his times than the formation of the New Forest. The Hampshire preserves of the Saxon kings were increased by laying waste seventeen thousand acres; the villagers were partially evicted, and more than twenty churches destroyed; tufts of yew are still said to show where the old churchyards were. The nature of the soil, which is thin and sandy, proves that the district can never have been thickly inhabited. The excuse that William wished to prevent the landing of an enemy is less tenable, as the New Forest lay opposite to his own Norman dominions.

His contemporaries regarded the act as the wanton barbarity of a man who loved the pursuit of game better than his subjects' happiness: it seemed the judgment of Heaven that two of William's sons, and a grandson,[1] found untimely deaths in the forest which his violence had enlarged.

The rival prejudices of Norman and English writers make it

[1] Richard, William's second son, died of an illness caught in hunting. His nephew Richard, Robert's son, was crushed or otherwise killed by a branch in riding.

difficult to decide which of the two peoples was the more civilized. Norman literature before the Conquest is worthless; their law-courts have nothing to match the splendid series of Anglo-Saxon charters. But these are rather proofs that their civilization was modern, than that it did not exist. For a century and a half English literature had been almost barren, while within thirty years the Italians, Lanfranc and Anselm, had founded a school in Normandy which was unrivalled in its own days, and which almost reconstructed philosophical thought in Europe. The English were renowned throughout Europe for their perfection in the mechanical arts and embroidery; but they imported their artists from Germany; and they produced nothing in architecture to rival those magnificent castles and cathedrals which the Normans have scattered broad-cast over the land. It seems certain that the Normans were more cleanly in their habits, and more courtly in their manners; their vices were rather passionate than gross, and they had the virtues of gentlemen—large-mindedness and the love of adventure. Timid devotion bound the Englishman to his Church, while a narrow insular spirit was separating him from the European centre of religion. The Norman distinguished better between the dues of Cæsar and of God. He built churches and attended mass; but he drew a line between the citizen and the priest, which the latter was never allowed to overpass. He connected the country with Europe and Roman law, but he kept it free from foreign tyranny; the Italian legate or tax-gatherer might venture here under a weak king, but the barons repeatedly drove him back or foiled him; and under an able sovereign, Henry II. or Edward I., the see of Rome was limited to its natural functions of directing the European Church and adjusting the law of nations. To sum up all, England without the Normans would have been mechanical, not artistic; brave, not chivalrous; a State governed by its priests, instead of a State controlling its Church. It had lost the tradition of Roman culture, and during half a century of peace had remained barren of poets, legists, and thinkers. We owe to Normandy the builder, the knight, the schoolman, and the statesman.[1]

[1] Abridged from chapter xxxiv. of vol. i.

LANFRANC.

A.D. 1005—1089.

(*From "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," by* W. F. Hook, D.D.)

Lanfranc was born about the year 1005 at Pavia, in Lombardy. Here his name is still held in honour, a church in the vicinity of the town being dedicated to San Lanfranco. Although he was not nobly born, yet his father Hanbald and his mother Roza are said to have been persons of senatorial rank —a description which indicates a high position in society.

When the Lombards founded a kingdom in the north of Italy, Pavia was constituted the capital. For many years, indeed, it succeeded to the position formerly occupied by Rome, and then by Ravenna, as the metropolis of the whole peninsula. At the time, however, of Lanfranc's birth, each city in Italy appears to have regarded itself as an independent State; and there was in these towns more of real freedom than in any other part of the world. The citizens were accustomed to assemble in parliament, and the parliament was composed of all persons in the State who were capable of bearing arms. Two consuls were annually elected, and they were charged not only with the command of the army, but also with the administration of justice—the special department of Hanbald, who is spoken of as one of the *conservatores legum*. . . .

The tastes of Lanfranc were not warlike, and he devoted himself to the study of law. For this purpose he studied in the schools of his native city, which in some respects differed from the schools in Normandy and England. The universities north of the Alps originated in the cathedral and monastic schools, but those of Italy were frequently independent of the Church: Bologna and Salerno had certainly not an ecclesiastical origin. The school of Pavia is said to have been founded by Charlemagne.

We mention these circumstances connected with the birthplace of Lanfranc and the place of his education, because they conduced to the formation of his character, and of that spirit of independence which he sometimes displayed. It is to be remarked, that he was less subservient to the Papacy, even after he had become an ecclesiastic, than was the case with the generality of contemporary divines. So far as its external relations were concerned, Pavia was Imperialist rather than Papal, and the university was Imperialist in its origin.

Describing the success of Lanfranc as a lawyer, Ordericus Vitalis informs us:—"The youthful orator, when pleading a cause, frequently triumphed over his veteran opponents, and by a torrent of eloquence won the prize from men long in the habit of eloquent speaking. At a ripe age his opinions were given with so much wisdom, that learned doctors, judges, and prelates of the city readily adopted them."

It appears strange that, with such a career before him, he should quit the sunny banks of the Ticino, and repair to the less genial climate of Normandy, there to mix with men whom, with Italian insolence, he regarded as barbarians. . . . For the solution of this difficulty we must refer to the general history of the times. His migration took place when William the Bastard was Duke of Normandy; it could not, therefore, have been earlier than 1035. But between the years 1035 and 1039, the time of Conrad the Salic, there were great disturbances in Italy, such as would affect a young man whose habits were studious, and who had little turn for warlike pursuits. . . . War was nearly universal. From an expression of Ordericus Vitalis . . . it would appear that Lanfranc regarded himself as an exile; from which we infer that his family was, in the revolutions of Pavia, on the losing side, and that he was compelled by circumstances to leave his country. Lanfranc had studied at most of the universities or schools of Italy, and had acquired a taste for literary and scientific pursuits; and, on leaving his native land, he determined to indulge his inclinations by establishing a school in Normandy. Several reasons may be assigned for his making choice of Normandy for the place of his future labours. The political relations between the Italians and the Normans had been long, frequent, and

intimate. There was in Normandy a dearth of learned men, and the young Duke was reputed a patron of literature. Lanfranc looked to Normandy with the same kind of feeling as that which is experienced by young men of the present day, when they are determined to seek or to make their fortunes in the colonies. . . .

About the year 1039 Lanfranc opened a school at Avranches, and became its magister. By his legal attainments, as well as by his proficiency in every department of human learning, and perhaps still more by his eloquence, he attracted crowds of scholars. When books were scarce, clearness of arrangement, readiness of illustration, and powers of distinct enunciation, which constitute eloquence, were of vital importance to the success of a teacher; and, from early exercise in the law courts of Pavia, Lanfranc was as skilful in imparting knowledge as he was laborious in acquiring it. Another secret of his success may be discovered in the novelty of his teaching, differing as it did from anything to which the northern nations had, of late years, been accustomed. . . . Before the occurrence of the Crusades, Greek literature was so little known in the cathedral and monastic schools of the north, that it appeared with a freshness in the schools of Avranches and Bec which exaggerated the fame of Lanfranc. It was said that "to understand the admirable genius and erudition of Lanfranc, one ought to be an Herodian in grammar, an Aristotle in dialectics, a Tully in rhetoric, an Augustine and Jerome and other expositors of the law and grace in the Sacred Scriptures." . . .

Although this passage, as far as Augustine and Jerome are concerned, must refer to his teaching at Bec, rather than at Avranches, it is important, because it points out the peculiarity or speciality of his course of instruction.

The clergy of Normandy, as well as the laity, were among his applauding hearers. Lanfranc, with all his accomplishments, had, however, paid little regard to his spiritual interests, and had grievously neglected the care of his soul. He was now subjected to one of those sudden conversions, in the reality of which, as a gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, every true Christian believes, although none but a fanatic regards them as essential and necessary; . . . and he acted

suddenly under the impulse of a newly acquired enthusiasm. One morning the scholars and hearers of the great magister of Avranches assembled as usual, but Lanfranc did not make his appearance. The great man was nowhere to be found. Had he fallen into the hands of robbers? Had he been deported by jealous ecclesiastics? Had he been murdered? Had he fled to some distant wilderness, and become a hermit? Any of these were possible events; . . . but after a little inquiry, silence was thought to be prudent, and curiosity gradually subsided.

As to the proceedings of Lanfranc himself, we have a minute account of them in Milo Crispinus. It partakes of the character of a legend, but there is some poetical beauty in the narrative; and the fictitious can easily be detected, while a considerable residuum of probable fact is left. Lanfranc, in the earnestness of his zeal, desired to devote himself to the service of his Redeemer in one of the strictest monasteries which he could find. He was told that the establishment he desired was to be found in the forest of Ouche; and he was forcing his way through a thick entangled forest in the neighbourhood of Rouen, while the scholars of Normandy were inquiring, with painful anxiety, for their revered and admired preceptor. It was afterwards narrated that, in this journey through the forest, Lanfranc was attacked by robbers, who left him nothing but his clothes. It occurred to Lanfranc that he had once heard of a pious man in a similar predicament, who, being robbed of his horse, an unruly beast, freely presented the robbers with his whip, in order that they might manage him. The well-conditioned highwaymen, not to be outdone in generosity, refused the whip and returned the horse. Lanfranc remembered that this story was quoted as an illustration of acting on Scriptural principles, and determined to make the same kind of experiment upon the better feelings of his assailants. They had taken his purse, they might as well take his clothes also. The Norman robbers, however, being matter-of-fact men, and not deeply read in the Scriptures, supposed that he intended to insult them; they took his clothes, as he generously suggested, but never thought of returning his purse. They left him only his cap, which they forced down over his eyes, and then they bound him to a tree at some distance from

the road. Lanfranc had now much time for painful thought. He soon perceived the difference between an action upon which the Divine blessing rested, because it was done *bonâ fide*, and a similar action when resorted to as a clever manœuvre. But, strange to say, he, one of the most learned men of the age, was unable to repeat a single prayer, psalm, or hymn. He was ignorant, according to this representation, to an extent almost incredible. But he trusted to the outpouring of his own overburdened soul, and prayed effectually; vowing a vow to God, that, if he obtained the Divine protection now, he would ever afterwards devote himself to the service of the Church and to the care of his immortal soul.

With the morning came relief. His piteous cry for help was heard by the travellers on the road not far distant. They approached and unbound him, and, upon his asking them to name to him the nearest monastery in the district, they directed him to Bec.

So secluded was this monastery, that he could only find it by following the course of the river Risle, until he came to a tongue of land formed by a back stream, or *bec*, flowing into the main river. Here he saw a few huts, surrounded by fields or gardens carefully cultivated, and in the most perfect order. His eye rested upon a man in worn and tattered garments, with uncombed hair and an uncut beard. In his handsome and expressive countenance, and his aristocratic bearing, in which nothing however of haughtiness remained, Lanfranc at once recognised the head of this community of cottages. The abbot was busy in making what was to be their public oven or bakehouse. "God save you," said Lanfranc. "God bless you," replied the abbot, who had recognised the Italian pronunciation of the stranger; and added, "You are a Lombard?" "I am." "What do you want?" "To be a monk." The abbot paused from his toil. He was unable himself to read; but Brother Roger was working with him at the oven, and he was directed to show the stranger the book of rules. They were few but austere. Lanfranc read them. When he had concluded, he said that, God helping him, he would keep them. The abbot consented to receive him as a brother, and instantly the proud scholar was prostrate at the feet of the illiterate recluse. The

abbot was Herluin—a remarkable man. A noble by birth, a descendant from a Dane, one of the first who settled in Neustria, he had been educated in the court of Gislebert, Earl of Brionne. In feast and in battle-field he had been equally popular, until the gross immoralities of a Norman court and castle revolted his better nature, . . . and by the Spirit of the Lord he became a converted man. The form and character of his religion was shaped, of course, in a man void of learning, by the sentiments prevalent in the religious world at the time, and by the example of those who had been his spiritual advisers. He knew not how to fly from the pollutions of Norman society except by becoming a monk. . . . But such was the corruption of the age, that some of the monasteries had themselves become as polluted as the Norman castle; and Herluin sought in vain for an asylum in Normandy sufficiently strict to meet the cravings of his enthusiasm. He became, in consequence, the founder of a monastery on his own estate; where, surrounded by a few followers, who were animated by a kindred spirit, he constituted himself the abbot, and was duly consecrated to the office. A few huts formed the residence of the monks, and the noble mother of Herluin, converted like himself, was accustomed to cook their dinner and to perform the menial offices they required. The time was passed in an alternation of devotional exercises and of manual labour. By the industry of the monks the trees were felled; and the field thus created was tilled, manured, and sowed, until the wilderness had become the paradise which had presented itself to the eyes of Lanfranc, as, descending the hill, he came down into the fruitful valley.

Meantime Herluin had become aware that religion without learning soon degenerates into mere fanaticism, and, unable himself to instruct the monks, he regarded Lanfranc as a Godsend.

The softer parts of Lanfranc's character are brought out in his relation to Herluin, for whom he seems to have entertained a profound respect. Hitherto, as we have seen, Lanfranc had disregarded theology, and had been so careless in his religious observances, as to be unable to repeat the common offices of the Church; and therefore, if at first he was inclined to smile, when he saw the old knight wasting his oil, while endeavouring

to master the mysteries of a spelling-book, and when he heard him indulging in false quantities whenever he attempted to pronounce a Latin word, he was, on the other hand, astonished and affected when he listened to him, as he poured forth his treasures of Scriptural knowledge, and quoted those passages especially which bring first alarm and then consolation to the sinner's heart. Herluin, though unable to read, had been an attentive listener; and as he possessed a good memory, the Scriptures were written upon the tablets of his heart. Lanfranc, comparing the spiritual knowledge with the general ignorance of Herluin, was heard more than once, after listening to the abbot's discourse, to exclaim, "*Spiritus ubi vult spirat.*"

For three years Lanfranc remained a secluded penitent, leading an ascetic life, and giving instruction to the monks indoors, while Herluin directed their labours in the field. He devoted himself to the study of Scripture, breaking up, as his biographer tells us, the fallow ground of his heart, weeping as he read. . . . It was soon noised abroad in Normandy, that the famous magister of Avranches had reappeared in the scholasticus of Bec. Among the scholars came the sons of princes and nobles in the land: to repair to Bec became the fashion of the day. The huts were multiplied on the banks of the Risle: temporary accommodation was provided. A more capacious monastery was required, or Lanfranc must repair to some more accommodating and convenient establishment. . . .

After some hesitation, Herluin consented to the enlargement of the buildings; and thus was the foundation laid of one of the most celebrated monasteries of Western Europe, from which emanated no fewer than three Archbishops of Canterbury. Herluin retained the office of abbot, and assigned that of prior to Lanfranc. He reserved to himself the arrangement of all matters of business and the secular concerns; but he confided to the Prior the internal regulation and discipline of what may be called the new establishment.[1] . . .

[1] When first Lanfranc arrived at Bec, he was associated with men who, if they knew Latin, were ignorant of the niceties of language and were illiterate. The prior who preceded Lanfranc was probably selected as being less unlearned than the other brethren, and was proud of his superiority. Lanfranc took his place among the monks, his name and character being known only to the Abbot. It was Brother Lanfranc's turn to read in

The newly awakened zeal of Lanfranc now involved him in a controversy likely to be attended by serious consequences, although it conduced eventually to shape his future fortunes, and to lead him to the highest eminence. William, duke of Normandy, had contracted a marriage with Matilda, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, and the marriage was within the degrees of consanguinity now prohibited by the Church. The excommunication of the offenders, accompanied with an interdict on the duchy, was threatened by the ecclesiastical courts at Rome, Roman authority having been established early over the Church of Normandy, from the intimate connexion which existed between the two countries. Lanfranc was loud in his denunciation of the marriage, and stood forth as an advocate for the Church against the court. . . . The opinions of such a man, eloquently expressed and eagerly reported by the enemies of the Duke, had an effect similar to that produced in these days by an article in a leading political journal. Lanfranc was, if possible, to be won; but this was no easy matter. Why had not Duke William noticed Lanfranc at Avranches? Whatever was the reason, his neglect was not likely to be forgotten by the Prior of Bec.

The Duke determined to make up for past neglect by sending his chaplain Herfast, attended by a crowd of courtiers, to Bec. . . . Lanfranc understood, at once, the purpose of the visit, and treated his visitors with marked disrespect. To the amusement of the scholars by whom he was surrounded, he placed in the hands of the royal chaplain an Abecedarium, or spelling-book, and took every opportunity of exposing his ignorance.

On the return of the courtiers, and on their report of the proceedings at Bec, the Duke fell into one of those extraordinary paroxysms of rage which seem to have been irresistible in a Norman potentate; and he commanded the insolent Lombard to quit his dominions. In order, moreover, to show

hall. He was proceeding with a sentence in which the word docēre occurred, and he, of course, pronounced it properly, with the middle syllable long. "Docĕre, docĕre," said the prior, rather pompously; and docĕre was repeated by Brother Lanfranc. Lanfranc may have amused his friends by relating the occurrence, for he had a sense of the ridiculous; but graver men dwelt upon the example here set of the monastic virtue of obedience.

his indignation against the whole community, one of the granges of the monastery was to be burnt to the ground.

What now took place it is difficult to narrate, because it is evident that many little circumstances have been omitted by Milo Crispinus, which are necessary to enable us to present the whole proceeding, in all its particulars, to the mind's eye. Lanfranc certainly prepared to obey the Duke's command. The monastery was still poor, and the monks were possessed of only one horse, a sorry jade, which soon became dead lame. On this the Prior of Bec took his seat, attended by one servant.

Lanfranc directed his steps to Rouen, where he probably had been summoned to appear before the Duke, previously to his departure from Normandy. At this period a man's dignity was estimated by his equipage and the number of his attendants; and when the Duke was apprised of Lanfranc's approach he evidently expected to meet a large cavalcade. He went forth prepared to encounter a haughty opponent, with whom he would have to deal with the strong arm. But when he saw the great man draw near, seated on a horse whose nose, at almost every step, touched the ground, he was irresistibly amused; and, in a lover of horse-flesh, the appearance of the poor Prior may have excited some feelings of compassion. His countenance, however, soon reassumed its usual stern and unreadable expression. But the smile had not escaped the observant Lanfranc; and he said, facetiously (*decente joco*), "By your commands I am leaving your dominions, but it is only at a foot's pace that I can proceed on such a wretched beast as this: give me a better horse, and I shall be better able to obey your commands." The Duke took the joke, and laughingly exclaimed, "Whoever heard before of an offender venturing to ask a donation from the very judge whom he has offended?"

Thus commenced the friendship of Duke William and Lanfranc. A private interview was granted to the Prior, and the two great men came to a perfect understanding. Orders were issued to repair the damage done to the monastery of Bec; and Lanfranc was, soon after, on the way to Rome, to obtain the papal sanction to the marriage of William with his fair cousin.

Lanfranc's conduct on this occasion has been sometimes misjudged. . . . Yet his becoming a courtier certainly did not imply, on his part, any change of principle. He was perfectly consistent. He had denounced the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Normandy, because it had been contracted within the assigned limits of consanguinity, without a dispensation from the Church, the power of granting which he supposed to reside in the Roman Curia; and this principle was not violated when he advised the Duke to submit to the Church instead of defying it, and to ask for a dispensation which he was himself prepared to negotiate. . . .

The conditions on which Lanfranc negotiated the dispensation for the marriage were readily complied with. He had stipulated, on behalf of the Duke and Duchess of Normandy, that they should erect and endow two abbeys and four hospitals. The abbeys, dedicated the one to St. Stephen, the other to the Holy Trinity, were established in the city of Caen; the hospitals at Rouen, Caen, Cherbourg, and Bayeux. The royal couple religiously adhered to the stipulations, which were probably not made until their consent had been first obtained; and in the midsummer of 1066 the abbey of St. Stephen's was completed.

Lanfranc was now to suffer from the friendship, as he had formerly suffered from the anger, of the Duke. He was compelled to leave his much-loved Bec, and, at the earnest solicitation of his new patron, to become the abbot of St. Stephen's. The object doubtless was that he might become, as he did become, the preceptor of William's children; and Caen was for that purpose a convenient situation. The office of prior, with a resident abbot, would have been more congenial to the feelings of Lanfranc, who was not only a student himself, but was one who found his pleasure in imparting knowledge to others. He could have dispensed with the almost regal ceremony with which an abbot was surrounded, although on principle he exacted what, in the feeling of the age, was regarded as due to the dignity of his office.

He arrived at St. Stephen's, and took possession of his stall by the mandate of the founder. He received the benediction from the Archbishop of Rouen. He proceeded to the chapter-

house. The chapter-house was already filled by the brethren. They had taken their seats, elevated by one step from the floor. But when the Abbot entered they descended, and each bent the knee and made obeisance as the great man passed. The Abbot sat in solitary grandeur, no one presuming to approach him until he beckoned to the prior. The prior drew near, bending himself to his knee. Lanfranc gave him the kiss of peace and placed him by his side.

Then came all the officers of the establishment and laid their keys at his feet, which he graciously restored to their custody.

The Abbot repaired to the refectory. Two brethren approached, and, bending the knee, kissed his hand, and served him with a towel and water. The feast then took place. Lanfranc having retired to rest, was so wearied that he did not rise at the usual hour in the morning. The greatest care was taken not to disturb his slumbers. The boys in the school were exhorted to make no noise; but they were not permitted to remain in bed when the hour had arrived for their lessons. The master went quietly into the dormitory, and with his staff pulled off the bed-clothes, beckoning to the boys to follow him in silence. They washed, they combed themselves, and said their prayers. Then they remained at lessons, until it was notified that the Abbot was on his way to the chapel, where they joined the procession.

Lanfranc now appeared episcopally arrayed, with the mitre, the pastoral staff, the gloves and sandals. Standing in his stall, when he had entered the church, he led the choir and sang the whole service with spirit. When the service was concluded he went to the gate of the convent, where he gave his blessing to the poor, and ordered them to receive refection.

Of a man thus treated with an amount of deference and respect which is in these days scarcely conceded to royalty it is no slight praise to say that he was distinguished for his affability. This is one of the virtues assigned as a distinction to Lanfranc. What Matthew Paris says of another abbot was equally applicable to Lanfranc: "He studied books; he preached in the chapter; he was kind to the scribes and their masters. In doubtful ordinances of his rule, as well as in divine service, he took the advice of his convent before

he decided, while his affability and instruction extended to all. He was always the first speaker in difficult cases, and was fond of promoting hilarity." Lanfranc's munificence in the formation of libraries in the several institutions over which he presided should be mentioned to his praise. Not only were Caen and Canterbury indebted to him, but, when the Abbot Paul erected the scriptorium at St. Alban's, the copies were supplied by Lanfranc, at that time archbishop. He left at Bec a collection of one hundred and sixty volumes. The antiquaries of Normandy conjecture, with probability, that to him they are indebted for some of the valuable manuscripts in the public library at Avranches. He employed much of his time, when in England, in correcting the manuscripts of the Fathers and the Scriptures which were found in the Anglo-Saxon monasteries not always correctly transcribed. . . .

In 1067 Lanfranc was elected to the archbishopric of Rouen, but he resolutely refused to accept the office. He was a man who would enter, heart and soul, into any work to which he was called by the providence of God; but his tastes and inclinations were for private life and for the humbler pursuits of learning. He had unwillingly accepted the office of abbot. He disliked the secular duties which devolved upon him. He preferred to deal with books rather than with men. . . . With these feelings, Lanfranc had quitted the legal profession and the prospects which were opened to him in early life of being a statesman. Under similar feelings, he refused the important position which the metropolitan see of Rouen offered to his ambition as the head of the Norman Church; and he declined the invitation of William, now king of England, when in 1070 he offered him the archbishopric of Canterbury. . . . He did not feel called upon to plunge into that sea of trouble by which William the Conqueror, through his ambition, had been nearly overwhelmed. William, however, was determined to carry his point. The queen Matilda, and her favourite son Robert, who was a pupil of Lanfranc, came to St. Stephen's to implore him not to thwart the wishes of one who was accustomed to command rather than to entreat. They did not succeed. They were backed by the Norman nobles, who acted as the Queen's council. They did not succeed. His

venerable friend, the Abbot of Bec, was persuaded to exert his influence; but even Herluin did not succeed. The wish of the King, the voice of the country, the appeal of friendship, having been unsuccessful, William, determined to carry his point, directed the legate who had been sent from Rome to assist at the council which had rendered the archbishopric vacant by the deposition of Stigand to proceed to Normandy, and there to convene an assembly of bishops, abbots, and nobles, with a view of forcing Lanfranc into a compliance.

Lanfranc did not even then consent. He was unwilling to fail in his loyalty to William, or to offend those who entreated and admonished him. With a heavy heart he sailed for England, in the hope that he should succeed in persuading William that the retired habits of a monk and student were not reconcileable with the active duties of an archbishop. The King combated with kindness, grace, and dignity the excuses of the Abbot, and at length succeeded in overcoming his reluctance. He would probably not even at last have carried his point, unless Lanfranc had felt inclined to regard the wishes expressed by Pope Alexander II., who had been his pupil, as a kind of command.

He was elected in August 1070, and he proceeded to Canterbury for his consecration, which took place on the 29th of August. It was a melancholy ceremony, though Lanfranc was attended by many of his friends. The cathedral had been destroyed by fire three years before, and the conflagration had spread over the whole city. There was no heart in the citizens to repair the damage. As the Archbishop elect passed through the street, the Saxon inhabitants looked grimly at the stranger. The suffragans of the provinces were summoned as usual to assist at the consecration of their metropolitan,—only nine were able to attend,—in a shed raised upon the site of what had once been a splendid cathedral, now utterly destroyed by fire.

We can imagine no contrast greater than that which was presented by Canterbury to the happy home which Lanfranc had been compelled to leave. All round him was desolation. If he looked to the country at large, the Normans, from fear of the Saxons, were almost besieged within the castles by which the country was garrisoned; the Saxons, incapable of vigorous

or systematic action for want of a leader, were nevertheless always on the point of insurrection. The only hope for the country was in the successful vigour of the King. Its state may be best described by Lanfranc himself, in the following letter, addressed to Alexander II. :—

"I know not to whom I can explain my troubles with more propriety than to you, Father, who of these calamities are the cause. When the Duke of Normandy forced me from the monastery of Bec, and appointed me to preside over that of Caen, I found myself quite unequal to sustain the government of a few monks, and therefore it appears to me a mysterious decree of Providence that I should be appointed, compelled, by you to undertake the supervision of an innumerable multitude. When the Duke became king of England, he laboured in vain to effect this object, until your legates, Hermenfrid, bishop of Sion, and Hubert, a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, coming into Normandy and convening the bishops, abbots, and nobles, enjoined me, on the authority of the Holy Roman Church, to accept the see of Canterbury. In vain did I plead my own incapacity, my ignorance of the language, and of the barbarous people. They would not admit my plea, and——why should I say more? I gave my consent—I came—I took the burden upon me; and such are the unmitigated cares and troubles to which I am daily subjected, such the perturbation of mind caused by parties pulling in opposite directions, the harrowing cares, the losses, the harshness, the avarice, the meanness, the filthy conduct which I see and hear around me, such the danger to which I see the Holy Church exposed, that I am weary of my life, and lament that it has been preserved to witness such times. But, bad as is the present state of things, when I look around me I fear that the future will be still worse.

"That I may not detain your Highness, whose time must be fully occupied by much business, longer than is necessary, I entreat you for God's sake, and for the Lord's sake, since it was by your authority that I was involved in these difficulties, by the same authority to extricate me from them and permit me once more to return to the monastic life, which, above all things, I delight in. Let not my petition, I entreat you, be rejected or despised, for I only ask what is right in itself, and, so far as I myself am concerned, what is necessary to my highest interests.

"I beg you to remember what you ought never to forget, how ready I always was to entertain in my monastery not only your relations, but all who brought introductions from Rome. I instructed them in sacred as well as secular learning, and I might mention other things in which, whenever an opportunity occurred, I endeavoured to render good offices to you and your predecessors. Do not imagine that I am saying this by way of boasting in regard to myself, or with a view of reproaching others. My conscience acquits me of any such intention. My only object is to adduce some reason why this favour should be granted me for Christ's sake. If you place your refusal to accede to my request on public grounds, instead of furthering the cause of the Lord you will probably impede it, which God forbid; for, as

regards the salvation of souls, I have neither directly nor indirectly met with success, or, if any, it has been so slight, as not to be weighed for a moment against my discomfort. But enough of this.

"When I had the pleasure of seeing you and conversing with you at Rome, you invited me to visit you at your palace the following year at Christmas, and spend three or four months with you. But I call God and the holy angels to witness that I could not do it without personal inconvenience and the neglect of my affairs. I need not enter further upon these matters; but, if my life be preserved, and if circumstances permit, my desire is to visit you, and the holy Apostles, and the Holy Roman Church. To this end I ask your prayers, that long life may be granted to my lord the King of England, and peace from all his enemies. May his heart and mind be love to God and His holy Church! For, while he lives, we enjoy safety, such as it is, but after his death neither peace nor any manner of good is likely to befall us."

The Pope refused to interfere, and Lanfranc now determined to buckle on his spiritual armour. His desire was to commence the work of restoration without delay, and he applied to the Court of Rome that the pallium might be sent to him. To do this was inconsistent with the policy of Hildebrand, who, long since, though holding only the office of archdeacon, had directed all things at Rome. He saw the importance of forcing all metropolitans to visit Rome; he thus sought to advance the Pope's claim to a spiritual suzerainty, and to afford to Hildebrand himself an opportunity of infusing his notions into the minds of persons whom he intended to bring to a subserviency to his objects. A direct denial of the request was conveyed in polite terms; Lanfranc was assured that, if a dispensation could have been conceded to any one, it would have been in favour of him. . . .

Lanfranc was not inclined to show disrespect to the Roman see while the occupant was his friend and pupil, Alexander II.

Accordingly, in 1071, he went to Rome, attended by Thomas, archbishop of York, and Remigius, bishop of Lincoln; three foreigners representing the Church of England, and, like the other Normans, being at the same time at variance with each other. . . .

Lanfranc was received with affectionate kindness by Pope Alexander. The Norman prelates were rich in the spoils of England, and profuse in their presents to "the greedy Romans." They were held in high estimation by the Roman senate and

people, and were regarded as admirable, not only for their eloquence and learning, but more especially for their munificence.

On Lanfranc's return to England, he commenced in earnest the great work he had in hand—the reorganization of the Church. . . . During the suspension of Stigand (archbishop of Canterbury) Odo (bishop of Bayeux) appears to have been the administrator of the see. Certainly the property came into his hands. By the fire, which occurred three years before the consecration of Lanfranc, the charters of the cathedral were lost; and Odo retained many of the manors belonging to the archbishopric, contending that they were crown lands, which had devolved upon him as earl of Kent.

No greater proof could be given of the King's determination to re-assert the majesty of the law, than his permission to Lanfranc to institute proceedings against the second personage in the realm. The fact also shows that, although Odo was not in disgrace, yet his influence with his brother was no longer what it had formerly been. The case was tried at a shire-mote on Penenden Heath. It is the first account on record of a lawsuit after the Conquest. . . .

The wealth he secured for his see Lanfranc expended nobly; 400*l.* a year he devoted to religious and charitable uses—a sum equal, it is said, in weight to 1,500*l.* of our money, and amounting in value to not less than 7,500*l.* This statement, if correct, shows not only the generosity of the Archbishop, but the immense wealth also of the see. A large portion of this sum, however, was spent in the improvement of the estates, and he is said to have been especially careful to provide suitable residences for his tenants. St. Alban's Abbey was largely indebted to his liberality; and at Canterbury he erected two Xenodochia or Ptochotrophia,[1] one at the north and the other at the west end of the city, to which he assigned yearly pensions.

His next great work was the rebuilding of his cathedral, the destruction of which by fire we have already mentioned. One of the first acts of the new Archbishop was, to adopt measures for its restoration on a scale of considerable magnificence. In most of the processes of civilization the Anglo-Saxons had been

[1] Hospitals like St. Cross, near Winchester, for the entertainment of passengers, and as a home for the destitute.

superior to the Normans, and especially in the decorative arts, such as jewellery and painting. But as in the science of war, and all that related to the destruction of human life, the Normans had the advantage of the Saxons, so also they were their superiors in all that related to the arrangements of architecture. . . .

While Lanfranc was completing the exterior edifice, he laid the spiritual foundation of a Benedictine monastery in connexion with the cathedral. Throughout the Saxon period frequent attempts had been made to supplant the secular canons in the chapter of the metropolitan church of Canterbury, and to supply their place by regular monks. This was partly accomplished by Lanfranc; and, to the time of the Reformation, the chapter of the cathedral consisted of regulars. Henry, the last dean of the old foundation, became the first prior of the new. . . .

In 1077 Lanfranc received an invitation from Herluin to assist at the consecration of the new church attached to the abbey of Bec. He gladly obeyed the summons, and we have an interesting account of his proceedings. . . . The new monastery of Bec was in a valley between two hills, surrounded by trees then lately planted, some of which are said to be in existence still. Lanfranc had come with few attendants, and without any of that parade or pomp with which great prelates in that age thought it prudent to surround themselves. As he looked down upon his former home, from the hill which overtops the convent, his feelings of self-humiliation increased. The only ornament which he had reserved, by which he would be distinguished from an ordinary monk, was his episcopal ring: he now took it off, and never resumed it except when officiating in the public offices of the Church. He was determined to be a monk among monks. As he drew near, he saw the venerable Herluin, bent down by the weight of more than fourscore years, standing at the foot of the path ready to embrace him. They passed the bakehouse where first they met. They entered the new and magnificent cloister. Here the Archbishop talked familiarly with the brethren, and felt as a modern prelate might be expected to feel on revisiting a college where his eminence, as an instructor of youth, and as a maintainer of truth, first

recommended him to the notice of his superiors. Lanfranc would permit no deference to be shown to his rank. It is told, as a thing remarkable in those days, that in the refectory he sat in the midst of the brethren, eating at the same table, drinking from the same cup, and served from the same salver. All were fascinated by his condescension. An episcopal throne was raised for him in the choir, but he declined to occupy it. He took his seat in the prior's stall, on the left side, opposite to that of the abbot, and, with that polite facetiousness for which he was celebrated, he pleasantly remarked that it was his by right of prescription. He was invited to consecrate the new church or chapel, and with the King's consent he did so. The consecration took place on the 23d of October. The venerable abbot, overcome by the late excitement, had been for eight days confined to his apartment. But the morning was bright and clear, and he was able not only to assist at the service, but to preside at the entertainment given to the bishops, abbots, nobles, and clergy, pupils of Lanfranc, who had flocked to the reunion, and sought to obtain from their former master an archbishop's blessing. Tears were shed on both sides when the time of parting came. Herluin was able to accompany the Archbishop for two miles on his journey, and then the two friends parted; the one to sing his "Nunc dimittis," the other to plunge once more into the politics, turmoils, and controversies of the world, which offered a painful contrast to the abode of peace and piety which he had now visited for the last time.

Lanfranc, who, unlike some of his successors, had no desire to exalt the Church above the State, had felt no reluctance in acting as the minister of William in civil affairs. There can be little doubt that he was appointed justiciary in conjunction with Robert, earl of Moreton, and Geoffrey, bishop of Coutances, during some part of the Conqueror's reign. There are two of his letters which are addressed to the King during his absence from England, one of which I translate, as it is characteristic:—

"To his lord, William, king of the English, his faithful Lanfranc sends his faithful service and faithful prayers. Gladly would we see you, as an angel of God, but we are unwilling that you should take the trouble of

crossing the sea at this particular juncture. For, if you were to come to put down these traitors and robbers, you would do us dishonour. Rodulph the count, or rather the traitor, and his whole army have been routed, and ours, with a great body of *Normans and Saxons*, are in pursuit. Our leaders inform me that in a few days they will drive these perjured wretches into the sea, or capture them dead or alive. The details I send you by this monk, who may be trusted, as he has done fealty to me. May the Almighty bless you!"

Lanfranc's influence with the King, and his devotion to the cause of the Normans, are certain facts; and from the account which has reached us of a circumstance attending the disgrace of Odo, bishop of Bayeux, we have an indication of the tone of the Archbishop's mind, when his opinion was asked. . . .

Odo had made himself and his countrymen unpopular by the extortions of which he was guilty, in order that he might amass wealth. The wealth he amassed was enormous; and, in amassing it, he had a special object in view. He had already purchased a house in Rome, and was expending his money liberally, with a view to secure his election to the papal throne. This gave offence to the King. We do not see clearly the reason why the conqueror of England should prevent his brother from becoming the purchaser of Italy; but feelings of hostility against William had evidently rankled in the mind of Odo ever since the nomination of Lanfranc to the see of Canterbury. The brothers, gradually estranged from one another, had now become enemies. William accused Odo of high treason. He arrested him in the Isle of Wight. Odo was tried by his peers, and found guilty. When William determined to apprehend him and commit him to custody, the Bishop of Bayeux pleaded his priestly character. The King consulted the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lanfranc acutely remarked that he was to be apprehended not as bishop of Bayeux, but as earl of Kent. He said this with a smile, which shows that, in consulting him, the King was aware of the kind of answer he would receive.

A. D. 1079 When an attack was made on the rights of the crown by no less a person than Gregory VII., we find Lanfranc acting in a similar spirit. . . . The Pope demanded of William the homage due from a vassal to his lord, and an oath of allegiance. This demand was conveyed to the King by the Pope's legate,

Hubert, who was also directed to complain of the non-payment of the Peter-pence.

The Pope of Rome received the following curt answer from the King of England :—

"Thy legate Hubert, Holy Father, hath called upon me in thy name to take the oath of fealty to thee and to thy successors, and to exert myself in enforcing the more regular payment of the money which my predecessors were accustomed to remit to the Church of Rome. One request I have granted, the other I refuse. Homage to thee I have not chosen, nor do I choose to do. I never made a promise to that effect, neither do I find that it was ever performed by my predecessors to thine. The money in question, during the three years past, owing to my being frequently in France, has been negligently collected.

"Now, as I am by Divine mercy returned to my kingdom, the money which has been collected is transmitted by the aforesaid legate. As for the rest, it shall be sent as opportunity shall occur, by the legates of our trusty archbishop Lanfranc. Pray for us, and for our kingdom, for we always respected thy predecessors, and we would fain regard thee with sincere affection, and be always thy obedient servant."

Gregory was not a little irritated at the significant and haughty tone of this epistle. He recalled his legate, and desired him to take no further steps about the Peter-pence, as this, without the homage, was valueless. Such an insult as that offered by this Christian prince to the Apostolic see, in forbidding the prelates of his kingdom to approach its threshold, he said had never been offered even by Pagan kings. He directed Hubert to warn William once more of his evil ways, to reproach the prelates for obeying the King rather than the Pope, and to depart from his kingdom. . . . Gregory was much too politic to quarrel with such a man as William. He did, indeed, say that the King should be made to feel the resentment of St. Peter; but either St. Peter was not so vindictive as his reputed successor, or King William was beyond his reach. Gregory, nevertheless, conscious of his powers of persuasion, endeavoured to compel Lanfranc to visit him at Rome, but in vain; Lanfranc's loyalty to the King was greater than his reverence for the Pope. His determination and silence were resented by Gregory, who at last addressed to him the following threat :—

"Often, my brother, have I invited you to come to Rome for the confirmation of the faith of the Christian religion, but hitherto, as it would A. D. 1081

seem, through pride, or through negligence, you have disregarded our summons, until you have exhausted our patience. You have not even pretended to advance any canonical reason for refusing to come; for such excuses as the fatigue and the difficulty of such a journey are utterly insufficient. It is well known that many from a long distance, invalids infirm of body, some scarcely able to rise from their beds, influenced by an ardent zeal for St. Peter, are accustomed when summoned to hasten, through means of carriages or litters, to the threshold of the Apostle. Now, therefore, we charge you by our apostolical authority, that setting everything else aside, without waiting for a fit opportunity, without pretending fears which are utterly idle, you take care to make your appearance at Rome within four months from this date, on All Saints' Day in the present year. Thus you may make amends for a disobedience we have so long overlooked. If these apostolical mandates are unheeded, if you do prefer, notwithstanding your professions of respect, to persevere in your contempt, and do not blush to incur the peril of disobedience—a sin, according to Samuel (1 Kings xv.), as heinous as idolatry—know this for certain, you shall be severed from the grace of St. Peter, and utterly stricken by his authority. In other words, if within the time specified you shall not come unto us, you shall be suspended entirely from thy episcopal office."

The Archbishop of Canterbury did *not* go, and Lanfranc was *not* suspended from his episcopal office. The time had come when a Pope could use this threat; but the time had not yet arrived when he could defy a potent King and carry it into effect. . . .

A. D. 1080 In 1080 Gregory VII. was deposed at councils held at Mentz and at Brixen in the Tyrol; and Guibert of Ravenna was elected in his place, under the title of Clement III. . . . Which was Pope, and which was anti-Pope, was a question which men decided according to their inclination, their interests, or their wishes. We are not concerned with the legality or the illegality of the proceedings; we only notice the fact as adding to the confusions in which the Church was involved. . . .

William and Lanfranc could not, of course, be very far in advance of the age in which they lived. The forged decretals[1] were supposed to be as true as the Gospel. That the alleged inheritance of the rights of St. Peter devolved upon the Pope,

[1] Decretals were the letters of Popes, written in answer to questions proposed to them by some bishop or ecclesiastical judge. In the ninth century there appeared a collection of decretal letters ascribed to more than thirty Popes, the uniform tendency of which was to exalt the papal power. These were afterwards proved to be forged.—E. M. S.

whatsoever they might be, was not denied. But, this error being conceded, the wisest measures were taken that under the circumstances could be devised, to preserve the independence of the Church of England. When there were two or more Popes in existence, as was frequently the case in the miserable schisms of the age, the right of choosing his Pope was vested in the King; so that the clergy were not permitted to acknowledge any one as Pope until the royal consent had been obtained. When the Pope had been acknowledged, no letters from Rome might be published until they had first been approved by the King. Moreover, it was enacted that no ecclesiastic should leave the country at his own pleasure.

The ecclesiastical polity of this reign should be carefully observed by those who desire to understand the ground of resistance offered by the kings and prelates of England to the papal aggression.

These principles were, ...

1. That the clergy should not be permitted to acknowledge any one as Pope until the royal consent had been first obtained.
2. That no letters from Rome should be published until they had first been approved by the King.
3. That the Church of England, in council assembled under its primate, might pass no laws or canons but such as were agreeable to the King's pleasure, and were first ordained by him.
4. That no bishop might implead or punish any of the King's vassals, even for great sins, except by the King's precept.
5. That no ecclesiastic should leave the country at his own pleasure.

Thus did these great legislators lay a foundation for the liberties of the Church of England, at a time when Gregory VII. was on the papal throne. One great error, however, was committed; through which it became difficult, and finally impossible, to preserve the principles so clearly asserted, and which the Conqueror himself so resolutely maintained.

During the Anglo-Saxon period . . . there was no distinction between lay and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The county court was a spiritual as well as a temporal tribunal,

where, on the same bench, sat the bishop and the ealdorman. There was a perfect union between Church and State. William and Lanfranc introduced the Continental system, and separated the ecclesiastical court from the civil. We have scarcely yet, by very recent legislation, been extricated from the difficulties resulting from the co-existence of two systems of law—the canon law in the spiritual court, and the common and statute law in the temporal—and . . . from this circumstance controversies frequently arose by which society was convulsed.

Lanfranc proceeded to legislate in accordance with these principles, and to restore discipline to the distracted Church in a series of six councils, which, according to the Chronicle, were held at the following times and places :—

I. Winton, 1072.	IV. London, 1078.
II. London, 1075.	V. Gloucester, 1081.
III. Winton, 1076.	VI. Gloucester, 1086.

No council could meet in the Western Church at this time, without legislating on the celibacy of the clergy. . . . Pope Gregory VII. had decreed that all married clergy should cease from their clerical office, and that people should avoid the ministration of those who contravened his injunctions. The Church of England, under the direction of Lanfranc, pursued a wiser and a milder course. Among the clergy of the Church of England, before the time of Dunstan, as Dean Milman justly observes, marriage was the rule, celibacy the exception ; and still in those cathedrals which were served by the secular clergy the canons were generally married men. Under these circumstances, all that the Synod of Winchester, in 1076, decreed was, that none who were now in priest's orders should be permitted to marry, and that no married man should hereafter be ordained priest or deacon. The married men, who were already in holy orders, were not required to dismiss their wives. It was, probably, with a view to put a stop to clerical marriages, that it was enacted that no marriage should be valid without the priest's benediction. . . . The relations between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Anglo-Saxon clergy were friendly. We do, indeed, find Lanfranc acting harshly on certain occasions, for he was, in politics, a decided

party man. He was loyal to William, whom he regarded as the legitimate king of England, holding the crown by the nomination of Edward, and the election of the Witenagemot, as well as by right of conquest. He regarded, therefore, an insurrection as a rebellion, and treated those who were in arms against the Norman aggression as rebels. But in the administration of the Church he appears to have acted with prudence and justice. . . . Very few of the Anglo-Saxon bishops and abbots were deposed: among the prelates, only three, besides Stigand—a very small number considering that the country was in a state of revolution.

We cannot suppose it possible that Lanfranc could have been a persecutor of the Anglo-Saxons as such, when we find him writing the following letter to the sister of Edgar the Atheling. Margaret, queen of Scotland, may be regarded as, next to Edgar, the head of the Anglo-Saxon race, to whom she and her husband had, under circumstances of persecution, not unfrequently offered an asylum :—

LANFRANC TO MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"LANFRANC, *the unworthy Primate of the Holy Church of Canterbury, to* MARGARET, *the illustrious* QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Greeting and Benediction.*

"The small compass of a letter is insufficient for declaring with what joy you have filled my heart, O Queen, well pleasing to God, by your excellent epistles which you have sent me. With what pleasantness do your words flow forth, proceeding from the inspiration of the Divine Spirit! I believe, indeed, that what you have written is said not by you, but for you (*i.e.* by Divine inspiration). Truly by your mouth has He spoken, who said to His disciples, 'Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.' From this teaching of Christ has proceeded, that, born of royal ancestors, royally educated, and nobly wedded to a noble king, you choose me, a man of foreign extraction, vile, ignoble, involved in sins, as your father, and pray me to consider you as my spiritual daughter. I am not what you think me to be, but may I become so! Lest you remain deceived, pray for me that I may be worthy as a father to pray to God and to be heard for you. May there be between us an interchange of prayers and benefits! I bestow little indeed, but I hope to receive much more myself. Hence, therefore, may I be your father and you my daughter. I send to your illustrious husband and yourself our dearest brother Master Goldewin, and two other brethren, according to your request, because he himself would not be able to accomplish alone what is requisite for God's service and your own. And I beg and

intreat that you may endeavour quickly and perfectly to complete what you have undertaken for God and your own souls. If you are able or are desirous to finish your work by means of others, we greatly desire these our brethren to return to us, because they are very necessary to us in the offices of our church. Your will, however, be done, since in and for all things we desire to obey you. May the Almighty God bless you, and mercifully absolve you from all your sins!"

The prelate who stood highest in public estimation, next to Lanfranc himself, was Wulfstan, the Anglo-Saxon Bishop of Worcester. Between him and the Archbishop of Canterbury there was a good understanding, if not a cordial friendship. When application was, on one occasion, made by the Archbishop of York to the Primate of all England, to send two of his suffragans to assist at a consecration, one of the prelates selected by Lanfranc was the Bishop of Worcester. . . . At a subsequent period, we find Wulfstan co-operating with the Archbishop to carry into effect the last wishes of the Conqueror with respect to the succession to the crown. . . .

Amongst the controversies in which the Archbishop was involved, was one which occurred almost immediately after his consecration, with Thomas, archbishop elect of York. Lanfranc demanded and Thomas refused the oath of canonical obedience. . . . The controversy terminated in 1072, in a compromise, through the interposition of the King. It was determined, in a synod of fourteen bishops, that the Archbishop of York should be subject to the Archbishop of Canterbury in things pertaining to religion, and be required to obey his summons to a synod. The province of York was to extend from the Humber to the extremity of Scotland, the rest of England being within the province of Canterbury. The prelate elect of York, after having received the archbishopric as a gift from the King, was, with the other bishops of his province, to go for consecration to Canterbury, or wherever the Archbishop of that province might require his attendance. The Archbishop of York, as a general rule, was to swear obedience to the Primate of all England; although Lanfranc waived the oath with respect to Thomas himself, and was contented with his subscription. This was the concession made by Lanfranc, arising probably out of circumstances which occurred during the controversy; but, as we should suppose, knowing Lan-

franc's relation to the Conqueror, the Archbishop of Canterbury carried all his points. . . .

Lanfranc was engaged in another controversy in the year 1088, where he certainly does not appear in the most amiable colours. We are not acquainted with all the grounds of provocation, but the conduct of the Archbishop appears to have been arbitrary and harsh. From a very early period a jealousy had existed between the rival establishments of St. Augustine's and Christ Church.[1] The chapter of the cathedral boasted of having at its head the Primate of all England; the brethren of St. Augustine's were equally proud of the rank held by their convent, as the first of the English monasteries. By the monks of St. Augustine's the final institution of a Benedictine monastery in connexion with the cathedral was not regarded with friendly feelings. The misunderstandings between the two corporations increased until they came to a climax, at the time just mentioned. Provoked, we may presume, by many years of opposition and ill-will, the Archbishop determined upon a despotic act, which the monks resisted. He nominated an abbot whom he desired the chapter of the monastery to elect. The monks sturdily refused to elect the Archbishop's nominee. There was, probably, some political feeling mixed up in the dispute. The monastery may have given sanctuary to Anglo-Saxons concerned in insurrectionary movements, and therefore the military forces of Kent were placed at Lanfranc's disposal. At their head the Archbishop appeared before the gate of the monastery, and peremptory orders were issued that the brethren should receive Wydo as their abbot.

Resistance was now vain; and, in obedience to the command of the Archbishop, every brother who refused to vote for Wydo was required to leave the monastery, not in force, but one by one. One by one they went, and then the Archbishop took possession of the building. With considerable state he entered the church; he installed Wydo, and made over to him the monastery. The unfortunate prior, and those whom the Archbishop regarded as ringleaders in this act of rebellion,

[1] Christ Church was the Benedictine monastery founded by Lanfranc in connexion with the cathedral; the chapter being supplied by the monks belonging to the monastery.—E. M. S.

Lanfranc put into claustral imprisonment in Canterbury. He adopted conciliatory measures, however, with partial success, towards the others. He heard that they had taken refuge in St. Mildred's Church, and he sent to them a messenger to say that if they returned to the church of St. Augustine's by the ninth hour, they should be re-admitted into the monastery; but that, if they refused, they should be treated as renegadoes. Having heard this message, says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, they doubted whether to return or to remain; but at the hour of refection, when they were pressed by hunger, many, repenting of their obstinacy, went to Lanfranc and promised submission. They were treated with courtesy, ate a good dinner, and took the oath of obedience to the Abbot Wydo. The more noble minority were imprisoned in different monasteries, and one, who bore the illustrious name of Alfred, who attempted to fly, was loaded with irons at Canterbury, and, with some others who were guilty of the same offence, was treated with the utmost severity.

The Archbishop soon found that the baser sort who had yielded to the force of circumstances were not to be depended upon, for they were discovered plotting the death of their abbot. One of them named Columban was brought before Lanfranc, who demanded of him whether he designed to murder his abbot. "Yes," was the reply. "If I could, I would certainly kill him." Then the Archbishop commanded that he should be tied up naked to the gates of St. Augustine's and suffer flagellation in the sight of all the people. When this part of the sentence was completed, the man's cowl was torn off, and he was driven out of the city. "Henceforth," says the chronicler, "during Lanfranc's life, sedition was repressed by the dread of his severity."

This is a sad picture of the times. Another transaction of a similar character, but attended by more important consequences, may here be narrated in juxtaposition. It occurred a few years before.

Among the victims demanded by the policy or the cupidity of the Conqueror was the Earl Waltheof. He was not a faultless character, but the Normans (the vile Norman woman included whom the Conqueror had compelled him to marry)

plotted against him, and Waltheof was executed privately, for fear of the people, at Winchester. The whole Anglo-Saxon population were in a state of indignation, and Waltheof was regarded as a martyr. His body had been ignominiously thrown into a hole between two roads, and hastily covered with dust. At the end of a fortnight the people discovered where the body lay; they declared that the bloody corpse exhibited no signs of decay, the blood being as fresh as if the Earl was just dead. Followed by the lamentations of vast crowds of people, they translated it to the abbey of Croyland, and there gave it honourable interment in the chapter-house of the monks.

Wulfketul, the abbot, was a strong and decided party man. He sought to rouse the Anglo-Saxon spirit by declaring that miracles were daily wrought at the shrine of the new saint.

Lanfranc had been well aware that at the shrines of Anglo-Saxon saints the whole patriotic feeling was sustained and aroused, and he had on several occasions depreciated the ecclesiastical heroes of the Anglo-Saxon period, and declared them to be no saints. He now accused Wulfketul of idolatry. "For the wrong reverence," says Ingulf, "which he had shown for the holy martyr, the abbot was condemned as an idolater at a council held in London. He was degraded from his ecclesiastical dignity, and sent as a simple monk to be under the custody of Thurstan, the Norman abbot of Glastonbury.

Thurstan was a man who, in the words of Roger of Hoveden, "is not worthy to be named." He had been a monk of Caen, and to procure him the abbey of Glastonbury, the Saxon abbot Egelnoth had been deposed. . . .

The monks of Glastonbury endured with patience and meekness the insolence, the tyranny, and the injustice of the proud Norman. In order, as he said, to keep down their high spirit, but in reality to fill his own coffers, Thurstan almost starved the community. Their conduct is thus described by a contemporary, in terms affecting from their simplicity: "They were lovingly-minded towards their abbot, and begged him to govern them in right and in kindness,

and they would be faithful and obedient to him. But the abbot would none of this, but wrought them evil, and threatened worse."

But patience and forbearance have their limits. He robbed them of their food; he kept them out of their library, and sold their books. They were physically and intellectually reduced to the last extremity. But they found consolation in the services of the Church, where they worshipped God as their fathers had worshipped, according to their old service-books, and with the Gregorian chant. The shameless abbot, as Ordericus calls him, determined to drive them from this their last resort. He was a musician and an anti-Gregorian. He was delighted with a new system of Church music, of which William of Feschamp was the author. He ordered its introduction into the choir of Glastonbury.

Then, at length, was aroused the Anglo-Saxon spirit, and the determination, "Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari." The monks, in full chapter, decided against the innovation, and refused obedience to the abbot. Thurstan was not, however, the man to yield. To enforce his orders he threatened to call in the military. The monks fled from the chapter-house to the church, and closed the doors. They were followed by the soldiers, who, under the direction of the abbot—a hireling, whose own the sheep were not—scaled the buttresses of the church, and announced their arrival upon the rafters at the top of the choir by the discharge of a volley of arrows upon the defenceless monks below. The reredos, behind and above the altar, was pierced full of arrows. Meantime the monks, thus assaulted, were unable to defend the doors, through which another party of soldiers entered, headed by the abbot. The defeated brethren clung to the altar, but this was no protection. The abbot, who was not born with any peculiar mark of reverence on his head, rushed forward and speared one of his brethren, and killed another who, pierced with arrows, lay groaning at his feet. The monks, compelled by necessity, now bravely defended themselves with the benches, the candlesticks, and with whatever else they could lay their hands on, and succeeded in driving back the soldiers out of the choir, with the loss of two killed and fourteen wounded.

The report of the scandal rendered a judicial investigation necessary, and the abbot was so notoriously the aggressor that the King removed him from his post; but, consigning him to the monastery of Caen, did not subject him to that amount of punishment which he deserved. He was afterwards restored by William Rufus, on the payment of a fine.

By the overruling providence of God, good is educed from evil; and, from the occurrences just stated, attention was called to the importance of some approach to uniformity in the ritual and offices of the Church.

Hitherto each bishop arranged the rubrics of his diocese, and ordered the details to be observed in the performance of public worship according to his will. The abbots claimed a similar authority in the regulation of their several monasteries. With this privilege the Archbishop had not the power, if he had the inclination, to interfere. But a model of what was regarded at the time as decorous in the celebration of divine service was provided in "The Use of Salisbury." This work was drawn up about the year 1085, to prevent the repetition in his diocese of scandals such as had occurred at Glastonbury, by Osmund, the bishop of the see just mentioned. Osmund was a man of note. He had fought for the Conqueror, and had been created Earl of Dorset. He was the second chancellor whom William appointed after his accession to the throne. He became Bishop of Salisbury in 1078, when he applied his powerful mind to ecclesiastical affairs. Having settled his see at Old Sarum, he built his cathedral; he collected together clergy distinguished for their learning and their skill in chanting; and, with their assistance, he ascertained all rubrics which were not sufficiently determinate, or where books, through the inaccuracy of transcribers, were inconsistent with each other; he adjusted and settled the ceremonial on points which had been previously left to the discretion of the officiating minister; in fine, he produced a "custom book," which was, wholly or partially, adopted in various parts of the kingdom, especially in the south of England. With several interpolations introduced from time to time, it became the model ritual of the Church of England, until the reign of Philip and Mary, when many of the clergy received licences from Cardinal Pole to

say the Roman breviary. In the reign of Edward VI., and in that of Queen Elizabeth, it became the basis of our present Book of Common Prayer.

The sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of his suffragans was given to these proceedings, by the appointment of the Bishop of Salisbury to act as precentor of the Episcopal College, and to conduct the services whenever the prelates assembled in synod. . . .

In 1087 Lanfranc received a letter from the death-bed of the Conqueror, requiring him to anoint his second son, William Rufus, as his successor. The Norman law seems, at this time, to have given the power of nominating his successor to the reigning prince. The Conqueror himself, though a bastard, succeeded to the dukedom on the authority of his father's nomination. The Anglo-Saxon constitution gave to the Witenagemot the right, if not of electing any one of the royal family to the throne, at least of rejecting the eldest born. When the Conqueror's will was known, therefore, it did not occur to either Lanfranc or Wulfstan to suppose that any wrong was done to Robert Curthose, of whose unfitness for the throne there could be but one opinion, or that there was any irregularity in the proceeding.

To the sagacity of the Conqueror the policy of separating the dukedom of Normandy from the kingdom of England had become apparent. He had himself experienced the difficulty of maintaining the interests of the two states, which could never be amalgamated, and might often become divergent.

But this separation was the very thing to which all the Norman interest would be most resolutely opposed. . . . If the kingdom and the dukedom were separated between the king and the duke, there might be war; and the barons who adhered to the king would lose their estates in Normandy, and the estates in England would be confiscated of those who gave their support to the duke. It is by bearing this in mind that we can account for several facts. We see the reason why the Conqueror, when, determining to place his second son on the English throne, did not consult his barons. We see why the barons were opposed to the accession of Rufus. We see, also, why the Red King, and afterwards his brother Henry, were so

anxious to obtain possession of the dukedom, in addition to the English crown.

On the other hand, nothing could be more agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon population than the separation of the two realms. If England were separated from Normandy, the independence of the kingdom, under any dynasty, would be re-established. Wulfstan, therefore, as a patriot, acting throughout his career not from passion, but from principle, cordially co-operated with Lanfranc; and Lanfranc, in love to the country of his adoption, manfully maintained the Anglo-Saxon cause. A proclamation was issued, appealing to the feelings of the Anglo-Saxon population; and from the forests and fens, from the morasses and the woods, as well as from the towns, there came forth an army which enabled Rufus to intimidate his barons; until, having carried his point, he was enabled to unite with them in the renewed oppression of his benefactors.

The wonderful power which Lanfranc possessed in the management of men is evinced in the fact that, so long as he lived, William Rufus was, to a certain extent, kept under control. But the life of Lanfranc was now drawing to a close, and in his death the realm and Church suffered a loss which was irreparable.

In the month of May, 1089, Lanfranc retired to his new monastery at Canterbury. He exercised there the office of abbot, which was always more congenial to his feelings than that of the episcopate. He was still a man of letters, and was not only devout but scrupulous in his devotions. He was enjoying his retirement, when he experienced a slight attack of fever. This, at his advanced age, was not to be neglected. The infirmarer prescribed a remedy, and directed it to be taken immediately. But the Archbishop had determined to receive the Holy Communion, and delayed taking the draught lest it should break his fast. The delay, as the physician stated, was fatal; and on the 24th of May he expired. His former adversary, Thomas, archbishop of York, attended the funeral, which was honoured by the presence of many of the suffragans of Canterbury. A. D. 1089

Lanfranc was buried in Trinity chapel, at the east end of the cathedral, on the south side of the altar. When the chapel

was replaced by the present edifice, his body was removed, and buried at the altar of St. Martin; but no trace of it remains, nor is there any monument extant, erected to the memory of this consistent assertor of the liberties of the Church of England.[1]

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A.D. 1087.

(*From "The History of Normandy," by* SIR F. PALGRAVE.)

A. D. 1087 AMONGST the other troubles and causes of trouble attached, like so many curses, to the inheritance of Rollo, was the unsettled claim to the territory afterwards called the Norman Vexin or Beaucassin. William had been unable to assert his right (against Philip of France)—a better and more just cause of quarrel than such pretensions usually are. But in the year 1087 he determined to recover this territory, not only as his own, but in consequence of its great importance. Like all border countries, it contained a turbulent and unquiet population, and, in this instance, Frenchmen both by race and interest, they were always ready to invest the Normans.

The fatal opportunity now arose, which gave an excuse and incitement to action.

Without any assigned reason, though most probably instigated by Robert, the burgesses of Mantes declared a petty war against William, and crossing the Eure, with a disorderly body of marauders, they plundered the neighbourhood of Evreux, particularly the domains of William de Breteuil and Roger de Ivry. They made much spoil and took many prisoners, and returned driving flocks and herds before them, and conducting the bound captives, from whom so good a profit was to be made, glorying equally in the gain, and in the affront thus offered to the pride of Normandy.

[1] Abridged from chap. ii. vol. ii.

William was roused to great anger: he was offended by the insult of this foray, and, connecting Philip with the transaction, he demanded the cession of Mantes, Pont-Isare, and Chaumont, in addition to the whole of the Beaucassin territory thus unjustly withheld. Philip refused, raising many cavils unfairly, and, instigated by the undutiful Robert, evading rather than denying the claims. Coarse jests passed between the sovereigns, by which they were mutually embittered; and William, now no longer to be restrained, prepared to assert his rights by the sword.

It is rare that the chroniclers become descriptive; in this instance, adopting the style of the Trouveurs, and most probably echoing some popular ballad of the day, they tell us how the harvest was ripening, the grapes swelling on the stem, the fruits reddening on the bough, when William entered the fertile land. As he advanced the corn was trodden down, the vineyards rooted up, the country havocked, the gifts of Providence wastefully destroyed. An imprudent sally of the inhabitants of Mantes, with the intention of saving their crops, enabled William to enter their town, which was fired by the soldiery. Churches and dwellings alike sunk in the flames, many of the inhabitants perished, even the recluses were burnt in their cells.

William, aged and unwieldy in body, yet impetuous and active in mind, cheered the desolation and galloped about and about through the burning ruins. His steed stumbled amidst the glowing embers: like the third sovereign who bore the name of William, the royal rider received a fatal injury from his fall. A lingering inflammation ensued, which the skill of his attendants could neither allay nor heal. The noise, the disturbance, the tainted atmosphere of Rouen became intolerable to the fevered sufferer, and he was painfully removed to the conventual buildings of St. Gervase, on the adjoining hill. The inward combustion spread so rapidly that no hope of recovery remained, and William knew that there was none.

Firmly contemplating the end, and yet dreading its approach, he sent for Rufus and Henry, his sons: and now ensued that conflict, a feeling never entirely absent from the death-bed,

but sometimes so painfully visible, when, as personified in the symbolical paintings of old, we behold the good angel and the evil demon contending for the mastery of the departing soul; the clinging to earthly things with a deep consciousness of their worthlessness, self-condemnation and self-deceit, repentance and obduracy—the scales of the balance trembling between heaven and hell. "No tongue can tell," said he, "the deeds of wickedness I have perpetrated in my weary pilgrimage of toil and care." He deplored his birth, born to warfare, polluted by bloodshed from his earliest years, his trials, the base ingratitude he had sustained. He also extolled his own virtues, praised his own conscientious appointments in the Church, expatiated upon his good deeds, his alms, and the monasteries and nunneries which under his reign had been founded by his munificence.

But Rufus and Henry are standing by that bedside, and who is to be the Conqueror's heir? How are his dominions to be divided? William must speak of his earthly authority; but every word relating to the object of his pride is uttered in agony. Robert, as firstborn, is to take Normandy; it was granted to him before William met Harold in the field of the valley of blood. "Wretched," declared the King, "will be the country subjected to his rule; but he has received the homage of the barons, and the concession once made cannot be withdrawn. Of England I will appoint no heir; let Him in whose hands are all things provide according to His will." All the wide-wasting wretchedness produced by his ambition rose up before him; it seemed as if the air around him was filled with the wailings of those who had perished at his behest, by the sword, by famine, and by fire. Bitterly lamenting his anger, his harshness, his crimes, he declared that he dared not bestow the realm he thus had won: and yet this reserve was almost a delusion; the natural feeling of a father prevailed, and he declared his hope that Rufus, who from youth upwards, whatever were his other defects of character, had been an obedient son, might succeed him.

And what was Henry Beauclerc to inherit? A treasure of five thousand pounds of silver.

Henry began to lament this unequal gift. "What will all

this treasure profit me," exclaimed he, "if I have neither land, nor house, nor home?" William comforted his youngest son, and that strangely, by intimating his foreboding that Henry, becoming far greater than either brother, would one day possess far greater and ampler power.

But the very words which William had spoken now excited his own apprehensions; the intimations he had thus given might, by implying a doubt of his right to confer the succession, instigate rebellion. He turned him round in his weary bed, and directed that a writ should be prepared, addressed to Lanfranc, commanding him to place Rufus on the throne; and the dying man, who had just vowed that he would not take thought concerning the sinful inheritance, affixed his royal signet to the instrument by which, in fact, he bequeathed the unlawful gain, and he forthwith delivered the same to Rufus, kissed him, and blessed him; and Rufus hastened away towards England, lest he should lose the blood-stained crown.

Henry, too, departed, to secure his legacy, and to consider how he should best protect himself against the troubles which he might occasion or sustain.

Both sons have now left their dying parent. More suspense, more agony. Those who surrounded him had heard of alms and of repentance, of contrition, and of distribution of the wealth no longer his own—some portions to make amends for the wrongs he had committed, some to the poor; the ample residue to his sons. But as yet no real charity; of forgiveness, nothing had been said by William, nothing of remission to the captives in the dungeon, upon whom the doom of perpetual imprisonment had been passed. William assented to the remark, and yet justified himself for his severity. Morcar had been hardly treated, and yet how could he, William, restrain the fear which he had felt of his influence? Roger de Breteuil[1] had shown a fell revenge;—yet let them be freed. Woolnoth, the brother of Harold, a child when he fell into the hands of the Conqueror, who had sternly kept him in bonds since the days of his infancy, and Siward of the north, were to be

[1] Sometimes called De Montgomery, the earl of Hereford,—son of William Fitz-Osbern, count de Breteuil. He had been imprisoned ever since his rebellion in conjunction with Waltheof.—C. M. Y.

released; and William ended by commanding that all the prison doors in England and Normandy should be opened, except to one alone—except to Odo his brother. Much were those about William saddened by this hardness; many and urgent were the entreaties made, but above all by the third brother, Robert of Mortaigne. At length William relaxed his severity, but without relenting, declaring his unchangeable conviction of Odo's perfidy, and that he yielded against his will.

This act of grudging, coerced, extorted forgiveness was his last. A night of somewhat diminished suffering ensued, when the troubled and expiring body takes a dull, painful, unrestful rest before its last earthly repose. But as the cheerful, life-giving rays of the rising sun were darting above the horizon, across the sad apartment, and shedding brightness on its walls, William was half-awakened from his imperfect slumbers by the measured, mellow, reverberating, swelling tone of the great cathedral bell. "It is the hour of prime," replied the attendants, in answer to his inquiry. Then were the priesthood welcoming with voices of thanksgiving the renewed gift of another day, and sending forth the choral prayer, that the hours might flow in holiness till blessed at their close. But his time of labour and struggle, sin and repentance, was past. William lifted up his hands in prayer and expired.

As was very common in those times, the death of the great and rich was the signal for a scene of disgraceful neglect and confusion. . . . His sons had already departed: all who remained of higher degree rushed out to horse, each hastening to his home, for the purpose of protecting his property against the dreaded confusion of an interregnum, or preparing to augment it. Those of meaner rank, the servants and ribalds of the court, stripped the body, even of its last garments, plundered every article within reach, and then, all quitting him, left the poor diseased body lying naked on the floor.

Consternation and apathy were after some hours diminished. The clergy recollected their duty, and offered up the prayers of the Church; and the archbishop directed that the body should be conveyed to Caen. But there was no one to take charge of the obsequies, not one of those who were connected with William by consanguinity, or bound to him by blood or

by gratitude; and the duty was performed by the care and charity of Herlouin, a knight of humble fortune, who himself defrayed the expenses, grieved at the indignity to which the mortal spoil of his sovereign was exposed, and who, as the only mourner, attended the coffin during its conveyance to Caen.

At the gates of Caen clergy and laity came forth to receive the body: but at that very time flames arose; the streets were filled with heavy smoke; a fire had broken out which destroyed good part of the city; the procession was dispersed, and the monks alone remained. They brought the body to St. Stephen's monastery, and took orders for the royal sepulture. The grave was dug deep in the presbytery, between altar and choir. All the bishops and abbots of Normandy assembled. After mass had been sung, Gilbert, bishop of Evreux, addressed the people; and when he had magnified the fame of the departed, he asked them all to join in prayer for the sinful soul, and that each would pardon any injury he might have received from the monarch. A loud voice was now heard from the crowd. A poor man stood up before the bier—Asceline, the son of Arthur—who forbade that William's corpse should be received into the ground he had usurped by reckless violence.

The bishop forthwith instituted an inquiry into the charge. They called up witnesses, and the fact having been ascertained, they treated with Asceline and paid the debt, the price of that narrow little plot of earth, the last bed of the Conqueror. Asceline withdrew his ban; but as the swollen corpse sank into the grave, it burst, filling the sacred edifice with corruption. The obsequies were hurried through: and thus was William the Conqueror gathered to his fathers, with loathing, disgust, and horror.[1]

[1] Abridged from chap. xiv. vol. iii.

THE NORMANS IN SICILY.

A.D. 1003—1090.

(*From "The Normans in Sicily," by* H. GALLY KNIGHT, Esq. M.P.)

A. D. 1003 WHEN the Normans first made their appearance in the south of Italy, the greater part of what had constituted the Roman empire was in that disjointed and unsettled state which enables the strong hand to grasp at and reach anything. The scenes of real life, at that time, resembled those of a melo-dramatic theatre, in which incidents the most improbable diversify the piece, and personages the least expected figure on the stage.

Italy, which had been on the point of becoming one united kingdom under the Lombard sceptre, was again, and for ever, shattered and divided by the policy of the Lateran. The Popes, perceiving that under undisturbed kings of Italy the successors of St. Peter would become little more than bishops of Rome, offered the empire of the West to strangers powerful enough to break down the Lombard dominion: but these foreign lords, when absent, could not restrain disorder, and, when they crossed the Alps, more than once gave the Popes reason to repent of having delivered themselves into their hands.

On the revival of the empire of the West, Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily had been suffered to remain with the emperors of the East. The two former they still governed by viceroys, styled Catapans,[1] who were periodically sent from Byzantium; but Sicily had long been wrested from their sway by the victorious Saracens.

On the western side of the peninsula, the three Lombard principalities of Benevento, Capua, and Salerno, the Abbot of Monte Casino, and the republic of Amalfi, asserted their independence. Naples elected its own rulers, but acknowledged the supremacy of the Greek emperors. These little states were seldom on friendly terms, but had not sufficient strength to do each other as much harm as they wished without foreign assistance.

[1] From Catapan, which means "over everything," is derived captain.

Such was the posture of affairs in that part of the world when the Normans arrived there—not as in France, in the character of terrible invaders, but as emigrants and stipendiaries. Conquest and dominion, however, equally awaited them in the end.

In the year 1003 Drogo, a Norman chief, on his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem landed, with about forty companions, at Salerno. The Saracens attacked the town whilst the Normans were there. Drogo, with his companions, put himself at the head of the people, and repulsed the invaders. A. D. 1003

The Duke of Salerno, having witnessed the prowess of the valiant strangers, pressed them to remain. The pilgrims excused themselves at the time, but engaged to return. In the following spring Drogo, with a band augmented by no small number of bold adventurers, fulfilled his promise, returned to Italy, and entered the service of the Duke of Salerno. For some years after their arrival in Italy, the Normans were employed as stipendiaries in the service of different masters; sometimes at Salerno, sometimes at Capua, sometimes in the pay of the Abbot of Monte Casino,[1] . . . whilst others became freebooters, and disturbed the country with predatory incursions.

As much to repress these disorders as to accommodate the band who were in his pay, the Prince of Capua granted the Normans a district of land between Capua and Naples, on which spot they all reunited, and built the town of Aversa.

Shortly afterwards, the Prince of Capua employed the Normans in an expedition against the new Abbot of Monte Casino, and, becoming master of the greater part of the heritage of St. Benedict through their assistance, presented them with a large slice of it for themselves. 1021

On a subsequent occasion, the Normans restored the dispossessed Sergius, duke of Naples, to his dukedom of Naples; in return for which Sergius rewarded them with large presents, bestowed his daughter in marriage on Raynulfus, whom the Normans had elected as their chief, and conferred on him the dignity of Count of Aversa.

[1] A celebrated monastery founded by St. Benedict A.D. 528. It became the model for all the monasteries of Western Europe.—E. M. S.

The Normans, having thus obtained a firm footing in the peninsula, now communicated with their brethren in France, informed them of their prosperous situation, and invited as many as might be so disposed to join the colony. Many accepted the invitation, and it was on this occasion, in the year 1022, that three of the twelve sons of Tancred de Hauteville,[1] (William, Drogo, and Humphrey,) who were destined to perform so conspicuous a part on the new arena of Norman renown, came out, with the martial adventurers, to Italy.

A. D. 1023 The new-comers were invited by Maniaces, the Byzantine general, to join the Imperial troops in their approaching expedition against the Saracens of Sicily. The terms which Maniaces offered were half the booty and half the towns that might be taken. Such a proposition was too tempting to be refused, and, choosing for their leader William, the eldest of the sons of Tancred de Hauteville, this division of the Normans enlisted under the Greek banner.

1025 In Sicily the comparatively small band of the Normans performed the most gallant exploits, and often turned the fate of days which the Greeks were on the point of losing. William, the Norman leader, who was the very model of a knight of romance, signalized himself on all occasions, and, transfixing with his lance the Saracenic governor of Syracuse, struck a panic into the enemy, and obtained for himself the surname of Bras de Fer. A large part of Sicily was recovered from the Saracens; but, when the difficulties were overcome, Maniaces forgot to fulfil his engagements: neither was the booty divided, nor were any of the conquered towns put into the hands of the Normans. The Normans dissembled their resentment, but determined to be revenged, and effecting their return to Calabria whilst Maniaces and his troops were occupied in Sicily, at once entered the territory of the Greek Emperor, and possessed themselves of Melfi, Venosa, Lavello, and other places.

It was fortunate for the Normans that intrigues of the palace recalled Maniaces to Byzantium at this critical moment, for Docianus, upon whom the command devolved, was a general of very inferior abilities. Defeated by the Normans,

[1] Tancred de Hauteville was a Norman gentleman of small fortune, who lived on his lordship of Hauteville, in the diocese of Coutances.

whose whole army amounted to seven hundred horse and five hundred foot, on the banks of the Ofanto, he underwent a second and still more disastrous defeat near Monte Piloso.

In 1043 Maniaces, restored to favour under a new reign, was sent to change the fortunes of the war; but he had scarcely time to signalize himself by the most revolting cruelties at Otranto, and in the small part of Apulia which he recovered, before another change in the Byzantine government again checked his course. He received an order from the capital to give up the command; but instead of submitting, he assumed the purple himself, and proclaimed independence. The emperor Monomachus, on receiving intelligence of this event, thought it advisable to negotiate with the Normans, and, by propositions of peace and promises of liberal rewards, to induce them to lend him their aid against his rebellious subject. Nothing could have happened more favourable to the fortunes or the inclinations of the Normans. Interest and revenge alike disposed them to attack Maniaces. They compelled him to shut himself up within the walls of Tarento, from whence he took the first opportunity of embarking to pursue his ambitious projects by carrying the war into Epirus. There he was met by an army of Imperialists, and, in the first engagement, defeated and slain.

The Normans, victorious, and, for the present, unopposed by the Byzantine emperor, had now time to breathe. They immediately called a general assembly of their countrymen, and began by rewarding William, their leader, for his valour and his prudence, by declaring him their chief magistrate, and saluting him with the title of Count of Apulia; and, with that inclination for institutions for which the men of the North were so remarkable, they convened a second and more solemn assembly at Melfi, to decide upon the manner in which their new acquisitions should be governed. A. D. 1043

The form of government which they selected was one likely to emanate from a camp. It was a purely military and purely aristocratical council, composed of twelve members, elected by the army from amongst their leaders, and dignified by the title of counts. They were to meet at stated periods, assist the chief magistrate with their advice, frame laws, and decide on all public

A. D. matters. Melfi was declared to be the capital, a town common to all, and the place at which the council were to meet. . . .

Norman Apulia thus became a State, and the peninsula was at rest; but William Bras de Fer enjoyed his new dignity little
1045 more than a year. He died in 1045, universally and deeply lamented, and was succeeded in his office and dignity by his brother Drogo.

1047 Two years afterwards, Robert and Hubert, two more sons of Tancred de Hauteville, came from Normandy by land in the disguise of pilgrims, and joined their countrymen at Apulia.

The rule of Drogo was pacific, but it was shortly concluded in blood. Whether the Normans governed with kindness or severity, the Lombard and Apulian nobles soon became impatient under the yoke of strangers and upstarts, and secretly conspired to release themselves from it by the base resource of the dagger. On the morning of the 4th of August, 1051, which
1051 was the feast of St. Lawrence, when Drogo repaired, before it was light, to hear mass in the church of the saint, an assassin rushed from behind the door, and gave the Count a mortal wound in the back. On the same day, and at the same hour, several more Normans were assassinated in other towns of Apulia. But enough victims had not been reached. The discontented failed to raise the country in their favour. Humphrey, Drogo's next brother, lost not a moment in assuming the reins of government. The Norman sway remained unshaken, and a similar conspiracy was never again attempted. Ere long, the Normans had to sustain another and a more formidable
1053 assault. Leo IX. had been persuaded to behold in the Normans a power dangerous to the interests of the Papal See. Under this impression he, like his predecessors, had recourse to the emperors of the West, and obtained from Henry III. (of Germany) the assistance of an army which the Pope undertook to command in person. The Normans undertook to avert the storm by the most humble submissions; but Leo was not to be appeased, and, on the 18th of June, 1053, the two armies met on a plain near Civitella. On this occasion the Normans appear to have had no more than three thousand horse and a small number of foot, whilst their antagonists amounted to four times that number.

The result of a long and well-contested battle, in which Humphrey and Robert de Hauteville greatly distinguished themselves, was, that the German army was totally defeated, and the Pope remained a prisoner. The Normans now gave proof that they possessed as much wisdom as courage. Aware of the spiritual influence of Rome on the minds of men, they knew that any injurious treatment offered to the head of the Church would infallibly bring down upon them a deluge of indignation. Instead, therefore, of treating the Pope as a captive, the Normans fell at his feet, and implored his pardon and his blessing. They became his escort, and conducted him, as if he were returning in triumph, to Benevento. Leo IX. was so touched by a conduct the very opposite of what he expected, that he confirmed to the Normans all they had conquered, or might conquer, in Apulia and Calabria, and made an alliance with the very men whom he came to expel.

After this happy termination of so menacing a storm, Humphrey devoted himself to consolidate the Norman power in Apulia by the maintenance of order, whilst his brother Robert, at the head of a separate force, prosecuted the conquest of Calabria. . . . In the course of these campaigns Robert had frequent recourse to those stratagems, the habitual use of which obtained for him the surname of Guiscard,[1] or "the Wily." On one occasion, when, from the natural strength of its situation, he despaired of taking the citadel of Malvito, he sent word to the monks of a convent within its walls that one of his officers was dead, and besought them to give him burial in their church. The bier was carried and accompanied by unarmed men. In the midst of the funeral service the corpse started up in complete steel and put swords into the hands of the escort. The garrison, taken by surprise, laid down their arms, and the gates of the fortress were opened to Robert by his own soldiers.

In 1055 Humphrey died, leaving young children, by his wife Matilda, the sister of Raynulfus. Their tender age, and the habit which by this time was established, of electing brother after brother, afforded Robert an easy road to that supreme A. D. 1055

[1] Guiscard in the old Norman dialect meant *rusé*,—the wise heart or wizard.

A. D. power for which his ambition thirsted, and which his great
1056 abilities fitted him to hold. In 1056 the fourth son of Tancred
1059 de Hauteville was proclaimed Duke of Apulia and Calabria, and in 1059 he was confirmed in all his titles and possessions by Nicholas II., in return for which he entered into a solemn engagement to become the defender of the Church.

In the meantime (in the year 1057) Roger, the youngest son of Tancred de Hauteville, on the death of his father, came out, with his mother and his three sisters, to Calabria. He was in the flower of his age; bold, active, intelligent, cheerful, and kind; and to these great and amiable qualities added the external advantages of a tall stature and a manly beauty.

Well received by Robert, he was entrusted with a separate command, in the exercise of which he so much distinguished himself, and became so popular with his men, that the jealousy of Robert was awakened. On his part, Roger considered that his services were inadequately requited. For some time the two brothers were estranged; but Robert, soon made aware that Roger could be no less dangerous as an enemy than useful as a friend, put an end to the misunderstanding, by conferring on his brother the country of Melito, and all the western part of Calabria, including Scylla and Reggio, the towns which remained the last in the hands of the Byzantine emperor. . . .

After the recall of Maniaces from Sicily all that had been recovered from the Mahometans fell back into their hands. The Saracens were again masters of the whole island; but having now ceased to acknowledge the supremacy of the Kaliphs of Egypt, and parcelled out the island into separate jurisdictions, they soon began to quarrel amongst themselves. In the course of one of these struggles Ben et Themnah was dispossessed of the government of Catania. Compelled to fly, and bent on revenge, he repaired in disguise to Mileto, in the
1061 winter of 1061, and endeavoured to persuade Count Roger to invade Sicily. About the same time arrived a deputation of Greeks from Messina, on the same errand, though with different views. The Messinese represented that the Saracens were again disunited; that half the population of the island were Greeks and Christians, who were looking to the Normans

for relief, and ready to lend them every assistance. The depositions and exhortations of the two parties encouraged the Norman leaders to attempt the conquest of Sicily.

March and April were employed in preparations. The Duke arrived in person with his troops in the south of Calabria. But the Saracens of Palermo, apprised of the design of the Normans, dispatched several vessels to cruise off Reggio, and prevent the expedition from crossing the straits. The wary Robert saw so much hazard in the enterprise that he repeatedly postponed the attack. His youthful brother, however, unable to restrain himself any longer, without communicating his intentions to the Duke, one dark night set sail with no more than 270 soldiers, eluded the vigilance of the Palermitan cruisers, landed in safety a little below Messina, took the Saracens by surprise, and, assisted by the co-operation of the Christians within the walls, before morning was in possession of the city. The Duke lost no time in joining the Count with reinforcements; and leaving a garrison in Messina, the two brothers advanced into the Val Demona. This part of the island was principally inhabited by Christians, who received the Normans as deliverers. In the meantime the Saracens collected their forces, and taking the field, at length offered the Normans battle on the plain below Castro Giovanni. If we are to believe the ancient historians, the Normans had on this occasion only 700 men, whilst the Saracens had 15,000. Whatever were the numbers, the Normans obtained a complete victory, and, for some time, relieved themselves from any further attack.

Little more was done that year, except by Roger, who on one occasion ventured, at the head of a hundred men, as far as Agrigentum; on another, nearly to Syracuse; and each time came back to the camp laden with the spoils of the enemy. On his return from his second expedition, he was invited to Traina by the Christians, who put him in possession of the town, and he was there keeping his Christmas when he received the news of the arrival in Calabria of Robert de Grentemesnil, prior of St. Evroult in Normandy, with his sisters Emma and Eremberga.

On his way from Hauteville to Italy, Roger had passed some

days at the priory of St. Evroult, and on that occasion, as may be inferred, saw and admired the beautiful Eremberga,[1] who, in the habit of a novice, with her sister Emma, was residing under the roof of their brother. A subsequent misunderstanding with William, duke of Normandy, compelled the prior of St. Evroult to seek his safety in flight, and his two sisters would not be left behind. The Count no sooner heard of their arrival in Calabria than he hastened away from Traina, and shortly afterwards was united to the object of his first affections at Mileto.

A. D. 1064 The following year the Count returned with his young Countess to Traina, and, leaving his wife in that town, proceeded to besiege Nicosia. During his absence the Greeks of Traina, who perhaps had reason to complain of the conduct of the Norman soldiers, broke out into open revolt. The Count hastened back, and the revolt was apparently subdued; but the Saracens, encouraged by these divisions amongst the Christians, suddenly approached, were received into the town by the discontented inhabitants, and, uniting with them, besieged the Count and the Normans in the citadel. For four months the Normans had to endure every sort of privation, and to such extremities of every kind were they reduced, that the Count and Countess had only one cloak between them. But the cold of an unusually severe winter by which they suffered led to their release; for it induced the besiegers to endeavour to warm themselves with wine. The Count, whose eagle eye was ever on the watch, perceived that the discipline of the enemy was relaxed, and, making a sortie, whilst the darkness of night favoured his object, slew so great a number of the Saracens that the terrified remainder took to flight, and the Normans were again masters of the place. When the siege was raised, the Count was obliged to return to Calabria, to recruit his forces; and such was the confidence with which Eremberga had inspired him by her conduct during the siege, that he left her in command of Traina; and so deserving did the young Countess prove herself of the trust, that, during the absence of her husband, she fulfilled all the duties of

[1] Eremberga was a name assumed, instead of Judith, by the lady when she arrived in Italy.

governor, gave orders where the sentinels should be placed, and every night went the round of the walls, to see that her orders were obeyed.

For some time the Duke was so fully occupied with establishing and maintaining his authority in the newly-conquered towns and district of Calabria, that he was unable to detach any part of his forces to Sicily; and the Count, who had returned to his post, was left to keep his ground single-handed.

The Saracens, aware of his situation, and strengthened by the arrival of an auxiliary band from Africa, advanced to attack him, and took up a position on the heights above the river Cerami. So great was the disparity of numbers that the Count himself doubted, for a moment, what course to pursue. The order, however, was given to storm the heights.

As the Normans were advancing, an unknown knight in resplendent armour, on a white steed, and bearing a lance tipped with a cross of gold, darted from amongst their ranks. A cry of St. George! St. George! was heard. The soldiers believed that the Saint was come to assist them in person, and under this impression were excited to a degree of enthusiasm which made them irresistible. The Count himself, rushing upon the Emir of Palermo, unhorsed and slew him, in spite of the chain armour in which he thought himself safe. The Saracens fled in confusion, and the Normans remained masters of the field.

In the subsequent year the Count carried an incursion within a short distance of Palermo. The Saracens came out to meet him at Miselmiri, and again were defeated with loss. On this occasion some baskets were found amongst the spoil, containing carrier pigeons, which the Arabs were accustomed to employ, and which were meant to have conveyed the tidings of victory to Palermo. The Count let them fly, but with the symbols of defeat.

At length, when the important town of Bari had submitted, the Duke felt himself at liberty to leave Calabria, and in A. D.
the spring of 1072 the two brothers proceeded to invest the 1072
Saracenic capital, Palermo. Robert posted himself on the west of the city, the Count was encamped on the east, and

a Norman fleet blockaded the port. The siege lasted five months, in the course of which various gallant exploits were performed on both sides, as well by sea as by land. At length some of the Sicilian Christians who were in the service of the Saracens secretly informed the Duke that they could facilitate his entrance into the citadel. The assault was then resolved upon.

The Count advanced upon the eastern side, the fleet menaced the harbour, whilst the Duke, under cover of some gardens, applied his scaling ladders to the western walls. After a severe struggle, the Normans were in possession of the upper town and citadel. The Saracens retreated within the walls of one of the suburbs, but aware that any prolonged defence was now hopeless, they offered, the next morning, to lay down their arms, if they might remain in possession of their property, adhere to their own religion, and be governed by their own laws. The Duke at once accepted their proposal; and this example, which was followed on subsequent occasions, greatly facilitated the conquest of the remainder of the island. When this important point was arranged, the two brothers made their triumphal entry into Palermo at the head of their troops, and sending for Nicodemus, the Greek Archbishop, who during the sway of the Saracens had been restricted to a miserable chapel, they reinstated him in his own cathedral, which had been turned into a mosque.

The Duke remained one year at Palermo, and then returned to Calabria, conceding to his brother the entire dominion of Sicily, save and except Palermo, with the beauty and magnificence of which he was so much captivated that he could never bring himself to give up the jurisdiction of the capital. From this time Roger assumed the title of Count of Sicily.

Four years elapsed before any further conquests were attempted. . . . In the meantime Robert, giving way to his
A.D. ambitious disposition, had embraced every opportunity of
1076 extending his dominion in Calabria. In 1076 the citizens of Amalfi, groaning under the tyranny of Gisulfus, prince of Salerno, applied to Guiscard for assistance. Guiscard at first represented that it was impossible for him to interfere in a matter which would bring him in collision with

his nephew;[1] but, ultimately, he not only took the Amalfitans under his protection, but in the prosecution of their cause contrived also to deprive his nephew of Salerno. In possession of Salerno, he made an attempt upon Naples, and was so far carried away by his ruling passion as to attack Benevento and incur excommunication; but he had taken care to found so many churches and convents, and to carry such frequent and magnificent oblations to the shrine of St. Benedict, that, at the intercession of the Abbot of Monte Casino, the resentment of the Pope was easily appeased.

A new and a far more brilliant field was now opened before him by the turn which affairs had taken at Byzantium. In 1074 Guiscard had given his eldest daughter in marriage to Constantine, the son of the emperor Michael. Six years afterwards, Nicephorus Botoniates had succeeded in dethroning Michael, and had usurped his throne. Michael applied to Guiscard for assistance. In the meantime Nicephorus had been himself dethroned by Alexis, who did all in his power to conciliate the Duke of Calabria. But Guiscard was not to be diverted from an undertaking for which his daughter's wrongs furnished a pretext, and which opened to the boundless ambition of the Norman adventurer the contingency of an imperial diadem. Collecting his forces he passed over into Epirus, and A.D.
in October, 1081, near Durazzo, so completely demolished the 1081
Byzantine army, that the emperor Alexis, who commanded in person, with difficulty saved himself by flight. At this critical moment arrived ambassadors from Rome to inform Guiscard that the Pope, whom he had sworn to defend, was besieged by the emperor Henry IV. in the tower of Crescentius, and claimed his assistance. Guiscard, after some hesitation, considered it would ultimately be to his disadvantage if he abandoned the Pope; and leaving his son Boemond at Durazzo, and summoning his brother, the Count, from Sicily, to watch over his interests in Calabria, he marched to Rome, released Gregory VII. from his thraldom, and carried him in triumph to the Lateran. Henry IV. had thought it prudent to withdraw.

[1] Whether his nephew or his brother-in-law is not quite clear. Robert's wife was Sicelgaita, sister to Gisulfo II. prince of Salerno, and this formed the connexion.

The son of Tancred de Hauteville might now boast that he had defeated the emperor of the East and overawed the emperor of the West.

But the Romans, who had sided with the Emperor, on the third day after the rescue of the Pope suddenly fell upon the Normans. Either to save his soldiers, or to gratify his revenge, the Duke of Calabria lighted, on that occasion, the flames of that conflagration the traces of which are to this day so extensively seen. Half of Rome was reduced to ashes, and ruined walls and deserted regions still indicate the path of the ruthless Guiscard.

In the meantime Boemond (the son of Robert) had been gaining victory after victory in Epirus and Thessaly, till the emperor Alexis, perceiving that the Greeks had no chance with the Normans, resolved to hazard no more pitched battles, and himself withdrew to Byzantium. Discontents, however, arose in the Norman army, under the walls of Larissa, which obliged Boemond to return, for a time, to Calabria, and the Emperor was able to induce the Venetians to come to his assistance in the Adriatic. But no sooner had Guiscard fulfilled his engagements with the Pope, than, with surprising celerity, he organized another armament, and with 120 vessels again crossed the Adriatic. It was not long before, in a naval engagement, he obtained as complete a victory over the combined fleet of the Greeks and the Venetians, by sea, as he had before obtained over the Emperor by land. There were now no more opponents to subdue. Nothing remained between the Norman and the imperial throne; when, having landed on
A. D. the coast of Cephalonia, Robert Guiscard was seized with a
1085 burning fever, which in six days terminated his existence.

Such was the end of the most remarkable of the sons of Tancred. No less a statesman than a general, endued with a fearless spirit, a comprehensive mind, and an iron frame, impelled by insatiable ambition, and restrained by none of the finer feelings, he was formed to conquer nations, and carve his way to thrones. But the chivalry of his character was debased by an alloy of the barbarian, and although his army, when he died, melted away like a wreath of snow, not a tear bedewed his hearse. . . .

In the spring of the same year, 1085, the count Roger of Sicily entered the harbour of Syracuse with a naval armament. The squadron of the Saracenic emir, Ben Avert, was not of inferior force. The battle was prolonged, and the result uncertain, till the Count threw himself on board Ben Avert's vessel. The Emir, who was already wounded, attempted to escape from so redoubtable an assailant, and leaped into another vessel; but missing his aim, fell into the sea, and, borne down by the weight of his armour, sank to rise no more. The loss of their chief disheartened the enemy, and most of their ships fell into the hands of the Normans. But the Saracens within the city resolved to make a stout defence, and for four months endured all the horrors of a siege. The pinch of hunger at length compelled Ben Avert's widow to steal away at night with her children and her treasures, in a bark which reached the fortress of Noto in safety. The famished and abandoned Syracusans opened their gates to the Normans.

The next year, the Count undertook the conquest of Castro Giovanni and Girgenti. Both cities were under the rule of the Saracen Chamut, who, thinking Girgenti the most secure, left his wife and children at that place, and himself repaired to Castro Giovanni. The Count, however, soon possessing himself of Girgenti, treated Chamut's wife and children with the utmost kindness. From thence, receiving the submissions of other towns in his way, he proceeded to Castro Giovanni; but before he assaulted the place, he requested, and obtained, an interview with the governor. Gratitude for the treatment which his wife and children had experienced might, perhaps, soften the heart of the Saracen; but, at all events, the result of the conference was, that Chamut expressed his wish to become a Christian. He then relinquished Castro Giovanni to the Count, and receiving from him in exchange a grant of land in Calabria, passed the remainder of his days in the neighbourhood of Melito.

Nothing now remained in the hands of the Saracens, except the strong fortresses of Noto and Butera. The Count had begun the siege of Butera in the spring of 1088, when he heard of the arrival of Pope Urban II. at Traina. A. D. 1088

Urban II. was so largely indebted to the protection of the Normans, that having been driven out of Rome by the emperor Henry IV., and the anti-Pope of his creation, he had found an asylum at Terracina, within the Norman territory. The Count of Sicily he regarded as his most powerful friend, and he was now anxious to obtain his advice in a matter of great difficulty and delicacy. Urban had received a request from the Byzantine emperor to assist in person at the council about to be held at Constantinople, with a view to adjust the differences between the Greeks and the Latins. The opinion of the Count decided Urban not to undertake a mediation which was only likely to end in a wider breach. The conference then turned upon the affairs of the Sicilian Church, and it is probable that on this occasion the Count obtained those concessions which are, at this day, of so much advantage to Sicily, and which Urban afterwards confirmed by his celebrated Bull.[1] The Count, refusing to constrain the religious opinions of his subjects, whether Greeks or Saracens, agreed only to found Roman Catholic institutions, as also to place Roman Catholic bishops in all the principal towns of Sicily, but requested, in return, to receive the privileges of nomination and investiture. The Pope got over the difficulty by appointing the Count and his successors hereditary legates of the Roman see.

In the same year the Count, having had the misfortune to lose his first wife, and not having any male legitimate offspring, married Adelaide, the niece of Boniface, marquis of Montferat.

A. D. 1089 The next year, Ben Avert's widow offered to surrender the fortress of Noto, on the condition of being permitted to retire to Africa with her children and her treasures. To this proposition the Count joyfully assented, and in the spring of 1090 1090 (Butera having already submitted) Roger became master of the last stronghold of the Saracens, twenty-eight years from the time of his first landing at Messina.

The conquest of the island being thus concluded, the Count

[1] In this Bull the Pope declares "that never shall a legate be sent into Sicily against the will of the Count and his heirs, and that such things as are usually done by legates shall be done by the Count, or his heirs, as vice-legates."

liberally distributed rewards amongst those by whom he had been so gallantly assisted. Tancred, the son of William Bras de Fer,[1] became Count of Syracuse; Giordan, Roger's natural son, became Count of Noto; William de Hauteville, Robert de Lucy, and other distinguished Norman captains, received other towns in fief; and the feudal system was established in Sicily.

The following year the indefatigable Count, after having assisted his nephew (William II.), the Duke of Calabria,[2] to quell a revolt in Apulia, fitted out an expedition, and took the islands of Malta and Gozo. All his objects of territorial aggrandisement were now accomplished. The Norman adventurers who, a few years before, had left France with no inheritance but their swords, were in possession of more than constitutes the modern kingdom of Naples. . . .

The conqueror of Sicily might now have hoped to have passed his few remaining years in peace; but, to the end of his life, he was kept on the alert by the necessities of his nephew, who was ill able to govern Calabria by himself. In 1096 the A. D.
Count crossed the straits, to assist the Duke of Calabria in 1096
putting down a rebellion at Amalfi. Half his force consisted of Saracens, who fought side by side with the Normans, and were almost the only troops who accompanied the Count back to Sicily; for his Normans, carried away by the enthusiasm of the times, left him in such great numbers to join the Crusaders, that, for the first time in his life, he was obliged to relinquish
his enterprise. In 1098 he again repaired to Calabria, to reduce 1098
Capua to obedience, and, at nearly seventy years of age, astonished the most youthful warriors by the vigour of his powers, both of body and mind. In return for his services, the Duke of Calabria made over to him the jurisdiction of half the city of Palermo.[3]

Having again gone to Calabria, on a similar errand, in 1101, 1101

[1] Roger's elder brother, the first Count of Apulia.

[2] Son of Robert Guiscard. He died in a few years without children, and Roger II., the son of the great count Robert of Sicily, claimed the succession, and subsequently obtained the title of King of the Two Sicilies.—E. M. S.

[3] Which Robert Guiscard had reserved to himself, when his brother Roger established himself in Sicily.—C. M. Y.

the great Count (as he is usually called by the old writers) fell sick, and died at Melito, lamented by all his subjects, Normans, Lombards, Greeks, and Saracens.[1]

Over the various population by which Sicily was inhabited Roger had presided with strict impartiality. All were governed by their own laws: the Greeks by the Code of Justinian; the Normans by the Coutoumier de Normandie;[2] and the Saracens by the Koran. In consequence, during the reign of the Count, all were contented, and all lived harmoniously together. It was not till afterwards that the Saracens discovered they were a conquered people. At this time four languages were commonly used in Sicily, the Greek, the Latin, the Arabic, and the Norman. All laws and deeds were published in three tongues, and Arabic inscriptions were seen on the reverse of the coins.

Perhaps this is the place to inquire to what may be attributed the astonishing triumphs of the Normans, as well over victorious Saracens as over degenerate Greeks. The chroniclers may have augmented the disproportion of numbers, but, making all due allowance for such exaggerations, the achievements of the Normans still appear almost miraculous, and even their enemies testify that the charge of their cavalry was irresistible. It was partly the armour in which they were encased, partly the character of their antagonists, partly local jealousies: in Calabria the enmity of the Lombards to the Greeks; in Sicily the enmity of the Greeks to the Saracens. But the causes of their uniform success are chiefly to be found in the manly and martial exercises to which the Normans were accustomed from their earliest years; in the chivalrous and adventurous spirit of the age, which excited their minds; and, above all, in that confidence in self which makes the soldier invincible. Each individual Norman was, in effect, a legion.[3]

[1] On the death of Roger his eldest son, Simon, was acknowledged Count of Sicily. He was only ten years old, and died after a few years. His younger brother (Roger II.) then inherited his dominions. Adelaide, the widow of the great Count, governed Sicily during the minority of her two sons.—E. M. S.

[2] The code by which the Normans had reduced the feudal customs they found in France to law.—C. M. Y.

[3] Abridged from the Introductory Historical Notice, chapters i. ii. iii. iv.

GREGORY VII.

A.D. 1048—1086.

(*From "Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography," by* the Right Hon. SIR J. STEPHEN, K.C.B.)

EXCEPT in the annals of Eastern despotisms, no parallel can be found for the disasters of the Papacy during the century and a half which followed the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty. Of the twenty-four Popes who during that period ascended the Apostolic throne, two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, and three resigned their hazardous dignity. . . . Of these heirs of St. Peter, one entered on his infallibility in his eighteenth year, and one before he had seen his twelfth summer. One, again, took to himself a coadjutor, that he might command in person such legions as Rome then sent into the field. Another, Judas-like, agreed for certain pieces of silver to recognise the Patriarch of Constantinople as universal bishop. All sacred things had become venal. Crime and debauchery held revel in the Vatican; while the afflicted Church, wedded at once to three husbands (such was the language of the times), witnessed the celebration of as many rival masses in the metropolis of Christendom. . . . How, from this hotbed of corruption, the seeds of a new and prolific life derived their vegetative power, and how, in an age in which the Papacy was surrendered to the scorn and hatred of mankind, the independence of the Holy See on the imperial crown became first a practical truth, and then a hallowed theory, are problems over which we may not now linger. Suffice it to say, that in the middle of the eleventh century Europe once more looked to Rome as the pillar and the ground of the truth; while Rome herself looked forth on a long chain of stately monasteries, rising like distant bulwarks of her power in every land which owned her spiritual rule. Of these, Clugni was the foremost in numbers, wealth, and

A. D. 1048 piety; and at Clugni, towards the end of the year 1048, Bruno, the bishop of Toul, arrayed in all the splendour, and attended by the retinue, of a Pontiff elect, demanded at once the hospitality and the homage of the monks. At the nomination of the emperor Henry III., and in a German synod, he had recently been elected to the vacant Papacy, and was now on his way to Rome, to take possession of the chair of Peter. Hildebrand, the prior of Clugni, was distinguished above all his brethren by the holiness of his life, the severity of his self-discipline, and by that ardent zeal to obey which indicates the desire and the ability to command. He was then in the prime of manhood, and his countenance (if his extant portraits may be trusted) announced him as one of those who are born to direct and subjugate the wills of ordinary men. Such a conquest he achieved over him on whose brows the triple crown was then impending. An election made beyond the precincts of the Holy City, and at the bidding of a secular power, was regarded by Hildebrand as a profane title to the seat once occupied by the prince of the Apostles. At his instance, Bruno laid aside the vestments, the insignia, and the titles of the pontificate; and, pursuing his way in the humble garb of a pilgrim to the tomb of Peter, entered Rome with bare feet and a lowly aspect, and with no attendants (or none discernible by human sense) except the adviser of this political self-abasement. To Bruno himself, indeed, was revealed the presence of an angelic choir, who chanted in celestial harmonies the return of peace to the long-afflicted people of Christ. Acclamations less seraphic, but of less doubtful reality, from the Roman clergy and populace, rewarded this acknowledgment of their electoral privilege, and conferred on 1048 Leo IX. (as he was thenceforth designated) a new and, as he judged, a better title to the supreme government of the Church.

The reward of the service thus rendered by Hildebrand was prompt and munificent. He was raised to the rank of a cardinal, and received the offices of sub-deacon of Rome and superintendent of the church and convent of St. Paul.

The Pope and the Cardinal were not less assiduous to soothe, than they had been daring to provoke, the resentment

of the Emperor. Bruno became once more a courtier and a pilgrim, while Hildebrand remained in Rome to govern the city and the Church. The Pontiff thrice visited the German court, bringing with him papal benedictions to Henry, and papal censures on Henry's rebellious vassals. So grateful and so effective was the aid thus rendered to the monarch, that on his last return to Italy Leo was permitted to conduct thither a body of imperial troops, to expel the Norman invaders of the papal territory. At Civitella, however, the axes of Humphrey and Robert, brothers of William of the Iron-hand, prevailed over the sword and the anathemas of Peter. Whether Hildebrand bore a lance in that bloody field is debated by his biographers. But no one disputes that he more than divided the fruits of it with the conquerors. To them were conceded the three great fiefs of Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily. To the Holy See was assigned the suzerainté over them. Humiliated and broken-hearted by his defeat, Bruno pined away and died. . . . Gebhard, bishop of Eichstadt, was selected by the discerning Cardinal, as of all men the best qualified to succeed to the vacant Papacy. Hildebrand represented to the Emperor that the choice had been made from an anxious respect for his feelings, and with a loyal desire to promote his interest and his honour. The thoughtful German suggested many other candidates, but Hildebrand had some conclusive objection to each of them.

A. D. 1053

Gebhard became Pope, assumed the title of Victor II., adopted, even to exaggeration, the anti-imperial principles of Hildebrand, and rewarded his services by a commission to act as his legate *a latere*[1] in the kingdom of France. By Victor this high employment was probably designed as an honourable exile for a patron to whom he had contracted so oppressive a debt of gratitude. But the new legate was not a man on whom any dignity could fall as a mere unfruitful embellishment. He cited before him the bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries subjected to his legatine power, and preferred against the whole body one comprehensive charge of simony.

1055

[1] A *latere*, from the side. A legate *a latere* was an immediate councillor of the Pope delegated for some special purpose into a particular kingdom.—C. M. Y.

. . . Popular applause followed the steps of the stern disciplinarian; and the wonder of the ignorant was soon rivalled by the admiration of the learned and the great. Such was the fame of Hildebrand's wisdom, that the claim of Ferdinand of Castile to bear the title of Emperor of Spain was referred to his arbitrament by the Spanish and the German sovereigns. He decided that the imperial name and dignity belonged to Henry III. and his heirs, to the exclusion of every other potentate. Ill had Henry divined the future! Rashly had he consented to hold the honours of his crown by the judicial sentence of a man who within twenty years was to pluck that crown, with every mark of infamy, from the brows of his only son and successor!

When that son ascended the throne of his progenitors, and assumed the kingly title of Henry IV., he was yet a child. Agnes, his widowed mother, became the regent of his dominions, and Victor the guardian of his person. But the Pope soon followed the deceased Emperor to the grave, and another election placed the vacant tiara on the head of Frederick of Lorraine.

Frederick was the brother of Godfrey, who, in right of his wife Beatrice, and during the minority of her daughter Matilda, exercised the authority and enjoyed the title of Duke of Tuscany. . . . The choice was, in appearance, the unpremeditated result of a popular tumult. Frederick seemed to be borne to the Apostolic throne by the acclamations of a Roman mob, and to be seated there in a half-reluctant acquiescence in their good pleasure. Some excuse was necessary for so flagrant a disregard of the rights of the infant Emperor, and the turbulent enthusiasm of the people was at least a specious apology. But by what informing spirit the rude mass had
A. D. been agitated was sufficiently disclosed by the first act of the
1059 new pontiff. He had scarcely assumed the title of Stephen IX. before he conferred on Hildebrand the dignities of cardinal archdeacon of Rome and of legate at the imperial court.

After a reign of eight months, Stephen, conscious of the approach of death, left to the Romans his last injunction to postpone the choice of his successor until the return from Germany of this great dispenser of ecclesiastical promotions. The command was obeyed. The Cardinal Archdeacon

eappeared, bringing with him the consent of the Empress-
Regent to the choice of Gerard, bishop of Florence, another
dherent of the ducal house of Tuscany. Gerard accordingly
scended the chair of St. Peter. Like each of his three A.D.
nmediate predecessors, he sat there at the nomination of 1058
Hildebrand, and, like each of them, he called, or permitted, his
atron to become the one great minister of his reign and
irector of his measures. At the instance of Hildebrand
Nicholas II. (so was he now called) summoned a council, at
which was first effected, in the year 1059, a revolution the
rinciple of which, at the distance of eight centuries, still
ourishes in unimpaired vitality. It for the first time con-
erred on the College of Cardinals the exclusive right of voting
t papal elections. It set aside not only the acknowledged
ight of the Emperor to confirm, but the still more ancient
rivilege of the Roman clergy and people to nominate their
ishop. . . . After rendering this service to the cause of sacer-
otal independence, Nicholas died. . . .

To obtain from the Empress-Regent an assent to the obser-
ance by the Sacred College of the new electoral law was the
rst object of the conclave which assembled after the death of
icholas, at the command of Hildebrand. At his instance an
nvoy was despatched to the imperial court, with the offer that
e choice should fall on any ecclesiastic whom Agnes might
ominate, if she would consent that the Cardinals alone should
pear and vote at the ceremonial. The compromise was in-
gnantly rejected. A synod of Imperialist prelates was con-
ned at Basil, and by them Cadolous, bishop of Parma (the
ular Honorius II.), was elevated to the vacant Papacy. To
is defiance Hildebrand and his brother cardinals answered
the choice of Anselm, bishop of Lucca, afterwards known
history as Alexander the second of that name. After a brief 1061
t sanguinary conflict in the open field, each of the rival
pes, at the mediation of Godfrey, duke of Tuscany, retired
m Rome to his diocese, there to await the judgment of a
ure council on their pretensions. But Alexander did not
it the city until he had acknowledged and rewarded the
vices of the head and leader of his cause. Hildebrand now
eived the office of Chancellor of the Holy See, the best and

the highest recompense which he could earn by raising others to supreme ecclesiastical dominion. Two successive councils confirmed the election of Alexander, who continued, during twelve years, to rule the Church with dignity, if not in peace.

The time had at length arrived when Hildebrand was to receive the high and hazardous reward which his unfaltering hopes had so long contemplated, and his self-controlling policy so often declined. Leo, Victor, Stephen, Nicholas, and Alexander, had each been indebted to his authority for the pontificate, and to his counsels for the policy with which it had been administered. Successively Cardinal Deacon, Archdeacon, Legate, and Chancellor of the Apostolic see, one height alone was yet to be scaled. In the great church of the Lateran the corpse of Alexander was extended on the bier. A solemn requiem commended to the Supreme Judge the soul of the departed, when the plaintive strain was broken by a shout, which, rising as it seemed spontaneously and without concert from every part of the crowded edifice, proclaimed that, by the will of the holy Peter himself, the Cardinal Chancellor was Pope. From the funeral procession Hildebrand flew to the pulpit. With impassioned gestures, and in a voice inaudible amidst the uproar, he seemed to be imploring silence; but the tempest was not to be allayed until one of the cardinals announced, in the name of the Sacred College, their unanimous election of him whom the Apostle and the multitude had thus simultaneously chosen. Crowned
A. D. with the tiara, and arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a Pope
1073 elect, Gregory VII. was then presented to the people. Their joyous exultation and the pomp of the inaugural ceremonies blended and contrasted strangely with the studied gloom and the melancholy dirge of the funeral rites. . . .

The most unimpeachable decorum presided over the whole of the ceremonial that followed. Envoys between Italy and Germany passed and repassed; men of grave aspect instituted tedious inquiries; solemn notaries attested prolix reports; and in due time the world was informed that, of his grace and clemency, Henry, king of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor, had ratified the election of his dearly-beloved Father, Gregory VII.: the world, meanwhile, well

knowing that, despite the Emperor's hostility, the Pope was able and resolved to maintain his own, and that the Emperor would, if possible, have driven the Pope from Rome as the most dangerous of rebels and the most subtle of usurpers.

But Henry was ill prepared for such an effort. During the first six years of his reign the affairs of his vast hereditary empire had been conducted by his widowed mother. She was formed to love, to reverence, and to obey. In an age less rude, or in a station less exalted, her much long-suffering, her self-sustaining dignity, and the tenderness of her gentle spirit, might have enabled her to win the obedience of the heart. But her mind was ductile, her conscience enfeebled by a morbid sensibility, and her character formed by nature and by habit for subservience to any form of superstitious terror. She was surrounded by rapacious nobles whom no sacrifices could conciliate, and by lordly churchmen who at once exacted and betrayed her confidence. Though severely virtuous, she was assailed by shameless calumnies. Her female rule was resented by the pride of Teutonic chivalry, and fraud and violence combined to inflict the deepest wound on her rights as a sovereign and her feelings as a mother.

At Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, Agnes and her son, then in his thirteenth year, were reposing from the fatigues of an imperial progress. A galley impelled by long lines of oars, and embellished with every ornament which art and luxury could command, appeared on the broad stream before them. Attended by a train of lords and servitors, Anno, the archbishop of Cologne, descended from the gallant barge, and pressed the royal youth to inspect so superb a specimen of aquatic architecture and episcopal magnificence. Henry gladly complied, and as the rowers bent to their oars, he enjoyed with boyish delight the rapidity with which one object after another receded from his view, till, turning to the companions of what had hitherto seemed a mere holiday voyage, he read in the anxious countenances of the commanders, and the vehement efforts of the boatmen, that he was a prisoner, and more than ever an orphan. With characteristic decision he at once plunged into the water, and endeavoured to swim to shore; but the toils were upon him. A confederacy formed

by the Archbishops of Cologne and Muntz, and supported by the Dukes of Bavaria and Tuscany, consigned their young sovereign to a captivity at once sumptuous and debilitating. They usurped the powers and plundered the treasures of the crown. They bestowed on themselves and their adherents forests, manors, abbeys, and lordships. But to the future ruler of so many nations they denied the discipline befitting his age, and the instruction due to his high prospects. They encouraged him, and with fatal success, to enervate by ceaseless amusement, and to debase by precocious debauchery, a mind naturally brave and generous. . . . The heart of youth was never won by habitual indulgence. As Henry advanced towards manhood, the Archbishops of Cologne and Muntz discovered that they were the objects of his settled antipathy, and that they had to dread the full weight of a resentment at once just, vindictive, and unscrupulous. To avert that danger they transferred the charge of the royal youth to Adalbert, archbishop of Bremen, rightly judging that his skill in courtly arts (for he had lived on affectionate terms with the deceased Emperor) might enable him to win his pupil's regard, but erroneously believing that his ecclesiastical zeal (for it seemed the master-passion of his soul) would induce him to employ that advantage in the defence and service of the hierarchy.

Adalbert, whose life is written in the Church History of Adam of Bremen, was a man whose character was so strangely composite, that . . . . according to the aspect in which he was viewed he might with equal justice be regarded as a saint or a man of pleasure, as a scholar or a courtier, as a politician or a wit. Now washing the feet of beggars, eloquently expounding Christian truth, or indignantly denouncing the sins of the rich and the great, the shifting scene exhibited him amidst a throng of actors, jugglers, and buffoons, or as the soul and centre of a society where lords and ambassadors, prelates and priests of low degree, met to enjoy his good cheer, to partake of his merriment, and to endure his relentless sarcasms. At the very moment when, with irresistible address, he was insinuating himself into the favour of some potent count or bishop, the approach of another dignitary would rouse him to bitter and unmeasured invective. From the laughing playfellow of his

companions, he would pass at once into their fierce assailant, and then atone for the extravagance of his passion by a bounty not less extravagant. But whether he preached or gave alms, whether philosophy, or fun, or satire was his passing whim, he still enjoyed one luxury which habit had rendered indispensable. Parasites were ever at hand to confirm his own conviction, that Adalbert of Bremen was an universal genius; and that, under his fostering care, the see of Bremen was destined to become the northern capital of the universal Church. . . . Brightly dawned on the young Henry the day which transferred the charge of his person and of his education from the austere Anno to the princely Adalbert. The Archbishop of Cologne had rebuked the vices he indulged. The stouter conscience of the Archbishop of Bremen stood in need of no such self-soothing compromise. He fairly threw the reins on the neck of his royal charge, who invoked the aid of young and profligate companions in the use or the abuse of this welcome indulgence. His tutors had sown the wind; his people were now to reap the whirlwind. Of the domestic life of the young Emperor the dark tale recorded by the chroniclers of his age would not be endured by the delicacy of our own. His public acts might seem to have been prompted by the determination to exasperate to madness the national pride, the moral sense, and the religious feelings of his subjects. Yet even when they were thus provoked, their resentment slumbered. A popular address, a noble presence, and the indulgence so liberally yielded to the excesses of the great, the prosperous, and the young, gave scope for the full expansion of his crimes and follies. At the Lateran the influence of his personal qualities was unfelt. . . . Roused to a just indignation by the frequent intelligence of a life so debauched and of a reign so impious, Alexander cited the Emperor to appear at Rome, there to answer in person to the Apostolic throne for the simony and the other offences imputed to him. The voice was Alexander's voice, but the hand was the hand of Gregory. . . . The citation of Henry was issued in the name of the dying Pope, but none doubted that this audacious act, then without a parallel in history, had been dictated by his stern and unrelenting counsillor. When tidings reached the imperial court that the voice

of the people and the votes of the cardinals had placed in Gregory's hands the mysterious keys and the sharp sword of Peter, none doubted the near approach of the conflict which was to assign the supreme dominion over the Christian world either to the German sceptre or to the Roman crozier. . . .

With a life stained by no sensual or malignant crime, and degraded by the pursuit of no ends exclusively selfish, Pope Hildebrand yielded himself freely to the current of those awful thoughts which have peopled the brain of each in turn of the successors of Peter, the basest and the most impure of them scarcely excepted. A mystery to himself, he had become the Supreme Vicar of Christ on earth ; . . . . the viceroy to whom had been entrusted by God Himself the care of interests, and the dispensation of blessings and of curses, which, by comparison, reduced to inappreciable vanities all the good and evil of this transitory world. Resolute as he was, he appears to have trembled at the contrast between the weakness of his human nature and the weight of these majestic responsibilities. . . . Before his prophetic eye arose a vast theocratic state, in which political and religious society were to be harmonized, or rather were to be absorbed into each other. At the head of this all-embracing policy, the Bishop of Rome was to assert his legitimate authority over all the kings and rulers of the earth. . . . To the Emperor, the Kings, the Dukes, the Counts, his feudatories, was to be entrusted a ministry altogether subordinate and auxiliary to his. They were to maintain order, to command armies, to collect revenues, to dispense justice. But they were to hold their crowns or coronets at the pleasure of the Autocrat, to justify to him the use of their inferior authority, and to employ it in support of his power, which, as it was derived from Heaven itself, could acknowledge no superior, equal, or competitor on earth. But woe—such woe as vengeance almighty and unrelenting could inflict—on him who, wielding the pontifical sceptre in the sacred name of Christ, should impiously use it in any spirit, or for any ends, not in accordance with those awful purposes which once made Christ Himself a sojourner among men !

Sublime as were the visions which thus thronged on the soul of Gregory VII., and which still shed a glowing light over his

three hundred and fifty extant letters, life was never, for a single day, a state of mere visionary existence to him. Before him lay the approaching struggle with Henry, with Honorius, with the ecclesiastics of Lombardy, with the German people, whose loyalty had so long survived the sorest provocation, and even with many of the German prelates, who ascribed to the successor of Charlemagne and of Otho the same rights which these great monarchs had exercised over the Pontiffs of an earlier generation. Nor was he unconscious that the way for his theocracy must be paved by reforms so painful, as to convert into inexorable antagonists a large number of those on whose attachment to his person and his laws he might otherwise have most implicitly relied. . . .

From the most remote Christian antiquity the marriage of clergymen had been regarded with the dislike, and their celibacy rewarded by the commendation, of the people. Among the ecclesiastical heroes of the first four centuries, it is scarcely possible to point to one who was not, in this respect, an imitator of Paul rather than of Peter. . . . But nature had triumphed over tradition, and had proved too strong for councils and for Popes. When Hildebrand ascended the chair first occupied by a married Apostle, his spirit burned within him to see that marriage held in her impure and unhallowed bonds a large proportion of those who ministered at the altar. . . . It was a profanation well adapted to arouse the jealousy, not less than to wound the conscience, of the Pontiff. Secular cares suited ill with the stern duties of a theocratic ministry. Domestic affections would choke or enervate that corporate passion, which might otherwise be directed with unmitigated ardour towards their chief and centre. Clerical celibacy, on the other hand, would . . . fill the world with adherents of Rome, in whom every feeling would be quenched which could rival that sacred allegiance. . . . With such anticipations, Gregory, within a few weeks from his accession, convened a council at the Lateran, and proposed a law, not, as formerly, forbidding the marriage of priests, but commanding every priest to put away his wife, and requiring all laymen to absent themselves from any sacred office which any wedded priest might presume to celebrate. Never was legislative foresight so verified by the result. What the great

Council of Nicea had attempted in vain, the bishops assembled in the presence of Hildebrand accomplished, at his instance, at once, effectually, and for ever. Lamentable, indeed, were the complaints and bitter the reproaches of the sufferers. "Were the most sacred ties thus to be torn asunder at the ruthless bidding of an Italian priest? Were men to become angels, or were angels to be brought down from heaven to minister among men?" Eloquence was never more pathetic, more just, or more unavailing. Prelate after prelate silenced these remonstrances by austere rebukes. Legate after legate arrived with papal menaces to the remonstrants. . . . Mobs pelted, hooted, and besmeared with profane and filthy baptisms the unhappy victims of pontifical rigour. It was a struggle not to be prolonged. Broken hearts pined and died away in silence. Expostulations subsided into murmurs, and murmurs were drowned in the general shout of victory. Eight hundred years have since passed away. Amidst the wreck of laws, opinions, and institutions, this decree of Hildebrand's at this day rules the Latin Church, in every land where sacrifices are still offered on her altars. . . .

With this Spartan rigour towards his adherents Gregory combined a more than Athenian address and audacity towards his rivals and antagonists. So long as the monarchs of the West might freely bestow on the objects of their choice the sees and abbeys of their states, papal dominion could be but a passing dream, and papal independency an empty boast. Corrupt motives usually determined their choice; and the objects of it were but seldom worthy. Ecclesiastical dignities were often sold to the highest bidder, and then the purchaser indemnified himself by a use no less mercenary of his own patronage; or they were given as a reward to some martial retainer, and the new churchman could not forget that he had once been a soldier. The cope and the coat of mail were worn alternately. The same hand bore the crucifix in the holy festival and the sword in the day of battle. . . . In the hands of the newly-consecrated bishop was placed a staff, and on his finger a ring, which, received as they were from his temporal sovereign, proclaimed that homage and fealty were due to him alone. And thus the sacerdotal Proconsuls of Rome

became, in sentiment at least, and by the powerful obligation of honour, the vicegerents, not of the Pontifex Maximus, but of the Imperator.

To dissolve this *trinodis necessitas* of simoniacal preferments, military service, and feudal vassalage, a feebler spirit would have exhorted, negotiated, and compromised. To Gregory it belonged first to subdue men by courage, and then to rule them by reverence. Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate, from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpé, that all human authority being holden of the Divine, and God Himself having delegated His own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a Divine right to universal obedience was the inalienable attribute of the Roman pontiff, of whom, as the supreme earthly suzerain, emperors and kings held their crowns, patriarchs and bishops their mitres; and held them not mediately through each other, but immediately, as tenants *in capite*, from the one legitimate representative of the great Apostle.

In turning over the collection of the epistles of Hildebrand, we are everywhere met by this doctrine, asserted in a tone of the calmest dignity and the most serene conviction. Thus he informs the French monarch that every house in his kingdom owed to Peter, as their father and pastor, an annual tribute of a penny, and he commands his legates to collect it in token of the subjection of France to the Holy See. He assures Solomon, the king of Hungary, that his territories are the property of the Holy Roman Church. Solomon, being incredulous and refractory, was dethroned by his competitor for the Hungarian crown. His more prudent successor, Ladislaus, acknowledged himself the vassal of the Pope, and paid him tribute. To Corsica a legate was sent to govern the demesnes of the Papacy in the island, and to recover the rest of it from the Saracens. To the Sardinians an account was despatched of Gregory's title to their obedience, with menaces of a Norman invasion if it should be withheld. On Demetrius, duke of Dalmatia, we find him conferring the kingly title, reserving a yearly payment of two hundred pieces of silver "to the holy Pope Gregory and his successors lawfully elected, as supreme lords of the Dalmatian kingdom." Among the

visitors of Rome was a youth, described in one of these epistles as son of the King of Russia. The letter informs the sovereign so designated, that, at the request of the young prince, the Pontiff had administered to him the oath of fealty to St. Peter and his successors, not doubting that "it would be approved by the king, and all the lords of his kingdom, since the Apostle would henceforth regard their country as his own, and defend it accordingly." From Sweno, the Dane, he exacted a promise of subjection. From the recently converted Polanders he demanded and received, as sovereign lord of the country, an annual tribute of an hundred marks in silver. From every part of the European continent bishops were summoned by these imperial missives to Rome, and there were either condemned and deposed, or absolved and confirmed in their sees. In France, in Spain, and in Germany, we find his legates exercising the same power; and the correspondence records many a stern rebuke, sometimes for their undue remissness, sometimes for their misapplied severity. . . .

There was, however, in the case of the Normans, a memorable exception. Robert, the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and William, the Norman conqueror of England, steeped in blood and sacrilege, were the most shameless and cruel of usurpers. The groans and curses of the oppressed cried aloud for vengeance against them. But the Apostolic indignation, though roused by the active vices of the Emperor, and by the apathetic depravity of Philip of France, had for these tyrants no menaces of wrath, no exhortations to repentance. Robert was embraced and honoured as the faithful ally of Rome: William was addressed in the blandest accents of esteem and tenderness. "You exhibit towards us" (such is the style) "the attachment of a dutiful son, yea, of a son whose heart is moved by the love of his mother. Therefore, my beloved son, let your conduct be all that your language has been. Let what you have promised be effectually performed." The injunction was not disobeyed, for even of promises the grim conqueror of the north had been sufficiently parsimonious. As Duke of Normandy, he remitted to the Pope the amount of certain dues. As King of England, he indignantly refused the required oath of fealty. "I hold my kingdom of God

and of my sword" was his stern and decisive answer. Something the papal legate dared to mutter of the worthlessness of gold without obedience; but the gold was accepted, and the disobedience endured. These were not the days of John, surnamed Lackland; and for Innocent III. was reserved by his great predecessor the glory of receiving, from an English sovereign, on his bended knee, the crown which, while it rested on the head of William, challenged equal honours with the papal tiara. For concessions more favourable to his hopes of unlimited dominion the Pontiff turned to a sovereign whose crimes no triumphs had sanctified, and no heroism redeemed.

Alexander's citation had been despised by Henry, and was not revived by Hildebrand. Every post from Germany brought fresh proof that, without the use of weapons so hazardous, the Emperor must, ere long, be reduced to solicit the aid of Rome on such terms as Rome might see fit to dictate. Dark as were the Middle Ages, the German court had light enough (if we may credit the chroniclers) to anticipate our own enlightened Irish policy. The ancient chiefs of Saxony were imprisoned, and their estates confiscated and granted to absent lords and prelates. Tithe-proctors hovered like birds of prey over the Saxon fields. A project was formed for driving the ancient inhabitants into a Saxon pale, and for converting the land into a great Swabian colony. Castles frowned on every height. Their garrisons pillaged and enslaved the helpless people. Alliances were formed with the Bavarian and the Dane to crush a race hated for their former pre-eminence and despised for their recent sufferings. Nothing was wanting to complete the parallel but discord and dejection amongst the intended victims.

Groaning under the oppressions and penetrating the designs of their sovereign, the Saxons solicited for their leaders an audience at Goslar. The appointed day arrived. The deputies presented themselves at the palace. Henry was engaged at a game of hazard, and bade them wait till he had played it out. A stern and indignant demand for justice repelled the insult. A second time, in all the insolence of youth, Henry returned a contemptuous answer. In a few hours he found

himself blockaded at his castle of Hartzburg by a vast assemblage of armed men, under the command of Otho of Nordheim, the Tell or Hofer of his native land.

Escaping with difficulty, the Emperor traversed Western Germany to collect forces for crushing the Saxon insurgents. But the spell of his imperial name, and of his noble presence, was broken. The crimes of a defeated fugitive were unpardonable. His allies made common cause with the Saxons, whom they had so lately leagued to destroy. Long repressed resentment burst out in the grossest indignities against the recreant sovereign. Unworthy to wear his spurs or his crown (so ran the popular arraignment), he descended, at a step, from the summit of human greatness to the condition of an outcast from human society. A diet had been summoned for his deposition. His sceptre had been offered to Rudolf of Swabia. A few days more, and his crown, if not his life, would have been forfeited, when an opportune illness, and a rumour of his death, awakened among his subjects the dormant feelings of attachment and compassion. Haggard from disease, abject in appearance, destitute, deserted, and unhappy, he presented himself to the citizens of Worms. The ebbing tide of loyalty rushed violently back into its wonted channels. Shouts of welcome ran along the walls. Every house-top rang with acclamations. Women wept over his wrongs. Men-at-arms devoted their lives, and rich burghers their purses, to his cause. The diet was dissolved, Rudolf fled, and it remained for Henry to practise, on his recovered throne, the lessons he had learned in the school of adversity.

Those lessons had been unfolded and enforced by the parental admonitions of Gregory. The royal penitent answered by promises of amendment, "full" (as the Pope declared) "of sweetness and of duty." Nor was this a mere lip-homage. To prove his sincerity, he abandoned to the Pope the government of the great see and city of Milan, the strongest hold of the Imperialists in Italy. A single desire engrossed the heart of Henry. No sacrifice seemed too costly which might enable him to inflict an overwhelming vengeance on the Saxon people; no price excessive by which he could purchase the aid, or at least the neutrality, of Hildebrand in the impending struggle.

The concessions were accepted by the Pope, the motive understood, and the equivalent rendered. With gracious words to the Emperor and to Rudolf, with pacific counsels and vague promises to the Saxons, Hildebrand retired from all further intervention in a strife of which it remained for him to watch the issue and to reap the advantage.

It was in the depth of a severe winter that Henry, hoping to surprise the insurgents, marched from Worms at the head of forces furnished by the wealth and zeal of that faithful city. Drifts of snow obstructed his advance. The frozen streams could no longer turn the mills on which he depended for subsistence. Meteors blazed in the skies, and the dispirited soldiers trembled at such accumulated omens of disaster. In that anxious host one bosom alone was heedless of danger, and unconscious of suffering. He who had hitherto been known only as a profligate and luxurious youth, now urged on his followers through cold, disease, and famine, to the Saxon frontier. But there Otho awaited him at the head of a large and well-disciplined army. The Imperialists declined the unequal encounter. Again Henry was reduced to capitulate. Humbled a second time before his subjects, he bound himself to dismantle his fortresses, to withdraw his garrisons, to restore the confiscated fiefs, to confirm their ancient Saxon privileges, and to grant an amnesty unlimited and universal.

The Treaty of Gerstungen (so it was called) was dictated by animosity and distrust, and was carried into execution by the conquerors in the spirit of vindictive triumph. They expelled from his residence at Goslar their dejected King and his household, and destroyed the town of Hartzburg with his royal sepulchre, where lay the bones of his infant son, and of others of his nearest kindred. The graves were broken open, and their ghastly contents exposed to shameful and inhuman contumelies—a wild revenge, and a too plausible pretext for a fearful and not distant retribution.

Henry returned to his Rhenish provinces to meditate vengeance. Reckless of any remoter danger in which the indulgence of that fierce passion might involve him, he invoked the arbitrament of the Pope, and called on him to excommunicate the sacrilegious race who had burned the church and desecrated

the sepulchres of his forefathers. Gregory watched the gathering tempest of civil war, received the appeals of the contending parties, and answered both by renewed injunctions of obedience to himself. To the Saxons he sent homilies; to the Emperor an embassy, graced by the name and the presence of his mother, Agnes. She bore a papal mandate to her son to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, and to restore to its lawful channels the patronage of the Church. Henry promised obedience. The legates then convoked a national synod, to be held in Germany under their own presidency. To this encroachment, also, Henry submitted. A remonstrance against it from the Archbishop of Bremen was answered by a legatine sentence suspending him from his see. Still the Emperor was passive. Another sentence of the papal ambassadors exiled from the court and presence of Henry five of his councillors, whom Alexander had excommunicated. No signal resistance was given by their insulted sovereign. Edicts for the government of the Teutonic Church were promulgated without the usual courtesy of asking his concurrence. They provoked from him no show of resentment. Their work accomplished, the legates returned from Rome, the messengers of successes over the authority of the Cæsar more important than any former Pope had ventured to anticipate. Applause, honours, and preferments rewarded the associates of Agnes, while to herself were given assurances of celestial joy, and of a distinguished place among the choristers of heaven.

The less aspiring son fed his mind with hopes of vengeance, rendered, as he thought, more sure by all his concessions to the Roman Pontiff. Twice, indeed, he had recoiled ignominiously from the Saxon frontier. But from defeat itself he might draw the means of victory. By the great feudatories of the empire the spectacle of armed peasants and wealthy burghers imposing terms of peace on the successor of Charlemagne had been regarded with proud scorn and indignation. They resented the rising fame and influence of Otho. He and his followers might become strong enough to resume by arms the estates they had lost by confiscation. Rumours were already rife of such designs. To fan these flames and deepen these alarms, and thus to excite among restless chiefs and predatory bands

the appetite for war and plunder, became the easy and successful labour of the impatient Emperor. At Henry's summons, the whole strength of Germany was collected on the Elbe to crush, in his quarrel, the power they had so lately aided to depose him. There were to be seen the crucifix of the Abbot of Fulda, and there the sacred banner of the Archbishop of Mentz. There Guelph, the Bavarian, raised his ducal standard to reconquer the broad lands restored to their former owners by the Treaty of Gerstungen. There, surrounded by the chivalry of Lorraine, and restored by the Emperor to that forfeited principality, Godfrey repaid the boon by the desertion of the alliance, conjugal as well as political, which bound him to the house of Tuscany. There appeared the King of Hungary, lured by the hope of new provinces to be assigned to him on the dismemberment of Saxony. And there, in the centre of countless pennons, came Rudolf, to prove his loyalty to the prince whose throne he had so recently endeavoured to usurp.

The tide of war rolled on towards the devoted land. It had been saved if penitence, humility, and prayer were of the same power in the courts of earth as in those of heaven. It had been saved if courage gathered from despair, and guided by patriotism, could have availed against such a confederacy of numbers and of discipline. But prayer was vain, and patriotism impotent. A long summer's day had reached its close, when, under the command of their great leader Otho, the Saxon lines approached the Unstrut. On the opposite banks of that stream the Imperialists had already encamped. Neither army was aware of the vicinity of the other, and Henry had retired to rest, when Rudolf roused him with the intelligence that the insurgent forces were at hand, unarmed, and heedless of their danger, the ready prey of a sudden and immediate attack. The Emperor threw himself in a transport of gratitude at the feet of his advisers, and, leaping on his horse, led forward his forces to the promised victory.

In this strange world of ours, tragedies, of which the dire plot and dark catastrophe might seem to be borrowed from hell, are not seldom depicted by historical dramatists in colours clear and brilliant as those which may be imagined to repose over

paradise. One of the mitred combatants has sung, and Lambert, the chronicler of Aschafnaburg, has narrated the battle of the Unstrut. . . . His picture of the field glows with his own military ardour, and is thronged with incidents and with figures which might well be transferred to the real canvas. Among them we distinguish the ill-arranged Saxon lines, broken, flying, and again forming at the voice of Otho, as it rises above the tumult, and then rushing after him, with naked swords and naked bosoms, on the main battle of the triumphant invaders. And still the eye follows Otho, wherever there are fainting hearts to rally or a fierce onslaught to repel;—and we seem almost to hear the shrill war-cry of the Swabians from the van of the imperial host, where, by a proud hereditary right, they had claimed to stand;—and Rudolf their leader, the very minister of death, is ever in the midst of the carnage, himself, as if in covenant with the grave, unharmed;—and in the agony and crisis of the strife Henry, the idol to whom this bloody sacrifice is offered, is seen in Lambert's battle-piece leaping, at the head of his reserve, on his exhausted enemies, sweeping whole ranks into confused masses, and, amid shrieks and groans, and fruitless prayers and fruitless curses, immolating them to his insatiable revenge.

The sun went down on that Aceldama amidst the exultations of the victorious allies. It rose on them the following morning agitated by grief, by discord, and by disaffection. Many nobles who had fought the day before under the imperial banner were stretched on the field of battle. The enthusiasm of the Saxons had proved at how fearful a price, if at all, the selfish ends of the confederacy must be attained. They mourned the extinction of one of the eyes of Germany. Silently but rapidly the armament dissolved. Godfrey alone remained to prosecute the war. With his aid it was brought by Henry to a successful issue. A capitulation placed Otho and the other leaders in the Emperor's power. With their persons secured, their estates forfeited, and their resources destroyed, he returned to join with the loyal citizens of Worms in chanting the *Te Deum Laudamus*. The same sacred strain had but a few days before celebrated at Rome a still more important and enduring victory.

Gregory had rightly judged that, while the rival princes were immersed in civil war, he might securely convene the princes of the Church to give effect to designs of far deeper significance. The long aisles of the Lateran were crowded with grave canonists and mitred abbots, with bishops and cardinals, with the high functionaries and the humble apparitors of the Papal State. Proudly eminent above them all sat the Vicar and Vicegerent of the King of kings. Masses were sung, and homilies were delivered, and rites were performed, of which the origin might be traced back to the worship of the Capitoline Jove; and then was enacted by the ecclesiastical senate a law not unlike the most arrogant of those which eleven centuries before had been promulgated in the Capitol. It forbade the kings and rulers of the earth to exercise their ancient right of investiture of any spiritual dignitary, and transferred to the Pope alone a patronage and an influence more than sufficient to balance, within their own dominions, all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom. In the darkest hours of imperial despotism the successors of Julius had never enjoyed or demanded an authority so wide or so absolute. Even the daring spirit by which the decree had been dictated drew back from the immediate publication of it. The Pope intimated to the German court and prelates the other acts of the Council, but passed over in silence the great edict for which they had been assembled, and by which they were to be immortalized. It reposed in the Papal Chancery as an authority to be invoked at a more convenient season, and in the meantime as a text for the rulers of the earth to ponder, and for the learned to interpret. To Hildebrand it belonged neither to expound nor to threaten, but to act.

The Bishop of Lucca was dead; the Pope nominated his successor. The Bishop of Bamberg was accused of simony; the Pope suspended him. The Archbishop of Bremen still denied the right of papal legates to preside in a German synod; the Pope deprived him of his see, and of the Holy Sacraments. The Bishops of Pavia, Turin, and Placentia adhered to Honorius; the Pope deposed them. Henry's five exiled councillors gave no signs of repentance; the Pope again excommunicated them. The Normans invaded the Roman territory; the Pope

assailed them by a solemn anathema. Philip of France continued to indulge himself, and to pillage every one else; the Pope upbraided and menaced him. Thus, with maledictions sometimes as deadly as the Pontine miasma, sometimes as innocuous as the Mediterranean breeze, he waged war with his antagonists, and exercised in reality the powers which he yet hesitated to assert in words.

To the conqueror of Saxony these encroachments and anathemas of the Pontiff appeared more offensive than formidable. He retaliated rather by scorn than by active hostility. He heaped favours on his own excommunicated councillors, sent one of his chaplains to ascend the vacant episcopal throne of Lucca, nominated an obscure and scandalous member of his own household for the princely mitre of Cologne, and forbade his Saxon subjects to appeal to Rome, even in cases exclusively ecclesiastical. To Henry the Pontiff seemed an angry, arrogant, vituperative old man, best to be encountered by contempt. To Gregory the Emperor appeared as the feeble and unconscious agent in a providential scheme for subjecting the secular to the spiritual dynasty. To such as could read the signs of the times it was evident that, on either side, this contempt was misplaced, and that a long and sanguinary conflict drew near, by which the future destinies of the world would be determined.

Events hurried rapidly onward to that crisis. Complaints were preferred to the Holy See of crimes committed by Henry against the Saxon Church which cried for vengeance, and of vices which rendered him unfit for communion with his fellow-Christians. Gregory cited the Emperor to appear before him to answer these charges. The Emperor, if we may believe the papal historians, answered by an attempt to assassinate the author of so presumptuous a citation.

On Christmas Eve, in the year 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a dreadful tempest. Not even the full moon of Italy could penetrate the dense mass of superincumbent clouds. Darkness brooded over the land, and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. At

the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the Virgo Deipara. The other was proceeded by Cencius, a Roman noble. His followers were armed as for some desperate enterprise. At each pause in the roar of the tempest might be heard the hallelujahs of the worshippers, or the voice of the Pontiff pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him, when the arm of Cencius grasped his person, and the sword of some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or to death. Women were there with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely put aside, and a drawn sword was already aimed at the Pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude threatening to burn or batter down the house arrested the arm of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at his prisoner's feet, became himself a suppliant for pardon and for life.

In profound silence and undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven alone indicated his consciousness of them. But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness. He rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and in peace, and returned, amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people, to complete the interrupted solemnities of Santa Maria Maggiore.

That Henry instigated this crime is an accusation of which no proof is extant, and to which all probabilities are opposed. But such a belief was current at the time, and the contest thenceforward assumed all the bitterness of personal animosity. To the charges of sacrilege, impurity, and assassination preferred against the Emperor, his partisans answered by denouncing the Pope himself, at a synod convened at Worms, as base-born, and as guilty of murder, simony, necromancy,

and devil-worship, of habitual though concealed profligacy, and of impious profanation of the Eucharist. Fortunately for the fame of Gregory, his enemies have written a book. Cardinal Benno, one of the most inveterate of them, has bequeathed to us a compendium of all those synodal invectives. The guilt of a base birth is established, for Hildebrand's father was a carpenter in the little Tuscan town of Saone. The other imputations are refuted by the evident malignity of the writer, and by the utter failure or the wild extravagance of his proofs.

Such, however, was not the judgment of the Synod of Worms. A debate, of two days' continuance, closed with an unanimous vote that Gregory VII. should be abjured and deposed. Henry first affixed his signature to the act of abjuration. Then each Archbishop, Bishop, and Abbot, rising in his turn, subscribed the same fatal scroll. Scarcely was the assembly dissolved, before imperial messengers were on their way to secure the concurrence of other churches, and the support of the temporal princes. On every side, but especially in Northern Italy, a fierce and sudden flame attested the long smouldering resentment of the priests whom the Pope had divorced from their wives; of the lords whose simoniacal traffic he had arrested; of the princes whose Norman invaders he had cherished; of the ecclesiastics whom his haughty demeanour had incensed; of the licentious whom his discipline had revolted; and of the patriotic whom his ambition had alarmed. . . . It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1076. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding vista of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical lords and princes before whom "Henry, king of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor," had been summoned to appear, not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await their sentence. As he gazed on that new senate, asserting a jurisdiction so majestic, and listened to harmonies which might not unfitly have accompanied the worship of Eden, and joined in anthems which in far distant ages had been sung by blessed saints in their dark

crypts, and by triumphant martyrs in their dying agonies, and inhaled the incense symbolical of the prayers offered by the Catholic Church to her Eternal Head; what wonder if, under the intoxicating influence of such a scene and of such an hour, the old man believed that he was himself the Apostolic Rock on which her foundations were laid, and that his cause and person were sacred as the will, and invincible as the power, of heaven itself! The *Veni Creator* was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, an envoy from the synods of Worms and Placenza, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanour was fierce and his speech abrupt. "The King and the united bishops, both of Germany and Italy" (such was his apostrophe to the Pope), "transmit to thee this command:—Descend without delay from the throne of St. Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honours none must aspire without the general choice, and the sanction of the Emperor." Then addressing the conclave:—"To you, brethren," he said, "it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the King my master, to receive a Pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf." A brief pause of mute astonishment gave way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne, received from the hands of Roland the letters of the synods, and, resuming his seat, read them, in a clear and deliberate voice, to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with a tempest of passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the Pontiff. He spake of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the King and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them that victory would reward their zeal, or Divine consolations soothe their defeat; but whether victory or defeat should be their doom, "the time," he said, "had come when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of His Church."

The speaker ceased, and turned for approbation, or at least for acquiescence, not to the enthusiastic throng of

mitred or of armed adherents, but to one who, even in that eventful moment, divided with himself the gaze and the sympathy of that illustrious assemblage. For by his side, though in an inferior station, sat Agnes, the Empress-mother, brought there to witness and to ratify the judgment pronounced on her only child, whom she had borne amidst the proudest hopes, and trained for empire beneath the griefs and anxieties of widowhood. She bore, or strove to bear, herself as a daughter of the Church, but could not forget that she was the mother of Henry; when, in all the impersonated majesty of that holy fellowship, Hildebrand, raising his eyes to heaven, with a voice echoing, amidst the breathless silence of the synod, through the remotest arches of the lofty pile, invoked the holy Peter, prince of the Apostles, to hear, and "Mary the mother of God," and the blessed Paul, and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honour and defence of Christ's Church, in the name of the sacred Trinity, and by the power and authority of Peter, he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the Emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths of allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema; "that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon thy rock the Son of the living God hath built His Church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

When intelligence of the deposition of Henry first astounded the nations of Europe, the glories of Papal Rome seemed to the multitude to have been madly staked on one most precarious issue. Men foretold that the Emperor would promptly and signally punish a treason so audacious, and that the Holy See would, ere long, descend to the level of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Nor did the wisest deem such anticipation unreasonable. They reflected that Henry was still in the very prime of life; that he possessed a force of will which habitual luxury had not impaired, and a throne in the hearts of the people which the wildest excess of vice and folly had not subverted; that he reigned over the fairest and the wealthiest portion of the Continent; that he commanded numerous vassals, and could bring into the field powerful armies; that

he had crushed rebellion among his subjects, and had no rival to dread among his neighbours, and that the Papacy had flourished under the shelter of the imperial crown, the authority of which had been so arrogantly defied, and the fierce resentment of which was now inevitably to be encountered. But in the seeming strength of the imperial resources there was an inherent weakness, and in the seeming weakness of the papal cause a latent but invincible strength. Even Teutonic loyalty had been undermined by the cruelties, the faithlessness, and the tyranny of the monarch, and the doom of the oppressor was upon him. The cause of Gregory was, on the other hand, in popular estimation, the cause of sanctity and of truth, of primæval discipline and traditionary reverence, and the Pope, himself a martyr, who, in all the majesty of superhuman power, was resolved either to repel the spoiler from the Christian fold or to lay down his life for the sheep. That these high and lofty purposes really animated the soul or kindled the imagination of him to whom they were thus ascribed, it would be presumptuous to deny. But, whatever may have been his reliance on the promises of Heaven, he certainly combined with it a penetrating insight into the policy of earth. He summoned to his aid his Norman feudatories, and invoked the succour of his Tuscan allies. She who now reigned in Tuscany might be supposed to have been called into being for the single purpose of sustaining, like another Deborah or Judith, the fainting hopes of another Israel.

On the death of Boniface, duke and marquis of Tuscany, in 1054, his states descended to his only surviving child, who, under the title of "the Great Countess," ruled there until her own death in 1116, first in tutelage, then in conjunction with her mother Beatrice, and during the last thirty-nine years of that long period in her own plenary and undivided right. Though she married Godfrey of Lorraine in her youth, and Guelph of Bavaria in her more mature age, neither the wit and military genius of her first husband, nor the wisdom and dignity of his successor, could win the heart of Matilda. . . . She was in truth in love, but in love with the Papacy. Six aged Popes successively acknowledged and rejoiced over her, as at once the most zealous adherent of their cause, and the most devoted

worshipper of their persons. . . . In a voluptuous age, Matilda lived austerely, subduing her appetites, and torturing her natural affections with the perverse ingenuity which her ghostly councillors inculcated and extolled. In a superstitious age, she subdued her desire for the devotional abstractions of the cloister, and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age, her habits of study were such that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to her Italian, French, and German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. . . .

Warrior, ascetic, and scholar as she was, the spirit of Matilda was too generous to be imprisoned within the limits of the camp, the cell, or the library. It was her nobler ambition to be the refuge of the oppressed, the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. Mortifying the love of this world's glory, she laboured with a happy inconsistency to render it still more glorious. At her bidding castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet, so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of "the Rich," by which her father, Boniface, had been also distinguished. She might, with no less propriety, have been designated as "the Powerful," since either by direct authority or by irresistible influence she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the West both the outward homage and the real deference reserved for sovereign potentates.

Matilda attained to the plenary dominion over her hereditary states at the very crisis of the great controversy of her age; when Henry had procured and promulgated the sentence of the Synod of Worms for the deposition of Gregory. Heedless, or rather unconscious, of the resources of that formidable adversary, he had made no preparation for the inevitable contest; but, as though smitten by a judicial blindness, selected that critical moment for a new outrage on the most sacred

feelings of his own subjects. He marched into Saxony; and there, as if in scorn of the free German spirit, erected a stern military despotism, confiscated the estates of the people, exiled their nobles, imprisoned their bishops, sold the peasants as slaves, or compelled them to labour in erecting fortresses, from which his mercenary troops might curb and ravage the surrounding country. The cry of the oppressed rose on every side from the unhappy land. It entered into the ears of the Avenger.

As Henry returned from this disastrous triumph to Utrecht, the imperial banner floated over a vast assemblage of courtiers, churchmen, vassals, ministers of justice, men-at-arms, and sutlers, who lay encamped like some nomad tribe round their chief; when the indignant bearing of some of his followers, and the alarmed and half-averted gaze of others, disclosed to him the awful fact that a pontifical anathema had cast him down from his imperial state, and exiled him from the society of all Christian people. His heart fainted within him at these dismal tidings as at the sound of his own passing bell. But that heart was kingly still, and resolute either to dare or to endure in defence of his hereditary crown. Shame and sorrow might track him to the grave, but he would hold no council with despair. The world had rejected him—the Church had cast him out—his very mother had deserted him. In popular belief, perhaps in his own, God Himself had abandoned him. Yet all was not lost. He retained, at least, the hope of vengeance. On his hated adversary he might yet retaliate blow for blow, and malediction for malediction.

On Easter Day, in the year 1076, surrounded by a small and anxious circle of prelates, William, the archbishop of Utrecht, ascended his archiepiscopal throne, and recited the sacred narrative which commemorates the rising of the Redeemer from the grave. Bnt no strain of exulting gratitude followed. A fierce invective depicted in the darkest colours the character and the career of Hildebrand, and with bitter scorn the preacher denied the right of such a Pope to censure the Emperor of the West, to govern the Church, or to live in her communion. In the name of the assembled synod he then pronounced him excommunicate. A. D. 1076

At that moment the summons of death reached the author of this daring defiance. While the last fatal struggle convulsed his body, a yet sorer agony affected his soul. He died self-abhorred, rejecting the sympathy, the prayers, and the sacraments with which the terrified bystanders would have soothed his departing spirit. The voice of heaven itself seem to rise in wild concert with the cry of his tortured conscience. Thunderbolts struck down both the church in which he had abjured the Vicar of Christ and the adjacent palace in which the Emperor was residing.

Three other of the anti-papal prelates quickly followed William to the grave, by strange and violent deaths. Godfrey of Lorraine fell by the hand of an assassin. These facts, though recorded by the contemporary chroniclers, will of course be received in our own times with the scepticism which has been deeply impressed on all modern readers of historical marvels. But there can be no doubt that the belief in these accumulated portents was everywhere diffused, and awakened universal horror. Each day announced to Henry some new secession. His guards deserted his standard; his personal attendants avoided his presence. . . . Otho appeared once more in arms to lead a new insurrection of his fellow-countrymen. The great princes of Germany convened a council to deliberate on the deposition of their sovereign. To every eye but his own all seemed to be lost. Even to him it was but too evident that the loyalty of his subjects had been undermined, and that his throne was tottering beneath him. A single resource remained. He might assemble the faithful, or the desperate, adherents of his cause, inspire dread into those whose allegiance he had forfeited, make one last strenuous effort in defence of his crown, and descend to the tomb, if so it must be, the anointed chief of the Carlovingian empire.

With a mind wrought up to such resolves, he traversed the north of Germany to encounter the Saxon insurgents, published to the world the sentence of Utrecht, and called on the Lombard bishops to concur in the excommunication it denounced. He reaped the usual reward of audacity. Though repelled by Otho, and compelled to retrace his march to the Rhine, he found every city, village, and convent by which he passed

distracted with the controversy between the Diadem and the Tiara. Religion and awakening loyalty divided the empire. Though not yet combining into any definite form, the elements of a new confederacy were evidently at work in favour of a Monarch who thus knew how to draw courage and energy from despair.

Yet the moral sentiment of the German people was as yet unequivocally against their sovereign. The Imperialists mournfully acknowledged that their chief was justly condemned. The Papalists indignantly denied the truth of the reproaches cast on their leader. In support of that denial, Gregory defended himself in epistles addressed to all the greater Teutonic prelates. Among them is a letter to Herman, bishop of Mentz, which vividly exhibits both the strength of the writer's character and the weakness of his cause. Although, he says, such as, from their exceeding folly, deny the papal right of excommunicating kings, hardly deserve an answer (the right to *depose* kings was the real point in debate), yet, in condescension to their weakness, he will dispel their doubts. Peter himself had taught this doctrine, as appeared by a letter from St. Clement (in the authenticity of which no one believes). When Pepin coveted the crown of Childeric, Pope Zachary was invited by the Mayor of the Palace to give judgment between them. On his ambiguous award the usurper had founded the title of his dynasty. St. Gregory the Great had *threatened* to depose *any* monarch who should resist his decrees. The story of Ambrose and Thedosius, rightly interpreted, gave proof that the Emperor held his crown at the will of the Apostle. Every king was one of the "sheep" whom Peter had been commanded to feed, and one of the "things" which Peter had been empowered to bind. . . .

To employ good arguments one must be in the right. To make the best possible use of such as are to be had is the privilege of genius, even when in the wrong. Nothing could be more convincing to the spiritual lords of Germany, nothing more welcome to her secular chiefs, than this array of great names and sonorous authorities against their falling sovereign. To overcome the obstinate loyalty of the burghers and peasantry to their young and gallant King religious terrors were indis-

pensable, and continual reinforcements of pontifical denunciations were therefore solicited and obtained. At length, in the autumn of 1076, appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event (no longer doubtful) of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new Emperor, and assured them of the Apostolical confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome to guide the proceedings of the diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. Some princely banner waved over every adjacent height, and groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighbouring Rhine, joining in the pleasant toils, and swelling the gay carols, of the mature vintage. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. From the only extant record of what occurred, and of what was spoken there, it may be inferred that Henry's offences against the Church were regarded lightly in comparison with the criminality of his civil government. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, he received quick intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been despatched to secure him, and his person was in danger of unknightly indignities, which might for ever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence of deposition by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, stipulating for himself only that he should retain his imperial title as the nominal head of the Teutonic empire.

Palpable as was the snare to the subtle Italian legates, the simple-minded Germans appear to have nearly fallen into it. For seven successive days speech answered speech on this proposal; and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority,

was adopted by the diet, but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The Pope was to be invited to hold a diet at Augsburg, in the ensuing spring. He was, meanwhile, to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the Church. If so restored, he was at once to resume all his imperial rights. But if the sun should go down on him still an excommunicate person on the 23d of February, 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spires, with the title of Emperor, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which Heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind. . . . Strains of unbounded joy resounded through the papal city. Solitude and shame and penitential exercises attested the past crimes and the abject fortunes of the exile of Spires.

But against this regimen of sackcloth and fasting the body and the soul of Henry revolted. At the close of the Diet of Tribur he had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet, in the depths of his misery, retained the remembrance and the hope of dominion. The future was still bright with the anticipations of youth. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And, amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there remained one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Bertha, his wife, who had retained her purity unsullied amidst the licence of his court, now retained her fidelity unshaken amidst the falsehood of his adherents. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honour had been basely assailed by the selfish

profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her those vows were a bond stronger than death, and indissoluble by all the confederate powers of earth and hell. To suffer was the condition, to pardon and to love the necessity, of her existence. Vice and folly could not have altogether depraved him who was the object of such inalienable tenderness, and who at length learnt to return it with a devotion almost equal to her own, after a bitter experience had taught him the real value of the homage and caresses of the world.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spires in a fruitless solicitation to the Pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for reconcilement with the Church. December had now arrived, and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence of Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but with them the title and rank of Head of the empire. No sacrifices seemed too great to avert this danger; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass of ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms their infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as it was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers. Among the neighbouring princes who had so lately solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large territorial cessions, as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St. Bernard. Day by day peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed,

sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the Empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps to the sunny plains of Italy, was not so grateful to the wearied travellers as the change from the gloom of Spires to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the Emperor; nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshippers of kings. They dreamed of the haughty Pontiff humbled, of the see of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the Pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies towards whom Hildebrand was already advancing, to hold the contemplated Diet of Augsburg. In the personal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the papal progress, and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid approach of the Emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress of Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault; nor had she anything to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could, in that age, have been brought to the siege of it. Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favourite residence of the Great Countess, and, when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. So imposing was the scene, and so superb the assemblage, that the drowsy muse of her versifying

chaplain[1] awakened for once to an hyperbole, and declared Canossa to be nothing less than a new Rome, the rival of that of Romulus. Thither, as if to verify the boast, came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells, with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German Emperor himself, not the leader of the rumoured host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in his apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. . . . He well knew that to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred, and that his crown must be redeemed, not by force, but by submission to his formidable antagonist.

Environed by many of the greatest princes of Italy who owed fealty and allegiance to the Emperor, Gregory affected to turn a deaf ear to Henry's solicitations. His humblest efforts were spurned; his most unbounded acknowledgments of the sacerdotal authority over the kings and kingdoms of the world were rejected. For the distress of her royal kinsman Matilda felt as women and as monarchs feel; but even her entreaties seemed to be fruitless. Day by day the same cold stern appeal to the future decisions of the diet to be convened at Augsburg repelled the suit even of that powerful intercessor. The critical point at which prayers for reconcilement would give way to indignation and defiance had been almost reached. Then, and not till then, the Pope condescended to offer his ghostly pardon, on the condition that Henry would surrender into his hands the custody of the crown, the sceptre, and the other ensigns of royalty, and acknowledge himself unworthy to bear the royal title. This, however, was a scandal on which not even the proud spirit of the now triumphant priest dared to insist, and to which not even the now abject heart of the Emperor could be induced to submit. But the shame which was spared to the sovereign was inflicted with relentless severity on the man.

[1] Donnizone. He wrote the life of the countess Matilda in Latin hexameters.—E. M. S.

It was towards the end of January. The earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him, stiff with cold, faint with hunger, and devoured by shame and ill-suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities, poured out on Europe at large in the person of her chief by the Vicar of the meek, the lowly, and the compassionate Redeemer. A third day came, and, still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more compelled him to prolong till nightfall this profane and hollow parody on the real workings of the broken and contrite heart.

A.D. 1077

Nor was he unwarned of the activity and the strength of the indignation aroused by this protracted outrage on every natural sentiment and every honest prejudice of mankind. Lamentations and reproaches rang through the castle of Canossa. Murmurs from Henry's inveterate enemies, and his own zealous adherents, upbraided Gregory as exhibiting rather the cruelty of a tyrant than the rigour of an Apostle. But the endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the inflexibility of the tormentor; nor was it till the unhappy monarch had burst away from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, and sought shelter in a neighbouring convent, that the Pope, yielding at length to the instances of Matilda, would admit the degraded suppliant into his presence. It was the fourth day on which he had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitent, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial majesty of the Church, and prostrated himself, in more than servile deference, before the

diminutive and emaciated old man, "from the terrible glance of whose countenance," we are told, "the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning." Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame had, for the moment, crushed the gallant spirit of the sufferer. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the Pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

Cruel, however, were the tender mercies of the now exulting Pontiff. He restored his fallen enemy at once to the communion and to the contempt of his Christian brethren. The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the Apostolic see; to resign his crown if that judgment should be unfavourable to him; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues; to acknowledge that his subjects had been lawfully released from their allegiance; to banish his former friends and advisers; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels; to enforce all papal decrees; and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the conqueror the oaths of Henry himself, and of several prelates and princes as his sponsors, were pledged; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that His kingdom was not of this world, and as the successor of Him who had forbidden to all bishops any lordship over the heritage of Christ, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded Emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the Tiara. He in whom the dynasties of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Otho had their representative, might still be compelled to endure one last and galling contumely. Holding in his hand the seeming bread, which (as he believed) words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very Body which died and was entombed at Calvary, "Behold!" exclaimed the Pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing

eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy monarch, "behold the Body of the Lord! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the Almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty!" Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. "And now," he exclaimed, turning once more on the awe-stricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften, "if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious, free the Church of God from scandal, and thyself from suspicion, and take as an appeal to heaven this Body of the Lord."

That, in open contradiction to his own recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this insulting challenge, was obviously impossible. He trembled, and evaded it. At length, when his wounded spirit and half-lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs, till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the Temporal Chief of Christendom might be depressed by an audacious use of the powers of her ecclesiastical head.

The Lombard lords who had hailed the arrival of their sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited, from day to day, intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and, attended only by the usual episcopal retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had submitted himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the Pope, and had received his ghostly absolution; and that, on the same terms, his Holiness was ready to bestow

the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand—an usurper of the Apostolic throne, himself excommunicated by the decrees of German and Italian synods. They denied the authority of the Emperor, debased as he now was by concessions unworthy of a king, and by indignities disgraceful to a soldier. They vowed to take the crown from his dishonoured head, to place it on the brows of his son, the yet infant Conrad; to march immediately to Rome, and there to depose the proud Churchman who had thus dared to humble to the dust the majesty of the Franconian line, and of the Lombard name.

In the midst of this military tumult the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit. They could at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance and for his own revenge.

Within a single week from the absolution of Canossa, Gregory was on his way to Mantua to hold a council, to which the Emperor had invited him, with the treacherous design (if the papal historians may be credited) of seizing and imprisoning him there. The vigilance of Matilda rescued her Holy Father from the real or imaginary danger. From the banks of the Po she conducted him back, under the escort of her troops, to the shelter of her native mountain fastness. His faith in his own infallibility must have undergone a severe trial. The imperial sinner he had pardoned was giving daily proof that the heart of man is not to be penetrated even by papal eyes. Henry was exercising, with ostentation, the prerogatives he had so lately vowed to forego. He had cast off the abject tone of the confessional. All his royal instincts were in full activity. He breathed defiance against the Pontiff—seized and

imprisoned his legates—recalled to his presence his excommunicated councillors—became once more strenuous for his rights—and was recompensed by one simultaneous burst of sympathy, enthusiasm, and devotedness from his Italian subjects.

To balance the ominous power thus rising against him, Gregory now received an accession of dignity and of influence on which his eulogists are unwilling to dwell. The discipline of the Church and the fate of the empire were not the only subjects of his solicitude while sheltered in the castle and city of the Tuscan heroine. The world was startled and scandalized by the intelligence that his princely hostess had granted all her hereditary states to her Apostolic guest, and to his successors for ever, in full allodial dominion. . . . Canossa, the scene of this memorable cession, was, at the same time, the prison of him to whom it was made. All the passes were beset with Henry's troops. All the Lombard and Tuscan cities were in Henry's possession. His reviving courage had kindled the zeal of his adherents. He was no longer an outcast to be trampled down with impunity, but the leader of a formidable host, with whom even the Vicar of Christ must condescend to temporize.

In the wild defiles of the Alps swift messengers from the princes to the Pope hurried past solemn legates from the Pope to the princes; they urging his instant appearance at Augsburg, he exhorting them to avoid any decision in his absence. Mitred emissaries also passed from Gregory to the Emperor, summoning him to attend the diet within a time by which no one unwafted by wings or steam could have reached the place, and requesting from him a suicidal safe-conduct for his pontifical judge. The Pope was now confined to the weapons with which men of the gown contend with men of the sword. His prescience foreboded a civil war. His policy was to assume the guidance of the German league just far enough to maintain his lofty claims, not far enough to be irrevocably committed to the leaguers. A plausible apology for his absence was necessary. It was afforded by Henry's rejection of demands which were made only that they might be rejected.

To Otho and the aspiring Rudolf such subtleties were alike unfamiliar and unsuspected. Those stout soldiers and simple

Germans knew that the Pope had deposed their King, and had absolved them from their allegiance. They doubted not, therefore, that he was bound heart and soul to their cause. Or if, in the assembly which they held at Forcheim, a doubt was whispered of Italian honour or of pontifical faith, it was silenced by the presence there of papal legates, who sedulously swelled the tide of invective against Henry. At first, indeed, they dissuaded the immediate choice of a rival sovereign. But to the demand of the princes for prompt and decisive measures they gave their ready assent. They advised them, it is true, to confer no hereditary title on the object of their choice. Yet, when in defiance of that advice the choice was made, they solemnly confirmed it in the name, and by the authority, of Gregory. They did not, certainly, vote for the election of Rudolf; but, when the shouts of the multitude announced his accession to the Teutonic throne, they placed the crown on his head. . . .

The decretals of Rome, of Tribur, of Canossa, and of Forcheim, were now to bear their proper fruits—fruits of bitter taste, and of evil augury. At the moment when the cathedral of Mentz was pouring forth the crowds who had just listened to the coronation oath of Rudolf, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled, strangely and mournfully, with the sacred anthems and the songs of revellers. An idle frolic of some Swabian soldiers had kindled into rage the sullen spirit with which the partisans of Henry had gazed on that unwelcome pageant; and the first rude and exasperated voice was echoed by thousands, who learned, from those acclamations, the secret of their numbers and their strength. The discovery and agitation spread from city to city, and roused the whole German people, from the Rhine to the Oder. Men's hearts yearned over their exiled King. They remembered that, but twelve short years before, he had been basely stolen from his mother by churchmen, who had yet more basely corrupted him. They commemorated his courage, his courtesy, and his munificence. They pardoned his faults as the excesses of youth, and resented, as insults to themselves, the indignities of Canossa and the treason of Forcheim. In this reflux of public opinion the loyal and the brave, all who cherished the honours of the crown, and all who

desired the independence of the State, were supported by the multitudes to whom the papal edicts against simony and clerical marriages were fraught with disaster, and by that still more numerous body who, at all times, lend their voices and their arms to swell the triumph of every rising cause. To this confederacy Rudolf had to oppose the alliance of the princes, secular and ecclesiastical, the devoted zeal of the Saxon people, and the secret support, rather than the frank and open countenance, of the Pope. The shock of these hostile powers was near and inevitable.

In the spring of 1077 tidings were spread throughout Germany of the Emperor's arrival to the northward of the Alps. From Franconia, the seat of his house, from the fruitful province of Burgundy, and from the Bohemian mountains, he was greeted with enthusiastic welcome. Many even of the Bavarians and Swabians revolted in his favour. His standard once more floated over all the greater citadels of the Rhine. He who, six months before, had fled from Spires a solitary wanderer, was now at the head of a powerful army, controlling the whole of Southern Germany, laying waste the territories of his rivals, and threatening them with a signal retribution. A. D. 1077

Amidst the rising tempest the voice of Gregory was heard. . . . In the name of Peter he enjoined either king to send him a safe-conduct, that he might in person arbitrate between them, and stop the effusion of Christian blood. A safe but an impracticable offer; an indirect but significant avowal of neutrality between the sovereign he had lately deposed and the sovereign whom, by his legates, he had crowned. . . . Thus ignobly withdrawing from the contest he had kindled, Hildebrand returned from Canossa to the papal city. The Great Countess, as usual, attended as the commander of his guard. Rome received in triumph her new Germanicus, and decreed an ovation to his ever-faithful Agrippina.

While the glories of Canossa were thus celebrated by rejoicings in the Christian capital, they were expiated by blood on the plains of Saxony. . . . In the autumn of 1078 the rival kings met on the banks of the Stren, on the plains of Melrichstadt. Each was driven from the field with enormous loss; Henry by his inveterate antagonist Otho, Rudolf by 1078

Count Herbard, the lieutenant of Henry. Each claimed the victory. An issue so undecisive could draw from the circumspect Pontiff nothing more definite than renewed exhortations to rely on the holy Peter, and could urge him to no measure more hazardous than that of convening a new council at the Lateran. There appeared the imperial envoys with hollow vows of obedience, and Saxon messengers invoking some intelligible intimation of the judgment and purposes of the Apostolic see. Again the Pope listened, spoke, exhorted, threatened, and left the bleeding world to interpret as it might the mystic sense of the Infallible. . . . The Saxon annalist has preserved three letters sent by his countrymen on this occasion to Gregory, which he must have read with admiration and with shame. "You know, and the letters of your Holiness attest (such is their indignant remonstrance), that it was by no advice or for any interest of ours, but for wrongs done to the Holy See, that you deposed our King, and forbade us, under fearful menaces, to acknowledge him. We have obeyed you at great danger, and at the expense of horrible sufferings. The reward of sacrifices is, that he who was compelled to cast himself at your feet has been absolved without punishment, and has been permitted to crush us to the very abyss of misery. What especially perplexes us simple folk is, that the legates of Henry, though excommunicated by your legates, are well received at Rome. Holy Father, your piety assures us that you are guided by honourable not by subtle views; but we are too gross to understand them. . . . We conjure you to look into your own heart, to remember your own honour, to fear the wrath of God, and for your own sake, if not for love of us, rescue yourself from responsibility for the torrents of blood poured out in our land."

To these pathetic appeals Gregory answered slowly and reluctantly, by disavowing the acts of his legates at Forcheim; by extolling his own justice, courage, and disinterestedness; by invoking the support of all orders of men in Germany; and by assuring them, in Scriptural language, of the salvation of such "as should persevere to the end." But the hour for blandishments had passed away. The day of wrath and the power of the sword had come.

The snow covered the earth, and the frost had chained the rivers, when in the winter of 1079-80 the armies of Henry and Rudolf were drawn up in hostile lines at the village of Fladenheim, near Mulhausen. Henry was the assailant, but Rudolf, though driven with great loss from the field, was the conqueror; for in that field the dreaded Otho again commanded, and by his skill and courage a rout was turned into a victory. A. D. 1080

The intelligence arrived at Rome at the moment when Gregory was presiding there in the most numerous of the many councils he had convened at the Lateran. Long-suppressed shame for his ignoble indecision, the murmurs of the assembled prelates, a voice from heaven, audible, as we are told, to his sense alone, and, above all, the triumphant field of Fladenheim, combined to overcome his long-cherished but timid policy. Rising from his throne with the majesty of his earlier days, the Pope, in the names of Peter and of Paul, "of God, and of His holy mother Mary," excommunicated Henry, took from him the government of his states, deprived him of his royal rank, forbade all Christian people to receive him as their king, "gave, granted, and conceded" that Rudolf might rule the German and Italian empire; and with blessings on Rudolf's adherents, and curses on his foes, dissolved the assembly. Then, moved as he believed by a Divine impulse, he proceeded to the altar, and uttered a prediction that, ere the Church should celebrate the festival of the Prince of the Apostles, Henry, her rebellious outcast, should neither reign, nor live, to molest her.

A perilous prophecy! Henry was no longer the exile of Tribur, nor the penitent of Canossa. Yet his own rage on hearing of this new papal sentence did not burn so fiercely as the wrath of his adherents.

With the sanction of thirty bishops a new anti-Pope, Guibert of Ravenna, was elected at Brixen, and, at every court in Europe, imperial embassies demanded support for the common cause of all temporal sovereigns. In every part of Germany troops were levied, and Henry marched at their head to crush the one German power in alliance with Rome. But that power was still animated by the Saxon spirit, and was still sustained by the claims of Rudolf and by the genius of Otho.

A. D. 1080 On the bright dawn of an autumnal day his forces, drawn up on the smiling banks of the Elster, raised the sacred song of the Hebrews, "God standeth in the congregation of princes; He is a judge among gods," and flung themselves on the far-extended lines of Henry's army, who, with emulous devotion, met them with the hardly less sublime canticle, "Te Deum Laudamus." Cries more welcome to the demons of war soon stilled these sacred strains; cries of despair, of anguish, and of terror. They first rose from one of Henry's squadrons, which, alarmed by the fall of their captain, receded, and in their retreat spread through the rest a panic, a pause, and a momentary confusion. That moment was enough for the eagle glance of Otho. He rushed on the wavering Imperialists, and, ere that bright sun had reached the meridian, thousands had fallen by the Saxon sword or had perished in the blood-stained river. The victory was complete, the exultation rapturous. Shouts of glory to the God of battles, thanksgiving for the deliverance of Saxony, pæans of immortal honour to Otho, the noblest of her sons, soothed or exasperated the agonies of the dying, when the triumph was turned into sudden and irremediable mourning. On the field which had apparently secured his crown Rudolf himself had fallen. He fell by an illustrious arm. Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, struck the fatal blow. Another sword severed the right hand from the arm of Rudolf. "It is the hand," he cried, as his glazing eye rested on it, "with which I confirmed my fealty to Henry my lord." At once elevated by so signal a victory and depressed by these penitent misgivings, his spirit passed away, leaving his adherents to the mercy of his rival.

The same sun which witnessed the ruin of Henry's army on the Elster looked down on a conflict in which, on that eventful morning, the forces of Matilda, in the Mantuan territory, fled before his own. He now once more descended into Italy. He came, not as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile, but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported even in Italy by no power but that of Matilda;

for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away, attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left in his rear the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the Emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favour of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark that "the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious." Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the Emperor pressed forward, and before the summer of 1080 the citizens of Rome saw from their walls the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna. A. D. 1080

In the presence of such dangers the gallant spirit of the aged Pope once more rose and exulted. He convened a synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling, and while the besiegers were at the gates he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which for a while tranquillized the Roman populace. He himself, as we are assured, wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege or blockade continued for three years uninterruptedly, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighbouring hills. Distress, and it is alleged bribery, at length subdued the courage of the garrison. On every side clamours were heard for peace, for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing more than the recognition of his imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the pride, of Gregory revolted against the proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their entreaties or their threats extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a

A.D. pontifical synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the
1083 30th of November, 1083. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often occupied by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward of martyrs for the faith. He spoke as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also as inspired prophets spake of yore to the kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of Heaven against his oppressor. The enraptured audience exclaimed that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

1084 It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. He left the great Church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the Apostolic throne, Guibert, the anti-Pope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement III., and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and of Bertha, as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had, or seemed to have, in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating with sanguinary joy the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reigned there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the castle of St. Angelo must have yielded to famine or to assault; when the aged Pope, in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the Papacy and the Norman conquerors

of the South and of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his suzerain. Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a Norman host in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might perhaps allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenese. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St. Peter and Matilda roused the retreating Imperialists by night, near the castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.

The Emperor returned into Germany to reign undisturbed by civil war; for the great Otho was dead, and Herman of Luxemburg, who had assumed the imperial title, was permitted to abdicate it with contemptuous impunity. Henry returned, however, to prepare for the new conflicts with the Papacy, to drain the cup of toil, of danger, and of distress, and to die at length (1106) with a heart broken by the parricidal cruelty of his son. No prayers were said, and no requiem sung, over the unhallowed grave which received the bones of the excommunicated monarch. Yet they were committed to the earth with the best and the kindest obsequies. The pity of his enemies, the lamentation of his subjects, and the unbidden tears of the poor, the widows, and the orphans, who crowded round the bier of their benefactor, rendered his tomb not less sacred than if it had been blessed by the united prayers of the whole Christian Episcopacy. These unbribed mourners wept over a prince to whom God had given a large heart and a capacious mind, but who had derived from canonized bishops a corrupting education, and from a too early and too unchequered prosperity the development of every base and cruel appetite; but to whom calamity had imparted a self-dominion from which none could withhold his respect, and an active sympathy with sorrow to which none could refuse his love.

With happier fortunes, as indeed with loftier virtues, Matilda

continued for twenty-five years to wage war in defence of the Apostolic see. After a life which might seem to belong to the province of romance rather than of history, she died at the age of seventy-five, bequeathing to the world a name second, in the annals of her age, to none but that of Hildebrand himself.

To him the Norman rescue of the papal city brought only a momentary relief. He returned in triumph to the Lateran. But within a few hours he looked from the walls of that ancient palace on a scene of woe such as, till then, had never passed before him. A sanguinary contest was raging between the forces of Robert and the citizens attached to Henry. Every street was barricaded, every house had become a fortress. The pealing of bells, the clash of arms, cries of fury, and shrieks of despair assailed his ears in dismal concert. When the sun set behind the Tuscan hills on this scene of desolation, another light, and a still more fearful struggle, succeeded. Flames ascended at once from every quarter. They leaped from house to house, enveloping and destroying whatever was most splendid or most sacred in the edifices of mediæval Rome. Amidst the roar of the conflagration they had kindled, and by its portentous light, the fierce Saracens and the ruthless Northmen revelled in plunder and carnage, like demons by the glare of their native pandemonium. Gregory gazed with agony on the real and present aspect of civil war. Perhaps he thought with penitence on the wars he had kindled beyond the Alps. Two-thirds of the city perished. Every convent was violated, every altar profaned, and multitudes driven away into perpetual and hopeless slavery. Himself a voluntary exile, Gregory sought in the castle of Salerno, and under the protection of the Normans, the security he could no longer find among his own exasperated subjects. Age and anxiety weighed heavily upon him. An unwonted lassitude depressed a frame
A. D. till now incapable of fatigue. He recognised the summons of
1085 death, and his soul rose with unconquerable power to entertain that awful visitant. He summoned round his bed the bishops and cardinals who had attended his flight from Rome. He passed before them, in firm and rapid retrospect, the incidents of his eventful life. He maintained the truth of the great

principles by which it had been governed from the commencement to the close. He named his three immediate successors in the Papacy. He assured his weeping friends of his intercession for them in heaven. He forgave, and blessed, and absolved his enemies, though with the resolute exceptions of the Emperor and the anti-Pope. He then composed himself to die. His faltering lips had closed on the transubstantiated elements. The final unction had given assurance that the body, so soon to be committed to the dust, would rise again in honour and incorruption. Anxious to catch the last accents of that once oracular voice, the mourners were bending over him, when, struggling in the very grasp of Death, he collected, for one last effort, his failing powers, and breathed out his spirit with the indignant exclamation, "I have loved righteousness, and hated iniquity: and therefore I die in exile!" [1]

ANSELM.

A.D. 1033—1109.

(*From "Essays and Reviews," by* the Rev. RICHARD CHURCH.)

THE Church policy of William the Conqueror, which . . . . A. D.
certainly had in part for its object to promote vigour, regularity, 1033
and strictness in the Church, is marked by two main features. One is the disposition to give and guarantee to the Church, within certain limits, a separate and independent jurisdiction. In the important council, or rather Parliament, of Lillebonne (1080), this was done for Normandy. From the floating mass of precedents and customs definite laws were extricated and fixed in writing; the province of the episcopal courts marked out with tolerable equity; questions about traditionary rights between the feudal and ecclesiastical powers adjusted, and provision made for settling future claims. . . . In England the

[1] Abridged from Essay I.

same disposition to recognise and guard the jurisdiction of the Church appears in the separation of the bishop's court from the secular court of the hundred, and the distinct and clear admission of the independence of that law by which the bishop was to judge. The King's mandate, by virtue of which this separation was to take place, expresses a strong desire for the restoration of Church laws to their purity and force, and secures their exercise from the secular interference to which it had hitherto been subject. And the frequent councils held during William's reign prove that he meant what he said.

But if William, for a feudal sovereign whose will was law, went out of his way to make the Church more active and powerful than she had been, he did so under the full consciousness, and with the distinct and jealous assertion, of his absolute control over her at the moment. . . . In William's policy the feudal sovereign was the source of ecclesiastical as of civil authority: as he had his feudatory barons, so he had his feudatory bishops; both invested with their office and dignity by him, both bound to him by the same oath of homage. . . . They were the great Church officers of the crown appointed to govern the Church for the King, and according to his wisdom and policy to make laws, and to execute them, not by their own authority, but by his. The last appeal was not to the law of the Gospel, but to the customs and precedents of feudalism. The powers of the Church were surrendered against all but the weak and helpless; and a large body of her members, and those the most licentious and unruly—the mass of the soldiery of the kingdom—were avowedly withdrawn from that control and discipline which she was to exercise at her own discretion and peril, without respect of persons.

Such was the condition in which the Conqueror left the Church to his successor. He had carried out his policy without meeting any opposition from the clergy. It is not difficult to understand their acquiescence in it, even on the part of such men as Lanfranc. For good certainly came of it, great and manifest good, in a most wild and lawless time. The strongest arm in England, the only power which could make itself felt in such a break-up of society, was, on the whole, on

their side. Why should they, at such a distance from the scene of conflict between the Church and the empire on the continent, and, moreover, so much perplexed by its events—with fierce and unscrupulous Norman soldiers to deal with, on the one hand, and a jealous Anglo-Saxon population, of whose language they were ignorant, on the other—why should they turn it against themselves? . . . But on the 9th of September, 1087, the "famous Baron" who had wrought greater things and caused more misery than any of his fellows in Europe was taken away from human affairs. He died almost alone. Those whose attendance he most desired, Lanfranc and Anselm, were kept from his death-bed by distance or sickness. When his corpse had been deserted by his children and servants, and left without covering on the bare floor, he was indebted for his burial to an obscure country knight, who, "for the love of God," brought his body to Caen, and his grave in his own noble monastery of St. Stephen was at the moment of burial forbidden him by a boor from whom he had of old violently taken the ground on which it stood. His friend and coadjutor, the great Archbishop—great not in having founded an empire, but reformed a Church—followed him shortly: he had seen but too certainly the troubles that were coming, and left their full weight for his successor.

That successor was Anselm. He was not a man fitted, seemingly, by nature and training, for such a lot. Like Lanfranc, he was the son of an Italian noble, born at Aosta in Piedmont, where his parents lived in affluence. His mother was a woman of warm and quiet piety, and her lessons early exerted a strong influence on his mind. As a boy, he was full of the strange simple faith of childhood: brought up among the Alps, he "used to fancy that heaven rested on the mountain-tops;" and, sleeping or waking, his thoughts were ever running on what it held. He soon distinguished himself in the public schools, and showed a strong disposition for the life of the cloister; but his wishes were checked by his father, and gave way at last before his opening prospects of rank and wealth. As he grew up, his love of religion, and even of literature, was damped by the amusements and pursuits of his station. His mother died early in his youth, and then "the

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ship of his heart," says his biographer, "having lost its sole anchor, drifted off almost entirely into the waves of the world." What seemed to await him was the life of coarse and uneasy riot, the authority, importance, and brawls of a village noble,—ending, perhaps, in the death of a dog,—at the foot of the Alps. But Providence, which had marked out for him so high a destiny, drove him from his home and country by the unappeasable harshness of his father. With one companion he crossed Mont Cenis, and, after three years spent in Burgundy and France, came to Normandy.

In the year 1059 all nations which spoke the Latin tongue, say the Chronicles, were ringing with the fame of the abbey of Bec in Normandy, and its prior, Lanfranc. . . .

Thither among the throng of students came Anselm, another Lombard wanderer, travelling, according to the fashion of those days, to acquire knowledge. He soon far outstripped his fellow-pupils, and his genius and untiring industry gained him the especial regard of Lanfranc, who employed him to teach under himself. Meanwhile the wish of his boyhood revived for a religious life; but such a step was not to be taken hastily, and long and anxiously did he think about it, and about the best plan of such a life. Should he become a hermit? or live under rule and vow on his patrimony, dispensing it all for the benefit of the poor? or enter a monastery? If he entered a monastery, Bec was the most natural place for him; but his unconscious ambition suggested, so he confessed afterwards, that at Bec he would be lost, and be no use while Lanfranc taught there: Clugny, again, was as strict as Bec, but discouraged learning. At last he put his case unreservedly into the hands of Lanfranc and the Archbishop of Rouen. Under their advice he resolved to devote himself to a monastic life, and at length assumed the habit at Bec.

A.D. 1064 Three years after his admission, the virtual government of the monastery passed into his hands, on his succeeding Lanfranc as prior; and fifteen years later, on the death of Herluin, the simple-hearted and venerable founder, he was elected 1078 abbot. Bec lost nothing under his rule of what it had gained under Lanfranc. Very different in character and cast of mind

from his great predecessor, he worked in the same cause, and with equal earnestness and success. His monastery still continued one of the chief centres of religious and intellectual activity to England, Normandy, and even France; awakening thought, and restoring a practical and strict sense of Christian duty, in their wild and unsettled population, by its own example of holiness, and by the numerous pupils which it was continually sending forth from its school. The pursuits to which Lanfranc had given the first impulse by his clear and eloquent lectures, and his great erudition, Anselm carried forward by his freshness and vigour of thought, and his native genius for refined metaphysical speculation. He governed his monastery with skill; no such easy task, in days when the abbot had to exercise more personal superintendence and more severity over grown men of all ages than the master of a large school would now venture upon towards his boys. Lanfranc was famous for his powers of government: Anselm, by his clear insight into character, his patience and firmness, and his winning affectionateness, had as much hold on his monks as Lanfranc had gained by his knowledge of the world and his forcible and commanding character. "To those in health," says Eadmer, "Anselm was a father; to the sick a mother."

He seemed to have found the sphere for which he was intended. In the quiet of his monastery his subtle and active intellect could pursue without interruption that striking line of speculation, full of devotion, though so abstract and methodical, the love of which haunted him like a passion, and which began a new era in Latin theology. He had pupils round him whose minds were kindling at his own, and friends to whom he could open his heart with the frankness and warmth which were such strong features of his character,—features of which we see so much in his letters, and which would almost have seemed softness, except in one under such stern and strong self-discipline. And further, the presence and society of a large body of men, all of them more or less sincerely engaged in efforts after a religious life, dependent on his care, and needing his succour and counsel, gave infinitely varied play to a character peculiarly delicate and skilful in its

appreciation and treatment of others. He found, also, in his monastery what answered to and satisfied his deep feeling of devotion, in those services of unwearied praise and prayer, and those opportunities for self-recollection, by which men were permitted in those days to realize, in so vivid a manner, the communion of saints, and the presence of the Invisible.

His influence reached far beyond the walls of his cloister. His high and self-devoted religion, and his name as a writer and teacher, told even upon the world without; and to these he added popular qualities of a singularly engaging kind. His striking reality and simplicity of character, set off by a strong dash of humour, his good sense and considerateness, his graceful condescension to the weak and poor, his gentleness and evenness of temper, veiling such unquestionable seriousness of purpose, and sternness towards himself, won upon all hearts, even that of the iron-minded Conqueror.

"When he used to teach or give advice," says Eadmer, "he was especially careful to be most plain-spoken, avoiding all pomp and generalities, and illustrating his meaning as best he could by any homely or familiar example. All men rejoiced in his converse; he gained the love of young and old, of men and women, of rich and poor, and all were glad to minister to him,—of so frank and glad a spirit was he to all, and so readily did he enter into their ways, as far as he might without sin. He was the darling of France and Normandy, known and welcome also in England." After his first visit to England "there was no earl or countess, or great person there, who did not think that they had missed favour in the sight of God if they haply had not had an opportunity of rendering some service to Anselm, abbot of Bec." Such was the course to which Anselm seemed to be called; to the calm and meditative life of the cloister, where he might influence his generation by his example and writings, and by the minds which he formed there: to be the counsellor and doctor of his age, calling forth seriousness around him; to be the father of a great religious brotherhood; and, in the world, to be an example of primitive saintliness, carrying blessing and commanding veneration and love wherever he appeared.

Anselm was twenty-seven when he finally resolved to "leave

all," and entered for good on what seemed to be his work in life. He had done for ever with the world, with its consolations and joys; as he thought, with its storms also. Thirty-three years of peace were granted him, during which he served God and his brethren in gladness of heart, without thought or fear of change. But they were only to be a long respite. The last of them found him still at Bec, an old man, expecting to die there, but in reality with the great work and trial of his life not yet begun nor looked for.

In the year 1092 William Rufus had been four years on the throne, and had let loose feudalism, in all its lawlessness, upon England. The hearty frankness, high spirit, and generosity of his youth had degenerated especially since the death of Lanfranc, from whom he had received his education and knighthood, into a brutal passion for the wildest debauchery and a savage impatience of every kind of restraint. Not that even now he was without the remains of what might have been a fine character; gleams of nobleness and generosity broke out at times in the midst of his boisterous orgies and his fiercest bursts of rage. In his rough and cruel merriment he did not want for humour, which seems even sometimes to have been a veil under which he expressed self-reproach. But he was frantic with his excessive power. "The truth must be told," is the reluctant avowal of William of Malmesbury, who can scarcely help making him a hero, and who "would be inclined to think, if religion allowed the doctrine of metempsychosis, that the soul of Julius Cæsar had reappeared in William;" "the truth must be told: he feared God very little, and men not at all."

His government was a full-blown specimen of that worldly and cruel system which was in various ways endeavouring to undermine the power which Christianity still maintained over society; a government which, while it allowed any amount of wickedness and oppression among the powerful,—the barons and their dependents,—repressed with a strong hand and unsparing severity any breach of the King's peace among the poor and weak. . . . Appeal to the Church was vain; William, who openly and avowedly hated religion, trampled upon her and plundered her to support his profuse expenditure, which

was on the same wild scale as everything else in his character. . . . In his father's time the revenues which accrued to a see or abbey during a vacancy were handed over in full to the next holder; the appointment to the offices, though almost always made by the crown, was yet looked on as a trust. But William Rufus asserted the King's full and exclusive right of property in every possession of the Church, and he acted systematically on this claim. As soon as a church became vacant, a King's commissioner went down and took possession; and it was either disposed of to the highest bidder, for the King's profit, or kept vacant altogether, the revenue going meanwhile to the Exchequer. Church benefices were treated as if they were simply royal domains, to be granted or withheld at the King's pleasure.

It is not, however, to William alone that the credit of these proceedings is due. The man who ruled supreme in England during most of his reign, and who was the contriver and agent of these and other financial measures of the same sort, was a low-born Norman ecclesiastic named Ralph Passaflabere, or, as he was surnamed, Flambard the Firebrand—a personage whom his contemporaries seemed to have looked at with a mixture of horror, indignation, and amusement. What Cleon was to the Athenian democracy Ralph Flambard was to the feudal King. By his talent for coarse and boisterous jokes, and his noisy and unfailing merriment, he had become William's chief boon companion. But the King soon found in him a servant as fierce-tempered, unscrupulous, and fearless as himself, and possessed of far superior talents for intrigue and legal chicane. Impudent, cunning, and ready, with a tongue which nothing could silence, and activity and resolution which set at nought all opposition, he simply laid himself out to enrich his master. He was placed at the head of the Exchequer, and rose to be Justiciary of England and Bishop of Durham. . . . Into this man's hands, as King's commissioner, had the see of Canterbury fallen, since the death of Lanfranc; and, in spite of every remonstrance, William refused to fill it. Men looked on indignantly—bishops, barons, and people, for mixed or different reasons—at this new and unheard-of injury: to see the "mother church of all England" lying in widow-

hood; the sacred throne of St. Austin, "the stay of Christian religion in the realm," under the feet of Ralph Flambard.

Such was the state of things in England, when, at the earnest request of Hugh de Loup, earl of Chester, one of the most powerful and magnificent of the Conqueror's barons, Anselm crossed from Normandy. . . .

The Earl of Chester was, in his way, a patron and friend of religious men. He had an old-standing friendship with Anselm, and there can be little doubt that it was with the view of procuring his election to the primacy that he sent for him to England to superintend—so he said—a new monastery, which he had just founded in his county. Such certainly was the talk of the day, and Anselm had such misgivings on the subject, that he at first positively refused to go; and it was not till Earl Hugh, who had meanwhile been attacked with a dangerous sickness, and earnestly besought his counsels in the hour of need, had pledged himself on his honour that the reports about Anselm's intended promotion were unfounded, that he was induced to visit England. He was received with honour by the King and the court: at Canterbury the clergy and people met him with enthusiastic welcome as their future archbishop; but he immediately left the town, and nothing more was said or done for the present to make him expect the primacy. Yet, when he had accomplished the immediate objects of his visit, he found himself still detained, and the King refused his permission for him to return to Normandy. It is not easy to understand William's motives for detaining Anselm. Whatever might have been the wishes of the court, he certainly had no present intention of filling up the archbishopric. When Anselm's holiness was praised in his presence, and the speaker remarked that "the Abbot of Bec had no wishes for anything earthly," William added scoffingly, "No, not even for the archbishopric; but by the Holy Face of Lucca," he continued, fiercely, "other archbishop besides me there shall be none."

A. D. 1092

He had occasion, however, soon after to change his mind. When he kept his court at Gloucester, at Christmas, 1092, his great men had petitioned, "that at least he would give leave that prayers should be offered up throughout England, that God

would be pleased to put it into the King's heart to institute a worthy pastor to the church of Canterbury." William, though highly offended at the petition, granted it. "Let the Church ask what she pleases," he said; "I shall not cease to work my will."

Shortly after this he sickened; his danger became imminent. In a moment of remorse and terror he was induced, among other acts of penitence and amendment, to fill up the archbishopric; and he nominated Anselm.

A. D. 1093 With our modern notions about preferment, we can scarcely enter into the scene that followed, when the moment of trial which Anselm had for some time foreseen, without the power of escaping from it, was at length arrived, and he saw himself, after a life of quiet, on the point of being cast forth in his old age to buffet with the storms of the world—in those days a wild and rough one. Many years before this, when only prior of Bec, and complaining of his inadequacy for his office, Maurilius, archbishop of Rouen, had forewarned him that he must expect to be called to yet heavier burdens, and had solemnly charged him on his "holy obedience" not to refuse them. In compliance with this command, he had become abbot. But he was now summoned to be the restorer of the English Church, and the colleague of William Rufus in its government; to make head against a state of things which the English bishops, frightfully evil as many of them felt it to be, had not the heart to resist. He grew pale and trembled when he heard the acclamations which announced the King's election. When the bishops came to lead him to the King, to receive investiture, he refused to go. "He was too old," he said, "and knew nothing of business; and, further, his allegiance, his canonical obedience, his counsel and services, were already vowed to others." He was dragged into the King's sick chamber. William, hard man as he was, was moved even to tears: but his bitter entreaties to Anselm to save him from dying in the guilt of sacrilege, with the archbishopric still in his hands, and the angry remonstrances of the bystanders that Anselm was troubling the King's dying hours and betraying the cause of the Church, were all in vain. Anselm refused to receive the archbishopric. "Might it have been the will of

God," said he afterwards of those moments, "I would gladly have died on the spot." In his distress of mind, he burst into an agony of tears, and blood gushed from his nostrils. The King became impatient. The old man was dragged to the bedside, and his right arm held out by the bishops to receive from the King the pastoral staff. But he kept his hand firmly clenched. They tried by main force to wrench it open, and when the pain they put him to caused him to cry out, the bishops held the staff against his still closed hand. He was borne forth, rather than led, with hymns and acclamations, to a neighbouring church, crying out, "It is nought that ye are doing! it is nought that ye are doing!" "It would have been difficult to discover," writes he afterwards to his monks at Bec, "whether madmen were dragging along one in his senses, or the sane a madman, save that they were chanting, and I looking more like a corpse than a living man, with amazement and anguish; and, on the afternoon of the same day, when I had time to recollect myself, and to realize your affection, and the burden imposed on me, sorrow—so unusual with me—overcame my reason to such a degree that people thought I was dying or fainting, and brought holy water to sprinkle me, or make me drink it." In spite of what had passed, he persisted in refusing to acknowledge the validity of his appointment; and the matter was, meanwhile, referred to the decision of those to whose obedience and service he was already bound—the Archbishop of Rouen, the Duke of Normandy, and the monastery of Bec. Their consent was gained; not without difficulty on the part of the monks of Bec. We give the letter he received from the Archbishop as a specimen of the sober and measured tone with which serious men in those days addressed a brother who was called to a high office in the Church,—a tone, not of congratulation for honours won, but of grave and subdued sympathy for a comrade going to his post of increased hazard and toil.

"BROTHER WILLIAM, ARCHBISHOP, *to his lord and friend,* ANSELM; *God's blessing and his own.*

"I have considered long and carefully, as was due in so important a matter, the subject of the King's letter and yours, and I have asked the advice of my own friends and yours upon it. The wish on all sides is, were it possible, to keep you still among us, and yet not to do anything to oppose

the Divine Will. But as matters stand, both cannot be fulfilled, and we therefore, as is fitting and right, submit our will to His; and in the name of God and St. Peter, and of all my friends and yours, who love you for God's sake, I command you to undertake the pastoral care of the church of Canterbury, and to receive, according to the custom of the Church, the episcopal benediction, thenceforward to watch over the welfare of your sheep, by Divine Providence, as we believe, committed to you. Farewell, my beloved."

Anselm's nomination took place at Gloucester, on the first Sunday in Lent, 1093 (March 6). But it was not till the autumn of the same year that he was at length prevailed upon by William's fair promises to undertake the primacy. He did homage, according to custom, and on the 4th of December he was consecrated at Canterbury, by the Archbishop of York, in the presence of nearly all the bishops of England.

At his consecration, when, according to the Roman ritual, the book of the Gospels was opened at random, and laid on his shoulders, the passage which turned up was the following:—"He bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

Men took this as an omen of the course of his episcopate. It was no untrue augury. He stood on the verge of twelve years of anxious and unwearied service, to be repaid by unsymathising lukewarmness or fierce persecution. . . . "From the first," says Eadmer, "he perceived and foretold that many would be the troubles he should have to suffer during his pontificate." Coming therefore to a new, and to him an unwonted, way of serving God, according to Solomon's precept, he stood in fear, and prepared his soul for temptation, knowing that all who will live godly in Christ must needs suffer tribulation. . . .

His anticipations were soon realized. When the contest began, he had to fight alone. Of the English higher clergy, two bishops only seem to have shown him any sympathy; the rest either stood aloof or openly opposed him. . . .

They had been brought up under William the Conqueror's system: under it they had seen cathedrals raised, monasteries restored, the majesty of the Church and the dignity of her prelates honoured by the world. And, whatever evils and

abuses existed under it, a desperate conflict with the King would scarcely seem the most likely way to mend them. Moreover Lanfranc, still the greatest name in England, the restorer of the English Church, under whom the best of her bishops had been trained, had given, as far as we can see, his countenance and hearty concurrence to the Conqueror's general policy towards the Church. This may explain, in some measure, the part which the bishops took in the struggles of Anselm's episcopate. So it is, however: it was not till after his death that the rulers of the English Church acknowledged him as champion.

The storm which Anselm had looked for soon broke. Symptoms of it had shown themselves even before his consecration. On the very day of his enthronement at Canterbury the joy of the people was disturbed by the appearance of the hateful and dreaded Ralph Flambard, who came to institute a suit against the Archbishop in the King's name. And they were irreconcileably separated. . . . Anselm, on his consecration, had with difficulty raised 500 marks on his wasted estates in order to make William the customary present. The King thought the sum too small, and, as his wont was when he was offended, refused it. Anselm went to him and pressed him to take it: though small, it was offered freely, nor would it be the last: but he intimated plainly, that he would not fall in with the King's system of extortion.

"As a friend," he said, "you may do what you like with me and mine: on the footing of a slave, neither me nor mine shall you have." "Keep your money and foul tongue to yourself; I have enough for myself: go, get you gone," was the King's answer, in his rough and broken way.[1] Anselm left him. He thought, says Eadmer, of the words of the Gospel, which had been read on the day when he first entered his cathedral. "No man can serve two masters." "No one now, at least," he said, "can accuse me of simony. The present which I meant for him shall go now, not to him, but to Christ's poor, for the benefit of his soul." He tried, however, once more to regain the King's favour, but he was told that the only way

[1] *Boffing*, *i.e.* spluttering, "and most when he was in wrath or strife," (Robert of Gloucester).

was to double his present; about this he was firm, and he left the court in disgrace.

William was beyond measure irritated at this resolute opposition from a clergyman, an old feeble monk, one, too, whom he himself had in a moment of weakness placed in the position to annoy him: but nothing was done for the present to molest Anselm. He held on his course, discharging the duties of his office: in the country, living among his tenants, and writing on theology; at court, preaching against its luxury and effeminate fashions, and refusing absolution to the disobedient: doing whatever he could to repair the mischiefs of the last six years. But his single efforts were vain against the frightful licence which prevailed, and the other bishops kept aloof from him. His only hope was a synod. Could a council be summoned, men might speak and act in concert who would not act separately.

A. D. 1094 The court was at Hastings, waiting for a wind to carry over the King to Normandy, and the bishops had been summoned thither to give him their blessing when he sailed. Anselm resolved to make one more effort to move William. He went to him, and solemnly laid before him the state of things in England: "Christian religion," he said, "had well nigh perished among the people, and the land was become almost a Sodom; the only remedy was in a council of the Church." William refused to hear of it. Anselm then entreated him at least to appoint abbots to the vacant and disorganized monasteries. "What are they to you?" was the fierce answer. "The abbeys, are they not mine? May I not do what I please with them, as you do with your manors?" "Yours they are," said Anselm, "to protect, but not to lay waste; for they belong to God,—to maintain His servants, not to support your wars." "Your predecessor dared not have held such language to my father," was the reply. "Go, I will do nothing for you." Anselm retired and consulted the bishops. They could suggest no other advice than that of purchasing the King's favour. The Archbishop indignantly rejected it; for the honour of the Church, in justice to his poor tenants, on mere grounds of policy, he could not listen to so unworthy an expedient. "My vassals," said he, "have been plundered and made a prey since Lanfranc's

death, and I have nothing to give them: shall I further go go on to flay them alive?" The bishop recommended him to give, at least, the 500 marks which he had originally offered. "No," said he; "he has refused it once: it is gone to the poor now." William was furious when this was reported to him. "Go tell him," was his message, "that I hated him yesterday: henceforth I will hate him daily more and more. Father and Archbishop he shall be to me no longer. Let him not wait here to give me his blessing. I will cross without it."

Such was the opening of the great trial of strength between the Church and feudalism in England. . . . This apparently petty dispute about 500 marks . . . led on, by a series of close and obvious consequences, to the opening of those great questions between the spiritual and temporal powers, questions among the highest that can engage men's thoughts, which even in our own day remain unsettled. . . .

The results of his quarrel with Anselm had taught William that the Church, humbled as she was, might yet, under able and resolute guidance, such as she had gained in the Archbishop, be able to check and thwart him. And her power of maintaining her ground against him was visibly strengthened by her union with the rest of the Western Church, and with the Pope. Whatever measures William might pursue in England, he could not prevent Anselm from ultimately falling back on an authority to which it was impossible, without avowed disobedience, to refuse to listen. It became William's object, therefore, to perplex and weaken the Archbishop by detaching him, indirectly if possible, from the Pope, and isolating him from the rest of Christendom. The circumstances of the times were favourable to his attempt. There were at the moment two claimants of the throne of St. Peter, Urban II. and the anti-Pope Guibert, and the English Church had hitherto acknowledged neither. Without, therefore, denying the rights of the Apostolic see, William, acting on the precedent established by his father, might require the bishops to suspend their obedience till he had decided which of the two rivals had really a claim to it.

But there was a difficulty in the case of the Archbishop. He had already acknowledged Urban, and had distinctly reserved

his obedience to him before he would accept the primacy. William, however, was not to be turned aside from his purpose easily. The point soon came to an issue between him and the Archbishop, in what manner and with what results will be seen from the following transaction, the details of which are given by Eadmer:—

A. D. 1095 On Mid-Lent Sunday, 1095 (March 11), the prelates and nobility of England, with a large concourse of the lower orders, met at the hour of prime in the church of Rockingham Castle, to hold a solemn council. The peers had been summoned to answer an appeal made to them by the Archbishop for their judgment and council in a very important question lately raised between himself and the King. When he had applied to the King for leave to make the customary journey to Rome in order to receive the metropolitan pall, the King had asked him, "from which Pope he meant to ask it?" and on being told "from Urban," he had charged the Archbishop with a breach of his fealty and allegiance in daring to recognise a Pope not yet acknowledged by the realm, and told him that he must either disclaim Urban till the King's pleasure were known, or leave England. "His obedience to Pope Urban," the King said, "was incompatible with his duty as a subject." It was on this point that the Archbishop had asked and received permission to seek the advice of his peers. He laid his case fully before them, reminding them that they had forced him into his present position, with full warning from him of the difficulties which were likely to ensue, and with a pledge on their part of sympathy and aid. "It is a grievous thing for me," he concluded, "to despise and disown the Vicar of St. Peter; it is a grievous thing to break the faith which I promised to keep to the King according to God's law; nevertheless it is a grievous thing to be told that I cannot do my duty to either one of these except at the expense of my allegiance to the other."

The bishops, to whom he had especially addressed himself, declined to give him any counsel for the present, except on condition of his submitting unconditionally to the King, but they offered to report what he had said to William, who was waiting the issue in another part of the castle, and communicate

what he might say in answer: and thus the question was put off till the next day.

The following morning the assembly met again. The Archbishop took his seat in the midst, and repeated his request to the bishops for their counsel. But he again asked it in vain. They replied as they had done the day before. They would give no council on religious grounds (*secundum Deum*) which should in any respect oppose the King's will. They gave their answer like men who felt the shame and cowardice of their position. "They hung down their heads in silence," says Eadmer, "expecting what was coming on them." Anselm's countenance lighted up when he heard their determination, and raising his eyes to heaven, he solemnly addressed his protest to the assembled bishops and nobles:—

"Since you," he said, who are called the pastors of Christ's flock, and you who are styled chiefs among the people, refuse your counsel to me your chief, except according to the will of one man, I will betake myself to the Chief Shepherd and Prince of all, I will fly to the 'Angel of Great Counsel,' and from Him I will receive the counsel which I will follow in this my cause—yea, rather, *His* cause, and that of His Church. He says to the most blessed of the Apostles, Peter, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church;' and again to all the Apostles jointly, 'He who hears you hears Me; and he who despises you despises Me.' It was primarily to St. Peter, and in him to the other Apostles—it is to the Vicar of St. Peter, and through him to the other bishops who fill the Apostles' places—that these words, as we believe, were addressed; but to no emperor whatsoever, to no king, or duke, or earl. In what point we must be subject to earthly princes the same Angel of Great Counsel has taught us, saying, 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' These are the words and counsels of God, and by them I will abide. Know ye therefore, all of you, that in the things that are God's I will render obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter; in those that belong of right to the earthly dignity of my lord the King I will render him both faithful counsel and service, to the best of my knowledge and power." . . .

The Archbishop's speech was received in clamour and tumult; no one ventured to answer it; no one would report it to the King; and the assembly broke up in confusion. Anselm was not daunted; he went himself to the royal chamber, and repeated his words in William's presence.

The day was spent by the King's party in angry and fruitless deliberation. William looked to the bishops to defeat Anselm on his own ground. The bishops, irritated at once by

the hopelessness of their case and by their fear of disappointing William, were unable to agree among themselves upon the course to be pursued. The Archbishop, meanwhile, had returned to the church to wait the result: while his opponents, broken up into knots of two and three, were engaged in eager and fruitless discussion, he remained in his seat, and at last wearied out with the delay, "leaning his head against the wall, he fell into a calm sleep." Towards the end of the day the bishops, with some of the nobility, came to him from the King. "Their advice to him," they said, "was, that he should submit without further hesitation to the customs of the realm, which the King valued as highly as his crown, and at once give up Urban." Anselm asked till the next day to return a formal answer. They thought he was wavering, or at a loss for an immediate reply, and urged the King to take advantage of his indecision. William, bishop of Durham, who had throughout taken the lead against the Archbishop, and who had engaged to force him either to commit himself to a disavowal of Urban, or to resign his ring and crozier, now came to him, and called on him peremptorily to yield to the King his dignity and prerogative, or to prepare at once for his own just sentence. But he had overstepped his mark. Anselm answered quietly and briefly, "Whosoever wishes to prove that, because I will not renounce the obedience of the chief Bishop of the venerable Holy Roman Church, I am therefore breaking faith and allegiance to my earthly King, let him come forward and he shall find me ready, *as* I ought, and *where* I ought, to render my answer." They had nothing to reply, and retired to the King. A suppressed murmur of indignation ran through the crowd of the lower orders which had filled the body of the church the whole day, and had hitherto looked on in silent sympathy, not daring to express their feelings. At length a soldier stept out of the throng, and knelt before the Archbishop. "Lord and Father," said he, "thy children humbly beseech thee by me that thy heart be not troubled by what thou hast heard, but remember blessed Job, who vanquished the devil on a dunghill, and avenged Adam, whom the devil had conquered in Paradise."

William of Durham had to report to the King, "tamely and

faintly," the complete failure of his attempt. Evening was closing in, and the assembly again adjourned. The King was exasperated in the highest degree with the Archbishop, and scarcely less so with the bishops. At last William of Durham proposed that Anselm should be deprived by violence, and driven out of England. But against this the lay barons, who had been moved by the Archbishop's calm self-possession and readiness in answering, protested strongly. "If this then pleases you not," said the King, "what *will* please you? In this realm I will endure no equal. It is by following your counsel and plans that things have been brought to this pass. Away with you: get you gone, and lay your heads together; for by God's countenance if ye condemn him not, according to my will, I will condemn you."

William found it impossible to prevail upon the bishops to pass sentence on Anselm; but he found them willing to renounce his obedience. The lay barons, on the other hand, firmly refused to follow their example. As a feudal superior, he did not claim their obedience; as their archbishop and spiritual father, he had done nothing to forfeit it. This refusal left the bishops alone in their miserable position, and their confusion was increased by William's calling on them severally to declare whether they renounced their obedience to the Archbishop unconditionally, or only so far as it implied the claims of Pope Urban. They were divided in their answers: those who refused an unconditional renunciation were driven from William's presence, and had to regain his favour by large gifts. But it was an impolitic step on his part, for it broke up his party among the bishops; and by forcing them to this disgraceful alternative, he brought to a head the growing feeling of disgust and scorn with which their conduct was viewed even by the nobility. Those especially among them who had entirely renounced the Archbishop were openly insulted even in the court: it was plain that their influence would no longer weigh with any one, or their concurrence give plausibility to any measure. There remained nothing farther to be done against the Archbishop, except in the way of open violence, and men were not yet ripe for that. It was agreed, therefore, that matters should be left as they were

for the present, and should stand over till after the following Whitsuntide.

William immediately dispatched two of his chaplains, Gerard, afterwards archbishop of York, and William Warelwast, to intrigue at Rome. What they said or did there does not appear. They were men who, as they showed afterwards, would not be scrupulous in serving their master: but the result of their negociation was the mission, by Pope Urban, of Cardinal Walter of Albano to the King, secretly bearing with him the metropolitan pall. On landing in England, the legate took no notice of the Archbishop, though he had to pass through Canterbury, but went straight to the court. Of his proceedings there, which were looked upon at the time with great distrust and dissatisfaction by the Archbishop's friends, all we know is, that William was induced by the grant, Eadmer says, of special privileges from the Roman see, to acknowledge Urban; but that when he demanded in return the deposition of Anselm, by the authority, or at least with the consent, of the legate, he was at once and peremptorily refused. Disappointed and baffled, he seems to have resolved to put the best face upon matters, and consent to a reconciliation with the Archbishop, which took place shortly after, but not without another vain attempt, on the part of the bishops, to induce Anselm, by concealing from him the real state of things at court, to purchase the King's favour by a large present.

William's party wished the Archbishop to receive the pall from the hands of the King. Anselm objected, for the privileges and powers which it symbolized and conveyed belonged not to the King to give, but to the spiritual ruler of the Church. It was determined, therefore, that it should be laid on the high altar of Canterbury, from whence the Archbishop should take it. On the third Sunday after Trinity the legate, bearing it in a silver casket, was met at Canterbury by the Archbishop and bishops of England in procession, bare-footed, but in their sacerdotal vestments, and conducted to the cathedral, where Anselm, wearing for the first time the symbol of his metropolitan dignity, celebrated the Holy Eucharist. The Gospel read in the service was the same passage which had been taken as the presage of his episcopate at his consecration

the parable of the Great Supper. Those monitory words were still to be fulfilled; the work in which he was engaged, though so far he had been successful, was not yet over.

The reconciliation did not last long. William continued as profligate and oppressive as ever, and soon began to molest the Archbishop personally. For some alleged neglect of feudal service he was summoned to appear before the King's court. "We looked for peace," said he, on receiving the order, "and there is no good; for the time of healing, and behold trouble." It was become plain that the King was resolved to crush him: in England he was fighting single-handed: there was nothing left for him but to refer matters to the Pope. We will give his own account of his position about this time, in an extract from a letter written by him to Pope Urban, shortly after he had received the pall. A. D. 1096

"Holy Father," he writes, after having explained why he had not been able yet to visit Rome, "it grieves me that I am what I am, that I am not what I was. It grieves me that I am a bishop, for my sins prevent me from doing the work of a bishop. When I was in a humble station, I seemed to be doing something; now that I am exalted to a high place, I am weighed down with a load which is too heavy for me, and I do no good, either for myself or others. . . . I long to escape from an intolerable charge, and to lay down my burden; on the other hand, I fear to offend God. The fear of God, which made me undertake it, compels me to keep it. If I knew God's will, I would direct my will and conduct according to it; but it is hidden from me, and I know not what to do. I cannot see my way, or make out what conclusion I ought to come to."

He goes on to entreat Urban's prayers, "lest, tossed by the waves of such thoughts, he should altogether sink, or attain to nothing;" and prays that, if at last "in shipwreck he should have to seek refuge from the storm in the bosom of his mother the Church, he may, for the sake of Him who shed His blood for us, find there ready and compassionate aid and solace."

Such were his feelings and prospects in 1096. Shortly after, in that same year, he was forced by William to quit England as a banished man. The causes of his exile are thus stated in a letter, written by him two years after, to Paschal II., Urban's successor.

. . . "I had before my eyes in England a multitude of evils which it was my province to correct. I could neither correct them, nor yet tolerate them without sin. The King required me, on the score of duty, to consent to his will and pleasure in matters which were against the law and will of God: for, without his command, he would not that any successor of the Apostle should be received, or be so styled, in England; nor that I should hold communication with him, or obey his decrees. Since he came to the throne, which is now thirteen years, he has not allowed a council to be held. The lands of the Church he has given to his vassals; and if in these and such like matters I sought counsel, every one refused it to me, even my own suffragans, except according to his will. Seeing then these and many other violations of the law and will of God, I asked leave of him to visit the Apostolic see, that I might receive advice from thence touching my own soul, and the office enjoined me. The King answered, that I had committed a crime in merely thus asking leave, and gave me the choice, either of making amends for this as for an offence, and giving him security that I would never ask leave again or appeal to the Apostolic see, or else of taking my speedy departure from his realm. I chose rather to depart, than to agree to such a scandalous act. I came to Rome, as you know, and laid the whole matter before my Lord the Pope. The King, as soon as I had left England, laid hands on the whole archbishopric, and, leaving just enough to clothe and feed our monks, turned it to his own purposes. Warned and intreated by my Lord the Pope to alter his conduct, he has scorned to do so, and to this day holds on in the same course. It is now the third year since I thus left England; the little that I brought with me, and the large sums which I have borrowed and not yet repaid, are all spent; and thus deeply in debt, but possessed of nothing, I am living on the bounty of our venerable father, the Archbishop of Lyons." . . .

As the letter states, the King, though he had acknowledged Urban, had treated Anselm's application as a breach of his oath of allegiance. The nobility took part against the Archbishop, and his suffragans again deserted him. Their address to him is too remarkable to be omitted.

"'Lord father, we well know that thou art a pious and holy man, and hast thy desires in heaven. We by our relatives, whom we support, by temporal circumstances in which we are engaged, are withheld from ascending to your magnanimity, and from making sport of the world. But, if you are willing to descend to us and imitate our conduct, we will assist you with the same counsel with which we assist each other, and will succour you in your embarrassments. But, should you abide by your former principles, we will not desert our fidelity to the King, nor separate ourselves from him.' Anselm replied, 'You have answered well: go to your Lord; I will hold to my God.'"—*Möhler*, p. 82.

A. D. 1097 On his refusing to comply with the King's wishes, he was ordered to be ready to quit England in ten days. Before he

left the court, he went to the King, "with a cheerful and pleasant countenance," and offered him his benediction. "I know not when I shall see you again," he said, "and, if you refuse it not, I would fain give you my blessing—the blessing of a father to his son, of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the King of England. The rough King was for a moment touched, perhaps awed, by Anselm's calm but solemn way of closing their personal intercourse. He could not refrain from bowing his head, while the Archbishop made the sign of the cross over him, and departed: and they never met again. Anselm was persecuted to the last with insult and annoyance. As he was embarking at Dover, William Warelwast, the King's chaplain, who had been living for several days at the Archbishop's house, caused his luggage to be broken open on the beach, and searched, in the hope of finding treasure. . . .

Along his road, and in Italy, the Archbishop was received, as was due to his name and cause, with honour by the great, with almost enthusiastic love by the poor. Nothing is more striking in Eadmer's minute but unstudied narratives, than the intercourse between the Archbishop and the lower orders, and the interest he excited among them. Over and above his untiring sympathy for their wants and wishes, bodily and spiritual, there was a charm in his singular elasticity of character and graceful bearing, in his easy gaiety and hearty condescending kindness, which drew them in throngs around him. "His countenance alone," says his companion, "even where he was not known, arrested their admiring attention." While staying in the camp of the Duke of Apulia, the very Saracens of the army, some of whom had shared his bounty, used to bless him with uplifted hands, and kneel before him, as he passed through their quarters.

But his quarrel was taken up feebly at Rome. He waited through two years of negociation, but nothing was done. His able and seasonable defence of the Latin creed against the Greeks at the Council of Bari, together with his uncomplaining cheerfulness, had won him the sympathy of the Italian bishops, and by many of them the indecision and lukewarmness of the Roman court were felt strongly. At the Council of Lateran, 1099, this feeling showed itself. . . . A. D. 1098 1099

"At Easter the customary Roman synod was held; many Gallic and Italian bishops were present: at the conclusion the canons which had been passed were again to be read. As the synod was held publicly in the church, in the same manner as the assembly of lords and bishops which Anselm had convened (?) at the commencement of his contest, many of the people flocked to the important discussion. It was desirable that the resolutions should be distinctly read: the Bishop of Lucca, who had a powerful voice, was therefore selected for this office. He had read but a few decrees when he suddenly paused, and, under violent internal excitement, manifested by his agitated appearance, and by the various expressions of his countenance, addressed the Pope in these violent words:—'What are we doing? We are loading our people with decrees, and we offer no resistance to the despotism of tyrants. Their oppression and robberies of the Church are daily reported to this see. As the head of all, you are called upon for counsel and assistance; but with what success is known and deplored by the whole world. From the ends of the earth there sits one among us, in meek and humble silence. But his silence is a loud cry. The greater his humiliation, the milder his mood, the more powerful is he with God, and the more should he inflame us. It is now two years since his arrival, and what assistance has he received? Know ye not all to whom I allude? It is to Anselm, the primate of England.' With these words he raised his staff, and struck it so violently upon the pavement, that the church re-echoed around. The Pope looked towards him and said, 'It is sufficient, Reinger, it is sufficient: good counsel shall soon be adopted.'" —*Möhler*, pp. 86, 87.

The Council, however, broke up without any further steps being taken, and Anselm at length left Italy in despair, and took refuge, as he states in the letter quoted above, with the Archbishop of Lyons.

The death of the Pope, which happened shortly afterwards, relieved William from the difficulty into which he had brought himself by acknowledging Urban. "Evil be with him who cares for it," was his remark on hearing the news. He was resolved not to repeat the mistake, especially as the new Pope was reported to be "one of Anselm's sort." "His Popedom," he said, with an oath, "shall not override me this time; now that I am free, I will remain so."

But the career of this miserable man was coming to a close. Men shuddered at his frightful blasphemies and his ferocious hatred against everything connected with religion; they waited with awe to see where his reckless course would end, and looked out for visible signs of the presence and power of the evil one to whom he had sold himself. He had sworn with an

oath on recovering from his last sickness, "that God should never have any good in him, for all the evil which He had brought upon him." "From that time," says Eadmer, "he succeeded in everything he wished for or attempted. The very wind and sea seemed to serve his will, as if God would leave him without excuse, by granting all that he wished for." "Yet," said those around him, "never a night came but he lay down a worse man than he rose; and never a morning but he rose worse than he lay down."

He heard of Urban's death in October, 1099. On the 2d of August following he rode out at mid-day, after a wild debauch, to hunt in the New Forest—the chase which his father had made by laying waste hearth and burial-ground, and in which two of his family had already perished;—in the evening his body was found pierced with an arrow through the heart.

Henry Beauclerk (the successor of William Rufus) was the youngest of the Conqueror's sons, and not the least remarkable of that remarkable family, who collectively present a fair specimen of the race of stirring and adventurous men of whom they were the head; a race whose banners, in the eleventh century, had been seen in almost every country round the Mediterranean—*gens fere orbem terrarum bello pervagata*—who had met and humbled alike Greek and Latin emperors, soldans of Syria and Africa, and had set up their thrones east, west, and south, in Russia and England, in Naples, Palermo, and Antioch; at once the unscrupulous persecutors of the Church and its most enthusiastic liegemen and soldiers. . . . Henry had been schooled by his fortunes. In his youth he was the scholar of the family, the man of peace and studious tastes, the frequenter of learned companies, the dabbler in classical quotations and snatches of philosophy; whose attainments, if they were somewhat "tumultuary"—if, like Charlemagne, he seldom ventured "to read aloud, or to chant, except in an under-tone"—were yet sufficient, in a prince, to vindicate the "fair clerk's" right to his name. Yet he was no mere idle dilettante or pedant: however loudly his rough brothers might laugh when they heard the saws about "illiterate kings being crowned asses," with which he used to entertain his practical but not very accomplished parent, the dealer in proverbs was shrewd and

A. D. 1100

wily withal: his was not a speculative and abstract love of philosophy, which would be contented in the retirement of the bower or cloister; he was not without hopes that England would some day be Plato's blissful commonwealth, where a philosopher should be king, or the king a philosopher. His father was alive to his talents: "Never mind, child, you will be King yet," was the consolatory prediction with which he bade his son dry his eyes, when he found him once weeping at some affront from his brothers. . . .

The news of William's death brought with it the expectation of universal confusion; most of the court dispersed hurriedly to their homes to prepare for the worst. Henry was on the spot and ready. The day William was killed he claimed the keys of the treasury. The keeper opposed him, and reminded him that he had sworn homage to his elder brother Robert. Henry answered by drawing his sword; he was not going to lose his father's sceptre by frivolous procrastination.

Robert's title, after all, was an imperfect one; his father had expressly excluded him from the crown of England: and, anyhow, it rested with the bishops and great men to accept or refuse him. Personally there were many things against him; his indolent spendthrift ways, his childish feebleness, and, above all, he was away—"the great men knew not what had become of him"—and England wanted a governor at once. Henry was willing to be King of England: he was a fit man to be a king, resolute and steady, and, except with the riotous companions of King Rufus, popular. Even the Saxons felt kindly towards a born Englishman, a son too of William *the King:* and he was a friend of justice and, quiet: his soul abhorred the loud, coarse, impudent profligacy which had been rampant in his brother's palaces. The whole crew of the dead king's companions, male and female, were at once mercilessly chased away; "the use of lights at night restored in the court." He promised a strong and righteous government, fair customs to the crown vassals, to the people the "old laws of King Edward," and liberty to the Church. The clergy and great men unanimously agreed to have Henry. Three days after William's death he was "consecrated to be King," at Westminster, with "great rejoicings of the people." Robert

hastened home, but it was too late; his chance was gone, and his place filled by one who could keep it. . . .

Henry had his difficulties; but he was fully able to cope with them. The line that he had taken—his military character—his reforms and popular concessions—the prospect of a strict government—his professed sympathy with the clergy and the Anglo-Saxon population—his quiet Saxon Queen, with her monastic education and taste—drew on him the angry contempt of the great Norman nobility. They had been taken by surprise—many of them at least—in electing him. Robert's easy sway was much more suited to their unruly independence. Till after the conquest of Normandy,[1] "both while a youth and as King," says a contemporary, "Henry was held in the utmost contempt." But he was not a King to be despised, as his barons found to their cost; the "Lion of Justice" could use his fangs and claws on occasion. . . .

He made himself felt in England for good as well as for evil. He at least allowed no oppression but his own. . . . The Saxon chronicler, who records the Leicestershire assize, where the King's justiciary "hanged more thieves than were ever known before,"—many of them, so "true men" said, very unjustly,—and who complains of the misery of that "heavy year,"—"first the wretched people are bereaved of their property, and then are they slain,"—speaks probably the voice of the lower orders in his concluding eulogy on Henry. "A good man he was, and there was great dread of him; no man durst do wrong with another in his time. Peace he made for man and beast. Whoso bore his burden of gold and silver, no one durst say ought to him but good."

His position, in respect of the aristocracy, dictated his Church policy. His jealous and quarrelsome nobility, with their feuds and seignorial rights, threatened to split up the kingdom into a number of independent principalities like the great fiefs of France. He saw clearly enough that this would be ruinous; that *the thing* for England was to make the crown all-powerful, and next, as far as could be, respectable and

[1] The conquest of Normandy was completed by the battle of Tenchebray, in the July of 1106, when Duke Robert was made prisoner.—C. M. Y.

popular. And for this he could not spare the Church; to a certain point she was his natural ally—a force powerful, both from its activity and from its dead weight also, on the side of order. Her higher clergy were an aristocracy of peace, contrasted with the military aristocracy; not, like the barons, hereditary, but continually replenished from the tried servants of the crown, and defenceless if refractory. . . .

Henry meant in his own way to reform the Church. He was ready to appoint worthy and respectable men to preside over her government, friends and chaplains of his own, discreet able men of business, who had travelled and been charged with embassies, and learned something of the world, and who by their princely state and magnificence and public spirit would keep up the dignity of the Church and their order. Such were Henry's favourite bishops. . . .

But further, the King was a man of learning, and he would not be without learned bishops also: he brought Gilbert the Universal, "whose equal in science was not to be found between England and Rome," from the schools of Nevers to be Bishop of London. Gilbert justified his patron's choice, and moreover left at his death immense wealth, which Henry seized,—"the bishop's boots also, filled with gold and silver, being carried to the Exchequer." But at the same time Henry could fully appreciate a higher and stricter character, and it was quite to his taste to have the metropolitan see filled by such a man as Anselm. . . .

On coming to the throne he at once recalled the Archbishop. Anselm found things changed: from William's reckless tyranny, England had passed under the rule of a long-sighted statesman, who was bent on crushing licence; a man above the gross vices of his time; utterly despising the fashionable taste for military glitter and fame; professedly a man of peace, but not afraid of war; the avowed patron and friend of the Church. The prospect seemed hopeful; Anselm's plans of reform in the English Church might now be carried into effect. Henry, from his gentle temper, was more likely to enter into them than his father. But very few days passed before formidable difficulties began to show themselves. Anselm, however, threw himself heart and soul into Henry's

interest; mediated between him and his suspicious subjects; rcceived in the name of the nobility of the realm, and the great body of the people, the King's plighted hand, and his promise to govern by "just and holy laws;" accompanied him to the field when Robert invaded England; kept the changeable and faithless barons to their duty, and induced Robert to consent to a reconciliation. In the only critical moment of Henry's reign, he owed his fortunes mainly to the Archbishop.

The difficulties alluded to arose from the question of investiture. Henry, following the analogy of lay fiefs, required that Anslem should receive the archbishopric afresh from the hands of his new lord, and do homage for it, according to the usuage of former kings. . . . These feudal customs had been hitherto exercised without protest in England; Anselm himself had received investiture from William Rufus. But the case was now altered; he had assisted at councils where the canons against investiture were confirmed and republished, where those who gave and those who received it were alike excommunicated. He had now but one course—to obey the canons and refuse Henry's demand. His experience, too, in his last dispute, had taught him the real importance of the question; and he had made up his mind, while supported by the Pope, to hazard everything in trying it.

The Archbishop's objection to investiture was a sufficiently provoking derangement to Henry's plans. To give up what his predecessors had possessed was a check at starting; to resist was to come into collision with the body he wished of all things to have on his side; with Anselm too, an indomitable, fearless old man, a confessor in the freshness of triumph. Henry could not yet afford to break with him openly, but he had not the slightest intention of yielding the point: "it was worth half his realm." Negociation with the Pope opened a hopeful prospect of delay; it was a course to which the Archbishop could not object; if it gained nothing else, time of itself was well worth gaining. Anselm knew well that this was "mere trifling;" but his position was obedience to superior authority, and, besides, he did not wish to bring suspicion on his loyalty. It was settled, therefore, that matters should remain in abeyance till an answer could be received from Rome.

Henry stood on the "usages of the realm:" he was doing no more than all his predecessors, Saxon and Norman, had done; requiring no more than Anselm himself had yielded to William Rufus. He was anxious, he said, to honour the Roman Church as his father had done, to profit by the presence and counsel of his Archbishop; but, come what might, his "usages," the honour of his crown, must remain inviolate; their surrender could not be a question with him: he did not send to Rome to ask them as a concession from the Pope, but to see what could be done to enable Anselm with a good conscience to submit to them. If the Church decrees could not be dispensed with, he regretted it; he was loth to depart from the Pope's obedience; but whatever resolution Anselm or the Pope might adopt, he must abide by the "usages." . . .

Henry's envoys returned, probably with all the success he expected. The Pope was inflexible, but his long letter against investitures had as little effect on the King. Henry, without taking the slightest notice of it, turned upon Anselm, coaxing, threatening, bullying, sending message after message through the bishops, with the object, if he would not submit, of getting him out of England. He was loth to repeat in earnest his brother's rough game; it was his way to "worry rather with words than with arms;" but he tried to intimidate. Anselm, however, was immoveable; "he could not leave his church; he had work to do there, and there he must abide till forced from it." At last a new embassy was proposed; men were to go of higher note. Perhaps the Pope would be moved when he was told that, unless he relented, Anselm must be driven out of England, and the Roman see lose the obedience of the whole realm, with the advantage which it yearly derived from it. Anselm was to send his representatives, if it were but to testify to the King's determination—a trusted monk named Baldwin and another. The King's commissioners were three bishops: the chief was... Gerard,... archbishop of York, a man of slippery, doubtful ways, and unhappy end, shrewd and plausible, and with much reputation for learning. "No man in England might be of more use to the Church," writes Anselm to the Pope; "and I hope in God he has the will, as he has the power." But he was an ambitious and

unsteady churchman, as easily tempted as he was easily frightened.

. . . The other two were Robert of Chester and Robert of Norwich, men of very questionable respectability.

They returned with fresh letters for the King and the Archbishop, and the nobility and higher clergy were immediately summoned to meet in London. They found that the King refused to communicate the contents of his letter, but again required unqualified submission from Anselm, under pain of expulsion. To Anselm the Pope wrote that he had peremptorily refused to comply with Henry's demands.

"Only a few days before," he said, "it had again been decreed in council, that churches and church benefices were not to be received by the clergy from lay hands. This practice was the root of simony, a temptation to the clergy to pay court to power. Princes must not come between the Church and her offices, nor make themselves channels of what is really Christ's gift, and has His stamp upon it." "For," he continues, "as through Christ alone the first door is opened by Baptism into the Church, and the last by death into Eternal Life, so through Christ alone should the door-keeper of His fold be appointed, by whom, not for the hire of the flock, but for Christ's sake, the sheep may go in and out till they are led to Everlasting Life."

So wrote Paschal to the Archbishop. The letter was handed about and eagerly read, and in a few days it came out that he had written to the King to the same effect. Matters seemed to have come to a crisis, when the three bishops came forward to make an important communication: they had received, they said, privately and secretly from the Pope, a verbal message to Henry, to assure him "that so long as he acted as a good King, and appointed religious prelates, the Pope would not enforce the decrees against investiture; but that he was obliged to hold another language in public, and that he could not give the privilege in writing, lest other princes should use it to the prejudice of the Church." This startling announcement, to which the King's envoys pledged their faith and honour as bishops, raised a storm of debate in the assembly. Anselm's representatives had heard nothing of the message, which was inconsistent with everything which had passed in public between them and the Pope. Baldwin especially was indignant: the bishops, he said, were breaking their canonical allegiance, trifling with the Pope's honour. The altercations became hot

and fast. Baldwin insisted that nothing could supersede the authority of documents sealed with the Pope's signet: the King's party were fierce and insulting in their rejoinder; "The word of three bishops ought to weigh more than bescribbled sheep-skins with a lump of lead at the bottom, backed by the testimony of two paltry monks, who, when they renounced the world, lost all weight as evidence in business of the world." "But this is no secular matter," said Baldwin. "Sir," was the answer, "we know you to be discreet and a man of business; yet still even order requires that we should set more by the evidence of an archbishop and two bishops than by yours." "But what becomes of the evidence of the letters, when we refuse to receive the evidence of monks against bishops?" was the sneering reply. "How could we receive that of sheep-skins?" A cry of disgust and indignation burst from the monks who were looking on. "Woe, woe!" they exclaimed; "are not the Gospels written on sheep-skins?"

Thus things were more embarrassed than ever, and the Archbishop thrown into a most painful state of uncertainty. What was he to believe? the Pope's letters, or the solemnly-pledged word of the bishops? It was plain that things could not go on without a fresh embassy, and a fresh embassy accordingly was sent. Anselm wrote, detailing the transaction, and earnestly begging for some clear and definite directions how he was to act.

"I am not afraid," he wrote, "of banishment, or poverty, or torments, or death: for all these, God comforting me, my heart is ready, in obedience to the Apostolic see, and for the liberty of my mother the Church: all I ask is certainty, that I may know, without doubt, what course I ought to hold by your authority."

It may occur, perhaps, to some of our readers, Did the bishops after all speak the truth? Was this a trick and manœuvre of the Pope to keep on good terms with England during his struggle with the Emperor? The supposition seems to us to be quite negatived both by Paschal's personal character and by the subsequent events. Paschal certainly was not a great man; he was diplomatic and wavering, and dull to the claims of his own cause except when at his very door; but still he was in earnest, and there is no reason to

suspect him of an act of such incredible folly, which could not be kept secret, and must prove ruinous to his influence and cause whenever known. Further, he at once and most solemnly denied it, and excommunicated the bishops, without any protest as far as appears on their part: on the contrary, both Eadmer and William of Malmesbury take it for granted that, at the time they were writing, the bishops' story was a notorious and confessed falsehood; nor is there anything in the character of the envoys to redeem their credit.

During the absence of the new embassy, things were taking a turn in England which Henry could scarcely have expected. He had early in his reign nominated one William Gifford, who had repeatedly held the office of Chancellor under the preceding kings, to the bishopric of Winchester. Gifford refused to receive it, as it must come to him from the hands of the King; but on Anselm's return to England the clergy and people of the see earnestly petitioned the Archbishop that they might have Gifford for bishop, and he was at last prevailed upon to take the office. But he still would not consent to receive the ring and staff from Henry; however, for what reason it does not appear, the King connived at his receiving investiture in the cathedral from the hands of the Archbishop. But his consecration was deferred. Subsequently to this, on the strength of the report brought from Rome by the bishops, Henry had invested two of his chaplains with the bishoprics of Salisbury and Hereford, and he now called on Anselm to consecrate the three bishops elect. Anselm remonstrated: he was ready to consecrate Gifford; but as to the other two, it had been agreed between him and the King that, till the Pope's decision had been finally ascertained, he at least should not be expected to sanction lay investiture. Henry swore that he should consecrate all or none: he still refused, and the King ordered Gerard of York to consecrate. This was a gross infringement of the metropolitan rights of Canterbury—a point keenly felt at the time—but Gerard was ready. The tide, however, was turning. To Henry's surprise and indignation, the bishop elect of Hereford, a member of his court and the Queen's Chancellor, brought back the ring and crozier to the King, and resigned them, expressing his sorrow that, as things

then stood, he had ever consented to take them; to go on, and receive consecration from Gerard, would be receiving a curse instead of a blessing. He of course was disgraced and obliged to leave the court. But he was not alone. On the day of consecration, at the very last moment, when everything was prepared for the ceremony, and the Church was thronged with spectators, Gifford's conscience misgave him; he interrupted the service, and refused Gerard's benediction. Confounded and indignant, the officiating bishops retired, without finishing the ceremony for Roger, who had been appointed to Salisbury. "At this a shout burst from the whole multitude who had come together to see the issue: they cried out with one voice that William was for the right, that the bishops were no bishops, but perverters of justice." With changed countenance, and burning with rage at the insult, they rushed to the King to make their complaint. Gifford was summoned to Henry's presence; menaces on all sides were showered on him. "There he stood," says Eadmer; "but he would not flinch from the right: so he was despoiled of all he had and driven from the realm." Anselm protested strongly and repeatedly, of course without effect; yet Henry had learnt what he had scarcely looked for. If the court clergy were becoming infected with Anselm's views of Church and State, and were beginning to turn on their patron, it might be time to think of some rougher and more summary way of finishing the dispute.

Henry, the most dissembling of men, was visibly showing his impatience: it was at all events necessary to get Anselm out of England, out of sight, and cut off from communication with the clergy. On some trifling pretext, the King suddenly made his appearance at Canterbury; his real intention was, by some means or other, to drive the Archbishop away. A letter had by this time come from the Pope; the King refused to see it. Anselm, on the other hand, dared not to break the seal, for its contents might involve an immediate rupture; and further, to avoid the suspicion of forgery, he wished it to come sealed into the King's hands. But Henry had come to settle matters. He must have his own, he said, whether the Pope agreed or not. "Let every one who loved him know for certain that whoever refused him his paternal customs was his enemy."

Rumours were becoming rife, among those most in his confidence, of intentions of violence; the quarrel was waxing hot, and the future looked dismal and full of danger. "The very nobles," says Eadmer, "on whose advice Henry depended, I have seen in tears, at the thought of the mischief which was at hand." Special prayers even were offered up for the crisis. But in the midst of this excitement Henry all at once changed his tone; he took up the language of entreaty. "Would the Archbishop go to Rome himself and try his influence there?" Anselm answered, that if his peers thought it right for him to go, he was ready, "as God should give him strength;" but that "even if he should reach the threshold of the Apostles, he could do nothing to the prejudice of the liberty of the Church or his own honour: he could but bear witness to facts." The reply was that nothing more was required; the King's commissioner would be there also, to plead for his master.

Four days after this had been settled, he was on horseback, leaving Canterbury to cross again the length of Europe, a feeble time-worn man on the verge of seventy, but fearless and cheerful as ever. The intense heat of the season stopped his progress, and gave him a month of quiet in his old home at Bec; but he was on his way again before the summer was over. Henry had now gained his point in having got Anselm out of England: he had no wish that he should be seen and heard at Rome; it would be much more to his purpose if Anselm could be detained in Normandy or France. We find, incidentally, from one of Anselm's letters, that the King had suddenly become anxious about "his Archbishop's" health, and the fatigues of so long and rough a journey; he strongly recommended the Archbishop to spare himself, to halt somewhere, and transact his business at Rome by envoys. Anselm's answer is dated from the passes of Mont Cenis: he is thankful for the King's care for him, and assurances of his esteem; but he was too far on his way now to think of turning back; he must go on to his journey's end. At Rome he found his old companion in these transactions, William Warelwast, and in due course the subject was brought before the Roman court. Warelwast urged the old ground of usage: moreover, the English kings were distinguished for their munificence to the

A.D. 1103

Holy See; and he knew for certain, he said, that if investitures were not allowed, it would much the worse for the Romans, and they would be sorry for it when too late. He had his friends in the Curia; his words were received with encouragement; many of the cardinals thought that the "wishes of so great a man as the King of England were on no consideration to be overlooked." Anselm was silent; Paschal also had not spoken; and Warelwast was emboldened. "Let what will be said," he exclaimed with vehemence, "know all present, that if it should cost him his realm, King Henry will not lose investitures." "Sayest thou that King Henry will not give up investitures?" was the quick rejoinder: "nor before God, will Pope Paschal, to save his head, let him have them." "The sound of which words exceedingly dismayed William." He obtained, however, for Henry a personal exemption for a time from excommunication. Anselm was ordered to hold communion with him, but not with any of the other offenders, who were to remain under excommunication till the Archbishop saw grounds to take off the sentence.

Warelwast worked hard, after Anselm had left Rome, to gain some further concessions: but all he could get was a kind of coaxing letter from the Pope to Henry, to smooth down the sternness of refusal with compliment and congratulation about his successes, and his "distinguished and glorious consort," and the son she had just brought him—"whom we have been told you have named William, after your illustrious father"—appealing to his devotional feelings, assuring him that he was parting with nothing really valuable, and promising him on his compliance to indulge him with any favour he might ask, besides the Apostolic absolution for himself and his Queen, and the protection of the Roman Church for his son. The Pope scarcely knew King Henry.

Warelwast overtook the Archbishop's company, who were escorted through the Apennines by the Great Countess Matilda, and travelled with him as far as Lyons. There he delivered to him a message from Henry—the last expedient, if the Roman negociations failed. "The King earnestly desired his return to England if he was willing to do all that his predecessors had done to former kings." "Is that all?" said

Anselm. "I speak to a man of understanding," was the reply. It was intelligible enough; and accordingly Anselm took up his abode a second time with the Archbishop of Lyons, and Warelwast returned to England.

Thus was Anselm a second time cast out to eat the bread of strangers, thrown aside, and forced to sit by, checked, humbled, and sick at heart, while the great powers in Church and State exchanged their messages of civility, and carried on the game for which he has suffered by the most approved rules of political manœuvre. Anselm felt most strongly the necessity of releasing the Church from the feudal yoke; but his line from the first had been, not his own view of the matter, but simply obedience to the law of the Church, as soon as it came before him, and to the Pope. Only let the Pope speak out, and he was ready (as he showed afterwards) to abide by his decision. "You tell me," says he in one of his letters to England, with unwonted sharpness, "that they say that I forbid the King to grant investitures. Tell them that they lie. It is not I who forbid the King; but having heard the Vicar of the Apostles in a great council excommunicate all who give or receive investiture, I have no mind to hold communion with excommunicates, or to become excommunicate myself."

But Paschal's policy was a cruel and embarrassing one: with his hands full at home, he was afraid of the King of England, the son of him who had kept Gregory VII. at bay: his words were strong, but he shrunk from acting. He had confirmed and republished most emphatically, and without exception, the canons against investiture, and solemnly declared his intention to enforce them. Henry from the first had held out one language: he wanted no compromise; "nothing in the world should make him give up his usages." And yet Paschal had allowed, or rather encouraged, embassy after embassy, in endless succession, to come with its hollow compliments and invarying message, and to return, as it was intended, with a letter of expostulation or, at most, distant menace. Nothing could better suit with Henry's wishes and policy: and thus Anselm, whom the Roman court was well content to see the champion of ecclesiastical liberty, was in reality left to fight his battle as he best could alone, with words indeed of respect and praise,

but with little hearty aid, and with instructions which, he complained, only embarrassed him.

And in England friends and foes alike tried his patience, teasing, mistaking, and criticising him. The King, greatly relieved by his absence, sent fresh embassies to Rome, and seized the Archbishop's revenue for his own use, as if he had been a convicted traitor; "yet," says Eadmer, "with consideration and tenderness." At the same time in his letters he was as bland and smooth as ever; so full of respect and attachment to Anselm, so grieved that he could not be with him as Lanfranc had been for many years with his father. Meanwhile he had no objection that Anselm should be allowed what was "convenient" out of the revenues of Canterbury. But Anselm's questions to him as to his intentions for the future were asked in vain. Then, on the other hand, Queen Matilda—"good Queen Molde"—amiable, warm-hearted, religious lady, could not live without her venerable confessor. She could not understand why he should stand out so obstinately against her lord and master's kind wishes. She argued with the Archbishop "to soften what with all respect she must call his iron heart." She incessantly importuned him, with a lady's impatience of reasons and means, to find "some way by which neither he might do wrong, nor the rights of majesty be infringed." His poor monks, too, at Canterbury, were sore beset by the King's exactions: they were perplexed in conscience, jealousies and complaints were becoming rife, everything was getting into disorder; they wanted their head among them, and their very loyalty and affection made them fretful and peevish, that in spite of the King he did not return. Letter after letter he had to write to Prior Ernulf, and to "his dearest brethren and children," quieting their fears, exhorting them to manly endurance, soothing their pettishness, cheering them with hopes of the future; remembering especially, in his characteristic way, the young boys and children, and sending messages to them, "not to forget what they had heard from him." Himself the greatest sufferer, all looked to him to receive their complaints, to keep up their spirits, to throw himself into their difficulties, and point out a clear way out of them. Distrust, irritation, perplexity, all found their way to his ears.

The sufferings and scandal of the day were all laid at his door—thrown in his teeth by ill-nature, gossip, or impatient zeal. "Was he so holy that he could not do as Lanfranc had done?" "Was he such a coward as to fly from his post at the word of one William?" "How could he bear the thoughts of the Judgment-seat, and the souls which he might have rescued by his presence in England?" Such were the questions addressed to him by his own party, while critics of another sort charged him with "letting wicked clerks invade and lay waste the Church without rising up against them," while—what was only less mischievous and culpable than his negligence—he was depriving the King of his rights. The trouble which he endured shows itself in his correspondence, in the quiet, nervous plainness of language which marks struggling but repressed vexation. His great comfort during these years of exile was the steady attachment of Gundulf, bishop of Rochester. He was not a man to take a lead or throw much weight into either scale in a contest like the present; but in him the Archbishop had a friend who had long loved and revered him; in whom he could place implicit confidence; a man of plain good sense, whose unpretending yet active services in matters of routine business he could always count on.

At length, after waiting a year and a half at Lyons, Anselm resolved to act on his own responsibility. The King, of course, showed no intention of yielding, or of giving up the archiepiscopal revenues which he had seized. The utmost the Pope would do, after all the delay, was to excommunicate by name the King's advisers, the chief of whom was the crafty Earl of Mellent. The King's sentence was delayed, so he wrote Anselm, "because another embassy (the second since Anselm had left Rome) was expected." "On receiving this letter," says Eadmer, "Anselm saw that it was useless waiting at Lyons for help from Rome, especially as he had repeatedly sent agents and letters to the Pope about the settlement of this business, and up to this time nothing was vouchsafed to him, save from time to time a promise of something held out by way of consolation." For the third time he had called upon Henry to restore the lands of Canterbury. "The cause

is not mine but God's, entrusted to me, and I fear to delay long to cry to God. Force me not, I pray you, to cry sorrowfully and reluctantly, 'Arise, O God, and judge Thou Thy cause.'" Henry had returned no answer save his usual smooth evasions—*blandientem sibi dilationem:* and Anselm then resolved to approach the borders of Normandy and fulfil his threat.

This alarmed Henry: an excommunication from Anselm at this time would have been a serious embarrassment to him. He had enemies enough on all sides looking out for an opportunity of attacking at advantage a power "which was not loved over much,"—*potestatem non adeo amatam,*—which threatened or had injured them. And he was, besides, on the point of attempting the conquest of Normandy. His sister, the Countess of Blois, mediated, and a conference was arranged between him and the Archbishop at a castle called L'Aigle. Henry was all respect and complaisance, expressed the greatest delight at meeting Anselm, and would always go himself to the Archbishop's quarters, instead of sending for him. The result was that the revenues of the see were given up, and Anselm restored to the King's favour.

A. D. 105

But things were far from being settled. Henry was not a man to yield while a single chance remained to be tried. The old question was still open; there must be fresh communications with Rome, which were put off as long as possible. Meanwhile Anselm could not return to England. Henry made the most of the interval. He was just at this time in pressing need of money for his war in Normandy, and the Church, of course, did not escape "in the manifold contributions, which never ceased, before the King went over to Normandy, and while he was there, and after he came back again."[1] Henry had some skill in inventing, on such emergencies, new *foris-facta*—matters for fine and forfeiture—questions for the "Curia Regis" to settle betweeen him and his lieges. On this occasion he was seized with a zeal for Church discipline. Many of the parochial clergy were living in disobedience to the canons of a late synod at London, which had forbidden clerical marriage: "This sin the King could not endure to

[1] Saxon Chronicle.

see unpunished." So, to bring the offenders to their duty, of his own mere motion he proceeded to mulct them heavily. The tax, however, proved unfortunately not so productive as he had anticipated; and therefore, changing his mind, he imposed the assessment on the whole body of the parochial clergy, innocent as well as guilty, throughout the kingdom. Anselm expostulated: "The offending clergy ought to be punished," he said, "not by the officers of the Exchequer, but by their bishops." Henry, in his reply, is much surprised at the Archbishop's objections: he thought he was only doing his work for him, labouring in his cause, but he would see to it; "however, whatever else had happened, the Archbishop's people had been left in peace." But as to the mass of the clergy, seizures, imprisonment, and every kind of annoyance, had enforced the tax-gatherer's demands. Two hundred priests went barefooted in procession, in alb and stole, to Henry's palace, "with one voice imploring him to have mercy upon them;" but they were driven from his presence: "the King perhaps was busy." They then, clothed with "confusion upon confusion," besought the intercession and good offices of the Queen. She was moved to tears at their story, but she was afraid to interfere in their behalf. And, what is a still greater proof of Henry's tyranny, the court party of the clergy, and among them the excommunicated bishops, were at last beginning to turn their eyes towards Anselm. A letter was sent to him, about this time, signed by several of the bishops, entreating him to return, as the only means of remedying the misery of the English Church. "We have waited for peace, but it has departed far from us. Laymen have broken in even to the altar. . . . Thy children," they continue, "will fight with thee the battle of the Lord; and if thou art gathered to thy fathers before us, we will receive of thy hand the heritage of thy labours. Delay thou no longer; thou hast no excuse before God: we are ready not only to follow, but to go before thee, if thou command us, . . . for *now* we are seeking in this cause not what is ours, but what is the Lord's." Among the names attached to this letter are those of Gerard of York, Herbert of Norwich, and Robert of Chester.

At length the envoys returned from Rome with Paschal's

final instructions to Anselm. He was firm in prohibiting investiture, but yielded the point of homage. "We must stoop," he wrote to Anselm, "to raise the fallen; but though in doing so we are bent, and appear to be falling, we do not really lose our uprightness." Anselm felt as strongly about homage as about investiture; but it was his duty to obey, and he prepared to do so. He was long detained in Normandy by a desperate illness, for his health, never strong, was now completely broken by anxiety and hardship, and Henry began to fear that he should after all lose the credit of his reconciliation and reluctant concessions, and should have to bear the odium of having driven a man, whose character and prolonged sufferings had been year after year rousing more and more the sympathy of England and France, to die an exile.
A. D. 1106 But Anselm recovered, and in the autumn of 1106 returned to England. A further delay of a year took place before matters were adjusted. Henry was during part of this time in Normandy, where the decisive battle of Tinchebrai placed his brother Robert and his dominions in his power; and later, the presence of Paschal at the Council of Troyes gave the King a new pretext for postponement. At length, on the first three
1107 days of August, 1107, a great council was held in London, where the subjects in question were debated between Henry and the bishops, the Archbishop not being present. A party among the bishops still held out for the old usages, but they were overruled. Henry, in the presence of Anselm, and in a larger assembly to which the commons were admitted, solemnly "allowed and ordained that no one should hereafter for ever receive investiture of bishopric or abbey, by ring and crozier, from the King, or any lay hand;" and Anselm agreed not to refuse consecration to bishops or abbots who had done homage to the King for their benefices. So ended Anselm's long battle, just soon enough to give him a short breathing-time before he was called away. . . .

The struggle ended, Anselm applied himself during the short time that was left him to carry out those great objects which had given importance to the contest—the reformation of the clergy and the protection of the poor: and, to do Henry justice, it must be said that in the latter point, while the

Archbishop lived, he seconded him rigorously. But Anselm's task was now ended. Soon after his return he buried his friend Gundulf, and in little more than a year he followed him. We shall give the account of his last days in the words of one who had shared his sufferings, and who watched by his death-bed —the monk Eadmer.

"During these events" (the final settlement of his dispute with the King) "he wrote a treatise Concerning the Agreement of Foreknowledge, Predestination, and the Grace of God, with Free-will; in which, contrary to his wont, he found difficulty in writing; for, after his illness at Bury St. Edmund's, as long as he was spared to this life, he was weaker in body than before; so that, when moving from place to place, he was from that time carried in a litter, instead of riding on horseback. He was tried also by frequent and sharp sicknesses, so that we scarce dared to promise him life. He however never left off his old way of living, but was always engaged in godly meditations, or holy exhortations, or other good works.

"In the third year after King Henry had recalled him from his second banishment every kind of food by which nature is sustained became loathsome to him. He used to eat however, putting force upon himself, knowing that he could not live without food; and in this way he somehow or another dragged on life through half a year, gradually sinking day by day in body, though in vigour of mind he was still the same as he used to be. So, being strong in spirit, though but very feeble in the flesh, he could not go to his oratory on foot; but from his strong desire to attend the consecration of our Lord's Body, which he venerated with a special feeling of devotion, he caused himself to be carried thither every day in a chair. We who attended on him tried to prevail on him to desist, because it fatigued him so much; but we succeeded, and that with difficulty, only four days before he died.

"From that time he took to his bed; and, with gasping breath, continued to exhort all who had the privilege of drawing near him to live to God, each in his own order. Palm Sunday had dawned, and we, as usual, were sitting round him: one of us said to him, 'Lord Father, we are given to understand that you are going to leave the world for your Lord's Easter Court.' He answered, 'If His will be so, I shall gladly obey His will. But if He will rather that I should yet remain among you, at least till I shall have solved a question which I am turning in my mind, about the origin of the soul, I should receive it thankfully, for I know not whether any one will finish it when I am gone. I trust that, if I could take food, I might yet get well. For I feel no pain anywhere; only a general sinking, from weakness of my stomach, which cannot take food.'

"On the following Tuesday, towards evening, he was no longer able to speak intelligibly. Ralph, bishop of Rochester, asked him to bestow his absolution and blessing on us who were present, and on his other children, and also on the King and Queen, with their children, and the people of the land who had kept themselves under God in his obedience. He raised his

right hand, as if he was suffering nothing, and made the sign of the holy cross, and then drooped his head and sunk down.

"The congregation of the brethren were already chanting matins in the great church, when one of those who watched about our Father took the book of the Gospels, and read before him the history of the Passion, which was to be read that day at the mass. But when he came to our Lord's words, 'Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations; and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me, that ye may eat and drink at My table,' he began to draw his breath more slowly. We saw that he was just going: so he was removed from his bed, and laid upon sackcloth and ashes. And thus, the whole family of his children being collected round him, he gave up his last breath into the hands of his Creator, and slept in peace.

"He passed away, as morning was breaking, on the Wednesday before
A. D. the day of our Lord's Supper, the 21st of April, in the year of our Lord's
1109 Incarnation 1109, the sixteenth of his pontificate, and seventy-sixth of his life."[1]

MARGARET AND MALCOLM CANMORE.

A.D. 1080—1093.

(*From "History of Normandy and England," by* SIR F. PALGRAVE.)

1080 THE sources of Scottish history are . . . unequally distributed, and comprehend diverse classes. . . .

Eye-witnesses, ear-witnesses, who lived in Malcolm Canmore's court, Bishops and Prelates enthroned and installed in the Sanctuaries where Malcolm and his descendants knelt, Writers, addressing their compositions to Malcolm's children, furnish us with the main evidences concerning the era in which the Scottish Monarchy began to acquire consistency and form, when her Sovereigns first assumed their position in the Imperial commonwealth of Western Christendom.

[1] Besides labouring unweariedly for the outward improvement and prosperity of the Church, Anselm wrote many metaphysical and theological works, and was indeed the founder or forerunner of the system of theology afterwards known as Scholasticism; which, assuming the dogmas of the Church, sought first to explain, and then to prove, their accordance with reason.—E. M. S.

The facts relating to the earlier periods are deduced from national chronicles, attested, like the Scripture histories, by the genealogies they commemorate or include: brief, uncouth, Celtic, bearing in their barbarous and quaint physiology or archaic dialect the stamp of authenticity, the annals of the Monasteries, the poems chanted by the Bard before the Scottish King: proceeding downwards, the writers appertaining to a more cultivated and familiar class, whose very diversities confirm their general veracity.

Where chroniclers fail, we possess documents in some respects more authentic than any narrative which Monk or Canon can afford: deeds and charters whereunto the Scottish kings and the Scottish nobility and baronage have set their seals, the muniments by which they hold or grant their regalities, and honours, and lands; traditions, of which the general impress is so true as to compensate for the poetical form assumed by the myth, and correct the fable's imagery; lastly, customs, usages, and practices, vigorous and subsisting until our own generation, and not to be entirely obliterated until the last starving Highlanders shall have found a transatlantic refuge or a transatlantic grave.

England became fully and finally incorporated into one realm under her new (Norman) dynasty; one King, one Kingdom, one Church, one Law. Scotland, sometimes called the sister, but more truly the daughter, kingdom, was created by and through the recoil of the Norman invasion. Anglo-Saxon England, expanding into Anglo-Norman England, preserved her identity. The Anglo-Saxon language, laws, institutions, maintain, as they grow, develop, and expand, their undeviating succession; but, in Scotland, the neighbouring realm's catastrophe displaced and dislocated every primitive stratum. Yet not merely by one explosion. The new formation resulted from continued and steady English influence, penetrating, dispersive, metamorphic, which in process of time produced its full effect, changing and altering the whole frame of society.

Can any realm be found offering such paradoxes as Scotland? Results apparently so contradictory to their causes; all the effects of conquest without a Conqueror. Caledonia,

unsubdued by foreign enemies, yet vanquished by foreign influence.[1] Scotland, her speech more Anglo-Saxon than English England. Scotland, more feudal in tenure than feudal Normandy. Scotland, peopled by the most mixed multitude, yet in the hour of peril united by the strongest national feeling. Scotland, the dependent of the Anglo-Norman crown, and nevertheless protecting the Anglo-Saxon line, and transmitting that line to England. Scotland, so generous and affectionate to all, except to Scotia's sons. Scotland, so justly proud of her aristocracy, but claiming her proudest ancestry from the stranger. Whence come Scotland's noblest names?—Bruce and Balliol, Comyn and Gordon, Douglas and Campbell, Sinclair and Sutherland, Colville and Umphraville, Soulis and Somerville, Lindesay and Morville, Morley and Fraser, Beaton and Seaton, Hay and Barclay, Keith and Oliphant, Ker and Huntley, the patriot Wallace and the royal Stuart—whose legends give poetry to Scotland's streams, and dignity to Scotland's towers, whose deeds deck her annals, whose cry resounded in the battle, whose banners led on to victory? Are we not compelled to deduce their lineages from a British, a French, a Flemish, a Norsk, a Saxon, or an English forefather? from England, or from the invaders, colonists, or occupants of England? . . .

The history of mediæval Scotland . . . is really and truly the most important portion of the history of the living "Anglo-Saxon" race. Wherever dispersed, it is in Scotland that the "Anglo-Saxons," or those who call themselves so, will find the origin of the "Anglo-Saxon" doctrine, "that a civilized people, inhabiting any country, has a right to dispossess barbarians of their land, if residing on it or in their neighbourhood, because such people do no good to themselves or to others." Such is the new Anglo-Saxon version of the angelic message, "On earth peace, good will towards men." All nations and people, races and tribes, who are incapable of receiving the lessons of Anglo-Saxon civilization, are to be extinguished before its march, to melt before its blaze. . . .

[1] William Lisle, one of the earliest English students of Anglo-Saxon, explains that he obtained the key thereto by the study of Bishop Gavin Douglas's Virgil.—C. M. Y.

With respect to the term "Anglo-Saxon," in its modern political application it is ethnographically incorrect, though morally true; and this leads us to fix our attention upon the fact that the insatiable aggressive spirit of "Anglo-Saxonism" first became distinctly disclosed amongst the Anglo-Norman settlers in the territories composing the kingdom of Scotland. . . .

We shall therefore consider all who acted under the devouring tendencies which the Anglo-Norman dynasty elicited as designated by that same term of "Anglo-Saxon." All differences and distinctions of race merge in that general character best exemplified by the people and states who glory loudest in claiming it—the Anglo-Saxon republics of the New World.

Such are the mutations and developments constituting the internal life of Scotland, and rendering her history so important; not merely relating to one small kingdom, but forming a chapter in the annals of mankind. In order, however, to attain a full perception of the process by which they were effected, it is needful at the very onset of our inquiries to dispel the delusion cast by the modern denomination of Scotland upon the modern mind; so inveterate that scarcely can even the most cautious, accurate, or the best informed student protect himself against the error. . . .

Take the map before you, perambulate the regions included in modern Scotland, following the rivers, ascending the mountains, descending into the marshes and plains, and again consider the chorography of the realm. Sutherland and Caithness in the North are Norwegian. Malcolm's dominions are composed of the following territories:—English Lothian, from the Island-shire of St. Cuthbert to the water of Forth, divided from the southern parts of Strath Clyde by hill and fell, and by the waste, which, commencing on the border of Hexham-shire, had either remained uncultivated or relapsed into primæval solitude. Strath Clyde and Galloway, from the Lorne to and beyond the valley of Clyde, until the Mounth, the hills of ancient Drumalbane. Argyle from the same mountains, but winding round to Inverness. Moray, highland and lowland, bounded by the water of Spey; and the residue, the tract between Forth and Spey, being the territory to which the

name of Scotia, originally belonging to Ireland, can alone be assigned. Ireland was the original Scotland.

Nor is it less important that we should advert to the languages spoken by the families amongst whom these lands of the Gentile isles were divided :—The Lothians, where the English had obliterated the dialects of the preceding occupants ; Strath Clyde, retaining the ancient British tongue ; lastly, the Irish or Erse, now somewhat affectedly called Gaelic, a term of recent adoption in all the other portions of the kingdom to which the comprehensive term of Albanach was applied. *Albanach* was the slogan when the Irish Gael rushed against the *Sassenach* foe.

And henceforward the social history of the Scottish kingdom exhibits the gradual extension of the name of Scotland to the whole of the dominions previously ruled by the Scoto-Pictish monarchs, and their slow and imperfect consolidation into one realm, producing successively the subjugation, the expulsion, and the approaching extinction of the Irish Gael.

Foreign conquest is a great evil ; but the calamity is inferior to the miseries resulting from a domestic conquest, a domestic tyranny. Far more susceptible of alleviation is the real stranger's harshness, than the incurable antipathy of a legitimate sovereign, forced and fixed upon his subjects by foreign bayonets or foreign spears. . . . Traditions of government are more stringent than laws. The hatred smoulders intensely though the flames blaze less fiercely ; and the inward grudge rankles after the enactment is repealed. The "Penal Laws" are no longer upon the Statute Book, but the dominant caste execute them in spirit, nor can they be erased from that book which will be opened at the Last Day.

Scotland arose in enmity. Upon the first foundation of the kingdom the Sovereign became, by reason of his dignity, not the protector, but the concealed or open foe, of the Crown's primitive subjects. This was the unhappy condition in which Malcolm Canmore was placed from the beginning of his reign. Shakspeare, so long as the world lasts, will prevent our sympathising with Macbeth ; but we should recollect that Macbeth had at least as good a legal title to the throne as gracious Duncan, the son of the Abbot of Dunkeld. Had he succeeded,

Macbeth, generous and free-spirited, would have been the King of the Gael.

King Malcolm Canmore derived his ancestry from the most unmixed of the Celts, the Dalriadic stem;[1] but the babe Malcolm had nestled in the warm nursing bosom of an English mother: English was the first language which sounded in Malcolm's ear. Whether considered as an historical fact or a moral lesson, the mother's influence upon the character of a child, so clearly indicated in the history of the Kings of Judah and Israel, is equally exemplified in Scotland. No descendant of Malcolm ever courted a daughter of the North. In each succeeding generation, each Scottish Prince, each Scottish King, sought a consort in the lineages and kindred of England's rulers; and the effect of each mother's foreign nationality, renewed and continued through all the successors of Malcolm Canmore who possessed the royal authority, is one of the most important circumstances in Anglo-Scottish history.

Malcolm's birth may, in one sense, be said to have rendered him almost an Englishman. His education confirmed his English character. Deprived of his father's protection in early youth, the boy found another parent in his mother's kinsman, Northumbrian Siward. During fifteen years Malcolm grew up into manhood under the Confessor's benign protection, his benefactor and his Suzerain, standing before the Confessor's throne, consorting with the Confessor's clerks, riding with the Confessor's knights, sitting at the Confessor's tables. Here he imbibed the cultivation of the English court, and, like other Englishmen, adopted the Romance of Normandy, the fashionable dialect. Gammar-Latin he does not seem to have acquired; but the English and French, for so we must call it by anticipation, he spoke as fluently as the Erse or Gaelic, and was therefore to that extent denationalized. Words are men's masters. Malcolm was wise, merciful, and brave, but in truth a foreigner, brought in by foreign power. The *Duan*

[1] Dalriada seems to have been originally part of Ireland, whence the Scots came under the command of Angus, Fergus, and Loarn, sons of King Erc. They settled in the west and north of Caledonia, and after long wars with the Picts became predominant, and gave their name to the country. The Dalriads were the descendants of these princes.—C. M. Y.

Albanach greeted him as "Maolcolium Mac Donnchaidh," but at that very moment the Irish Gael shunned their sovereign as a Sassenach king.

Analysed, all human government gravitates into practical despotism. . . . In the most complete universal-suffrage democracy the majority, be it only of one, is constitutionally the master of the minority's lives and fortunes. Which individual of the aggregate it is you cannot tell, but there is the one amongst them who has annihilated the minority, the last feather breaking the horse's back, the grain of dust turning the scale.

A more common despotism is exercised by race over race—none so galling—or by class over class. The "Monarchy of the middle classes" is a truth not destroyed by the inaccuracy of the expression. Lastly, by a Metropolis, or one territorial portion or member ruling over the rest. It rarely happens that these Autocracies subsist simply. They are usually combined, occasioning much perplexity in government. In the British empire, which includes them all, England is the metropolis. After the union of the crowns, England was the metropolis of Scotland.

Lothian, a dismemberment of England, operated upon Scotia nearly in the same manner as England subsequently affected Scotland: the more powerful, more vigorous portion, bound to the weak, and drawing away the elements of influence and power; the new piece sewn to the old garment, making the rent worse; tearing away the King from his people, the father from his children. And this metropolitan supremacy acted concurrently with the prepotence of immigrating races: the counterpart of Anglo-Saxon ascendancy in Ireland.

Truest Scots by lineage, truest Scots in feeling, Malcolm's Irish predecessors cherished their own people, their own land. Lothian was more opulent and tempting than the straths and wilds of Albanach; the Maiden's Castle, Dunedin, the rock rising amidst forest and morass, a strong and defensible fortress. But they loved the soil where their forefathers settled: there they had a greater strength, loftier rocks, thicker forests, deeper waters, a speech which cheered them, a kindred to whom they clung. Not so Anglicized Malcolm, husband of the English Atheliza, fair and holy Margaret. All in Scotia was strange,

almost unpleasing, to him: his tastes, manners, intellect were adverse. The Scots he could not leave unwatched; therefore, without entirely quitting their borders, he descended to the very margin of the Forth, the Scottish water. Hence the Peel of Dumferline became the Royal Tower: here he was placed close to the English of Lothian, whom he affected; the Northumbrians, who recollected in him not the son of the Scottish Duncan, but the kinsman of their ancient earls; here also he was separated from the aggrieved Celts, murmuring their displeasure. A very forcible expression of feeling is discovered in the conduct of Donaldbane. Malcolm's brother kept aloof from that brother's dominions, even as he had done when the dreaded Macbeth had filled the throne. He continued to live untroubled under Norwegian supremacy in the Western Isles, saved from the spectacle, to him so odious, of his brother's alienation from their blood and race. It is also singularly characteristic of Malcolm's reign, that the native chieftains of the Irish Gael, the Maormors, are entirely obscured until they reappear as the enemies of his son.

There was, indeed, great reason for discomfort and anxiety. Domestic happiness caused national tribulation, national sorrow. As Malcolm grew older, his affection for Margaret increased; and in proportion to the increase of that affection, did they estrange themselves more and more from their subjects. Malcom's Court became an Anglo-Saxon colony, hostile to the feelings, the opinions, the laws, the faith, the property, the national existence of the Gael. Malcolm was generous and mild; Margaret kind, sincere, affectionate, pious, truly seeking to perform her duty, and to assist in promoting the welfare of the people over whom she ruled; and yet those endeavours have produced increasing misery: generation after generation steeped in anguish, the most powerful impulse given to those oppressions which seem to place us in the regions of eternal woe.

> "Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai
> Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle,
> Perch'io al comminciar' ne lagrimai.
> Diverse lingue, orribili favelle
> Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
> Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle."

The successes of the wicked form, comparatively, a small trial to faith. We are taught to expect their prosperity; but it is otherwise with the constant frustration of the holiest travails and aspirations of the good. . . . But could we view our actions as Angels view them, would it not be found that the denial of a blessing to the warfare of the righteous has oft been the reproof needful for the correction of that infirmity which makes us lean upon the broken reed, seeking help from the enemies of Him in whose cause we attempt to labour? The very follies, errors, and weaknesses of those who are most truly His servants are amongst the means which He has chosen to teach that no flesh shall glory in His presence.

Margaret's influence was founded upon love and piety; her husband's counsellor, minister, friend. All that Margaret disliked, Malcolm disliked; and all that Margaret loved, he loved. He would often snatch the Gospel-Book from his wife's dear hand, and kiss it out of love for her. Margaret's life exhibited a consistent unvaried course of duty, methodical, systematic, never desisting from exertion and self-sacrifice. Early in the morning nine orphan infants were brought to the Queen: their food was prepared under her special care, and attending to these little ones afforded the chief recreation of her toilsome day. Three hundred poor, collected from the adjoining districts, were introduced into the banquet-hall, the meat and drink devoutly carried round to each by Malcolm and by Margaret; the household priesthood the only attendants present for the doors were closed, not churlishly, but lest the multitude might admire and praise the royal charity.

Twenty-four alms-folk received their entire support from Margaret's bounty, and followed the Court whilst journeying through the realm. When not employed in the cares of government, the conduct of her household, and the education of her children, her time was given to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Margaret read the Latin language as easily as her mother-tongue. She delighted particularly in the Psalter, considered by the mediæval Church as an epitome of the Old Testament and the New, reading fifty Psalms each day. Her

abundant and abounding charity rendered her poorer than the poor. Privations, penances, hardships, the want of needful food, and still more of needful rest, enfeebled her constitution. Prayer marked each vigil of the night and interrupted her scanty slumbers.

But although Margaret truly lived as one always preparing to quit the world, her station drew her downwards. Hard conflicts had Margaret to sustain between her natural tastes and the grace by which they were partially subdued. Daughter of a German mother, her earliest infancy accustomed to the splendour of an imperial court, and afterwards familiarized with the opulence and luxury of England, Margaret could not help prizing the world's dignified elegance. In fleeing from England, the Atheliza and her guardians had brought with them many of the treasures of art which adorned the Palace of Westminster. The goldsmiths' work of Germany, the *Opus Teutonicum* so esteemed, and the skilful embroideries of England were still the delights of her eye, if not of her heart. Mary's disgust at the barbarity of Edinburgh, the blooming widow weeping for the courtly splendour of France, must have been anticipated by Margaret's feelings when she landed on the Scottish shore.

Few of those opinions, institutions, inventions, and delicacies constituting the connecting links between civility and civilization had been communicated to the Scottish realms. The Irish Gael were still subsisting in a primitive and simple state of society, not widely differing from the Homeric age, excepting as affected by climate, local peculiarities, and Christianity. The use of money was scarcely known. Pecuniary transactions were really reckoned by heads of cattle. No one city or town, in the modern sense, was there in Malcolm's dominions; no arts, no artisans, no machinery, except the plough and the harrow, the file and the forge, the quern and the distaff.

Margaret sought to enrich the country, and to allure her subjects to those refinements resulting from Roman civilization which had been preserved amongst the other nations dwelling within the boundaries of the empire. Commerce, to some extent, had been carried on by the Northmen, who

conjoined the spirit of mercantile genius with the spirit of war. This germ of national wealth was fostered by Margaret's industrial patronage. Foreign dealers resorted to the Scottish ports; and the material products of the country, bartered and exchanged, enabled Margaret to imitate the style of Southern realms. Rich stuffs and garments, brilliant, varied, and gay, were brought over in plenty, and the Queen, adopting these fashions for herself, her family, and household, induced, or compelled—for the wishes of a Sovereign are compulsion—her subjects to assume this foreign attire.

She trained up a school of embroiderers amongst the damsels of her court, who worked under her direction and in her presence, subjected to her strict yet cheerful discipline. The purest silk they wrought with threads of gold, intermixed with the pearls and gems, for such they were reckoned, furnished by Scottish streams and Scottish hills. Stoles and chasubles, altar-cloths and copes, shrines and ornaments for the house of God, constituted a main object of these labours; and the "Black Rood," the most venerated relic which Scotland owned, that Holy Rood which imparted its name to the fated palace, was decked with peculiar care. Nevertheless, the world had an ample share of Margaret's favour. She appointed that Malcolm should ride about in great state and pomp; no Scottish king had known the like before. Dumferline was as noble and gaily decked as the means of Scotia could furnish. Gold and silver vessels and dishes shone on the royal table; and Queen Margaret justified all this to herself by arguing that it was not done out of ostentation, but as part of her duty to keep up the needful state and dignity of royalty.

These innovations affronted, nay terrified, the Irish Gael; their own pride, no less than their own instinctive acuteness, told them how much the strength of a nation depends upon small things. . . . The luxuries introduced by Margaret were as much against the taste of the Gael as they were conformable to hers; nor could her inconsistency in this respect do otherwise than enfeeble the influence of her piety. Had any pallid Culdee,[1]

[1] Probably from *Ceol De*, servant of God—the clergy of Scotland and Ireland in early times. Their history is very uncertain. These bishops

opening the Holy Scriptures, inquired of Margaret how far her encouragement of artificial wants was consistent with the precept which tells us to be content with food and raiment, what answer would the Queen have returned?

Margaret, an alien amongst the people who had adopted her, repelled even more by manners, customs, mind, than by blood, was equally severed from the Scottish Church. She found no comfort in it. The ministers, the services, were uncongenial to her, and the real diversities and causes of disunion were exaggerated by temper and feeling. So inveterate has been the antipathy nourished by the "Anglo-Saxon" against the Celt, that Catholicity, elsewhere so influential in beating down the wall of separation between people and people, failed to produce a kindly bond. . . Many strange customs received the sanction of the Scoto-Pictish clergy. Generally speaking they continued very uncombinable with the other members of the Catholic hierarchy, according to the prevailing system of the West. Festivals and services did not correspond; the soothing charm of Catholicity was partially impaired; they celebrated their mass with "barbaric rites" contrary to the general practice of the Western Church. We interpret this censure as indicating the liturgical employment of the Erse or vernacular tongue. The Paschal computation had ceased to be the subject of dispute; nevertheless, Lent was shortened, and not observed canonically. Even on Easter Day the Holy Communion was neglected by the clergy, and at all times and seasons by the laity. Religious discipline had become exceedingly slack, nor, as we are told, was moral restraint enforced. The reverence due to the Lord's Day was forgotten, every servile work being performed thereon without distinction; and they seemed to delight in violating the commandment. . . .

The proper and canonical remedy was obvious: a council convened under the metropolitan, or the direction of the Apostolic see. But the Scottish hierarchy . . . were neglected or forgotten by the Popes, and their Church had failed to

had no fixed diocese, and they were very ignorant and irregular: but some authors have imagined them to have had a purer faith than the English Christians of the period, and Sir F. Palgrave seems to be writing on this assumption.—C. M. Y.

exert the powers of corporate or collective legislation. . . Vexed and grieved in spirit, Margaret's zeal prompted her to irregular courses calculated to weaken the Church whose errors she laboured to remove. Unmindful of a clear and positive precept, she undertook a mission from which woman is excluded, and sought to become the instrument of reforming the Scottish Church. A meeting of the Clergy was convened, contrary to all the rules and principles of ecclesiastical authority. It is doubtful whether any bishops attended; indeed, . . . there were very few within the Scottish territories; but it is certain that there was no proper president, either by virtue of his office or by papal delegation.

Margaret stood forth as Opponent, Malcolm by her side; the Scottish Clergy as Respondents. She exhorted, reasoned, disputed with the Clergy: they could neither understand her Latin nor her English; therefore Malcolm became his wife's interpreter. Notwithstanding this impediment to free converse, the debate was continued for three days with great vigour and animation. The Clergy might, nay ought, to have warned the Queen that her duty was to keep silence.

Priests and Culdees argued stoutly: but Margaret was familiarly acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, Patristic theology, and the Canons of the Church. After much discussion, the Clergy in this assembly more than anomalous, singular in the strictest sense of the term—for we have no other example in Catholicity of a female presuming to take this forbidden office—agreed (as it is said) to obey the general usages of the West. Some reformation of manners seems to have been effected, though probably more by the excellent example of the royal family than by any exertion of authority.

If there had previously existed a dispathy between Margaret and the National Church, these discussions put them further asunder; Malcolm and Margaret virtually separated themselves from the Scottish hierarchy. They never afterwards consulted with the Scottish prelacy or priesthood. . . . The restoration of the decayed buildings at Iona; a cross or shrine bestowed upon Kilrule; a small donation, the lands of Balchristy, made to the Culdees of Loch Leven, whose vicinity to Dumferline may have suggested the bounty, appear—unless we

add a very doubtful grant to Murthelach or Aberdeen—the only recorded tokens of Malcolm's and Margaret's affection towards the ancient Church of Malcolm's forefathers. This neglect of the Scottish Church is a conclusive proof of an alienated spirit: hardly a lamp fed by the piety of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret; hardly a priest who could commemorate Malcolm and Margaret amongst the benefactors of the altar, or include them in the bidding prayer.

Henceforward Malcolm and Margaret connected themselves as closely as possible with the English Church. When the royal family first passed over to Scotland, it does not appear that they were accompanied by any English churchmen, or at least none remained. Bishop Aylwin only continued there for a short season: and, during the discussions with the Scottish clergy, we cannot collect that the Queen was assisted by any priesthood of her own. Margaret, therefore, addressed Archbishop Lanfranc, requesting him to become her Christian father. By this act Margaret, so far as her authority extended, —and the wife without doubt spoke on behalf of her husband,— acknowledged the primacy of Canterbury. In conformity with this solicitation, Lanfranc despatched to her three of his brethren, the senior being the English Goldwine or Godwin, as the foundation of a renovated establishment. His very remarkable letter, only recently disentombed from a public library, is the earliest document existing concerning the incipient kingdom of Scotland. . . . A further reinforcement followed from Durham, the mother-church of the Lothians: Turgot the Prior—an old dispute with hasty Malcolm forgotten —became Margaret's domestic chaplain: and, if we may use the modern expression, her spiritual director. The good man admired his royal patrons, the Queen especially, entered into their confidence, tells us fully of their thoughts, habits, and customs, and can see nothing wrong in those whom he revered and loved. Appointed in a subsequent reign to the see of Kilrule, which by that time had fully acquired its modern denomination of St. Andrew's, Turgot preserves to us, in the biography of his royal mistress and the chronicles of his Northumbrian cathedral, the memorial so singularly illustrating this remote and important era.

The Culdees constituted the most national portion of the Scoto-Irish Church. They were the keepers of the Scoto-Irish ecclesiastical traditions, and their corporate communities maintained the ancient doctrines, customs, and usages. Therefore, in opposition to these defenders of Celtic nationality, Malcolm and Margaret founded the Abbey of Dumferline, close to Dumferline palace and tower, into which they introduced the venerable and ruling Order of the Latin Church, the Benedictines. Such was the commencement of the new ecclesiastical settlement, which, proceeding steadily, supplanted the ancient hierarchy. Margaret and Malcolm did not live to complete the organization of Dumferline Abbey, but the seed was sown. Monastic colonies, some from France, but more from England, spread themselves over the land. "Sarum Use" supplanted the Scoto-Irish liturgies. The episcopal sees became located, and dioceses assigned according to the prevailing system. Canonically speaking, the succession of the Scottish prelacy was unbroken, but not so in a national sense. The mere Irish Gael were excluded from ecclesiastical privileges and honours. They were under a perpetual disqualification because they were Irish. After the reign of Malcolm Canmore we can scarcely ever discover a Gaelic name in the kingdom's hierarchy.

All these anti-national influences were both the cause and the effect of the Anglo-Saxon colonization, which had been steadily advancing since Malcolm's restoration to the Scottish monarchy, commencing the displacement and extermination of those whom we may call the aborigines. The troops furnished by the Confessor, and whose strength placed Malcolm on the throne, began the blighting Colony. Nevertheless, let it be constantly recollected, that we must use the term of "Anglo-Saxon" with some degree of inaccuracy. Like the co-relative denomination, "Norman," it fluctuates between the nomenclature of race and policy. Considering how many of the French tongue were employed and protected by the Confessor, there can be little doubt but that the Frenchmen composed a portion of Earl Siward's army, or followed in the wake.

Then came the royal fugitives, the Atheling and the Atheliza,

and Agatha and Christina, with their companions. To these were added the English Thanes, who, fleeing from the Norman yoke, found an asylum in the Scottish territory. Renowned Gospatric, with his sons Gospatric, Dolphin, and Waltheof, who were established chiefly in the Merse and the Lothians; Archill, the great Northumbrian Thane, to whom Malcolm granted large territories in Dumbarton, compensating the spoliations he had sustained from the Conqueror; Merlesweyn, Seward-Barn, Alfwin, all of whom can be discerned as landed men under Malcolm, and whose descendants subsequently appear high on the roll of Scotland's territorial aristocracy. Tradition also designates the families of Lindesay, Vaux, Ramsey, Lovel, Towers, Preston, Sandiland, Wisheart, Soulis, Wardlaw, Maxwell, Crichton, Giffard, Maule, and Borthwick, as established in the Scottish dominions during Malcolm's reign.

Lords required vassals; chieftains a tenantry: equal encouragement was given to the immigration of the English villainage. Every insurrection in Northumbria which unsettled the inhabitants, drove them within Malcolm's border: the desolations of Yorkshire impelled the swarms of cultivators who escaped William's conquering sword. Malcolm proceeded upon a settled principle of policy. The forcible abduction of the English whom he carried away as prisoners during his incursions, so that the Scottish villages were filled with them, was only a rude process of colonization, one of the measures he employed for raising up a new race to supplant his Irish Gael. . . .

From Malcolm resulted the impulse which transformed the dominions of the Scoto-Pictish kings into an Anglo-Norman kingdom. The ideal symmetry of a feudal kingdom has never been so nearly realized as in Scotland. When each Norman or Anglo-Saxon colonist solicited, usurped, attained, or won his domain, he received from the crown the complete usufruct The theory of tenure imparted, nevertheless, the entire reservation of the superiority to the sovereign, so that the Baron never could deal with his tenure otherwise than as a gift from the King. For whereas in other states where military tenures prevailed, as in Normandy or in England, the tenant might

alienate his lands, liable to the payment of a fine to the sovereign, but without the direct intervention of that sovereign, in Scotland alone no alienation could take place except through the medium of the superior.

Even at the present day the Scottish vassal holding immediately under the crown must, in all changes of investiture, obtain his right . . . direct from the crown; and the gift and the possession, the charter and the seizin, appear to proceed from the superior, in the same manner as if the grant had been gratuitous and original. He kneels before the judges, who represent the sovereign, and receives investiture by the staff. This system was irreconcileably hostile to the national existence of the Irish Gael, for their lands were the property of the clan, held freely and without subjection, or, in the emphatic terms of the earliest age, of God and the Sun.

It seems to have been a fatality inseparably attached to Margaret's influence, that she could do no good, otherwise than in connexion with mischief to the Gael. Her utmost endeavours were anxiously and consistently employed in training up her children. They were excellently well instructed : the girls as good scholars as their mother. Those who might be unable to judge of the children's acquirements were pleased and edified by their gentleness of demeanour, their mutual love and kindness, their due subordination,—the younger always giving place to the elder,—their filial obedience. They were thoroughly imbued with Margaret's kind and holy spirit, and transmitted the same spirit to their own children. So long as the male lineage of Malcolm Canmore and Margaret subsisted, the Kings and Princes of Scotland were pre-eminent in Christendom for piety, courtesy, courage, generosity, the acquirements of the understanding and the graces of the heart—commonplace terms; but whatever is most important can only be expressed with truth in trite phraseology. Household virtues are best described in household words.

And yet, with all this, there was one irremediable blight imparted to them by their mother. She brought them up to be an English family. She taught them from their earliest youth to despise, fear, and shun the people to whom they belonged, and over whom they were called to rule. The language of the

Court and household was English or Norman-French; the manners and customs of the Gael rejected as wild or savage; and the children encouraged to consider themselves as pre-eminently distinguished by their Anglo-Saxon descent.

When the Gaelic chieftain crossed the ravine encircling Dumferline tower, he found himself in a foreign land: strange customs, strange manners, strange priests, strange courtiers, a strange Queen, an estranged King; worst of all, that Queen and King seeking to perpetuate their estrangement through their posterity.

Edward, Margaret's firstborn, renews the recollections of his father's patron and his mother's kinsman, the sainted Confessor.

Edmund tells you of the valiant Ironside, the hero of the English,—their Defender.

Ethelred revives the memory of the immediate stem of the royal family.

Edgar recalls the glories of the Basileus of Britain: he before whom Kenneth knelt as an hommager; he whose triumphant bark was rowed by the vassal Kenneth on the Dee.

Alexander records the Macedonian hero, whose *gestes*, the earliest of romantic legends, spread throughout the world.

David bespeaks his mother's veneration for the Prophet, whose Songs of Sion are daily heard in the Isles of the Gentiles, the uttermost parts of the earth.

Editha, borne to the baptismal font in the name of the widowed Anglo-Saxon Queen.

Lastly, the youngest, Mary.

In these appellations, so significant of the sentiments entertained by the parents who bestowed them, imagination and devotion had their share; but their main recommendation was the principle which they involved. In those ages a genealogy was more than a title-deed, more than a charter: each ancestor was a living assertor of his descendant's rights. The recollection of the English genealogy, and the resumption of the Anglo-Saxon denominations, amounted to a continued claim of the Anglo-Saxon dominion; whilst the language declared an equally continuous rejection of their ancient Irish nationality.

When Malcolm and Margaret spoke to their fair sons and daughters around their board, there was not one child who answered to a Celtic appellation, whose name reminds you of Loarn, or Erc of the shining countenance, Aidan of the golden swords, Ferchar of the arrows, or Aodh, the white-shielded, Fergus, or Domangard; not one who would have been known to the comely hosts of the yellow tresses; not one whose name had been heard in the hall, or wailed in the coronach, sung to the harp, or sounded in the Seanachie's lay: all were strangers.

Thus did the Irish Gael find themselves enveloped by inimical influences: their Church rebuked, their manners despised, their customs contemned, their tastes offended, their language proscribed, their lands usurped, a fierce race of strangers implanted amongst them, and, worst of all, the royal progeny pledged to the perpetuation of implacable enmity. Awful is the presentiment afflicting individuals and nations, when they are haunted by the vague foreknowledge of inevitable evil: the pestilence which can be anticipated, but not stayed; the distant darkness, disclosing the shadow, darker than the surrounding gloom. Would not the Gael turn wistfully to Donaldbane, Malcolm's brother far in the Hebrides? Better be a dependent upon the Northmen, a vassal of Magnus Barefoot[1] or Godred Crovan,[2] than subjugated by a national sovereign who is becoming a foreigner amongst his own race, a usurper in his own realm. . . .

During the first years after the accession of Rufus Malcolm continued tranquil within his boundaries. A tempting opportunity was offered by the Odo rebellion,[3] which left the northern districts uncovered and unprotected. Nevertheless, Malcolm did not move until Rufus, by expelling Edgar from Normandy, raised a new enemy against himself. The Atheling took refuge amongst his royal kindred. The former discontents between him

[1] Scandinavian King of Dublin, the Isle of Man, and the Hebrides, all of which were then held by Northmen. He died at Islay either in 1076 or 1096.—C. M. Y.

[2] Son of St. Olaf, and King of Norway, first jointly with Harald Hardrada, then alone.—C. M. Y.

[3] The insurrection to set Robert of Normandy on the throne instead of William, in 1087, in which Odo, bishop of Bayeux, their half-uncle, was the prime mover.

and his brother-in-law were forgotten; and Edgar, retaining all his affection for Robert, now considered that his allegiance towards Rufus, who had seized his English possessions, was dissolved.

The results of Edgar's presence at Dumferline became speedily manifest. Malcolm, raising his forces, invaded the Anglo-Norman realm and the dubious Marchlands. There was an obvious cause of offence justifying this attack. South Cumbria had been granted to William de Meschines, a dismemberment of the district known, when reduced into Shires, as Cumberland and Westmoreland, and properly belonging to the Scoto-Pictish crown. Nor is it improbable but that Malcolm entertained some project of regaining Margaret's inheritance, and ruling as King Consort over the Anglo-Norman realm. In the van of the mixed host may there not have floated the imperial banner of Wessex, the banner of Edmund Ironside, the red dragon with fiery eyes, waving and winding in the air: that banner which rallied the army of Malcolm's youngest son and successor on the disastrous field of Cutton Moor?[1]

Malcolm designed to overwhelm Northumbrian England. The enemy whom he would chiefly dread, in the parts adjoining to his own dominions, was cunning, swarthy, sullen Mowbray.[2] Moreover, he might be checked by the garrison placed in the new Castle upon the Tyne; that tall, firm, Angevine-fashioned tower, with its wide circuit of walls, erected during the last reign by Robert Courthose, as a barrier against the Scottish incursions. The western districts were less protected. Carlisle was wasted and abandoned, the Roman ramparts including only a desolate tract. But Dolphin, Gospatrick's son, and many of the Cumbrians or their leaders were still willing to own Malcolm as their immediate sovereign. . . . His boldness at this juncture promised success, but the raid passed away like a hurricane. Though Rufus was absent, Flambard and his co-justiciary were present. Vigilant and active, the regency dispatched an army against Malcolm, who retreated. No mention is made of

[1] Otherwise called the battle of Northallerton or of the Standard, fought between David I. of Scotland and the English Barons in 1138.—C. M. Y.

[2] Earl of Northumberland, and owner of 280 English manors.—C. M. Y.

any battle. Such a repulse, therefore, was not a defeat: far more would the booty carried off by Malcolm and his people invite them to repeat the foray, than any chastisement deter them. Was it not worth the venture, when, for each slain catheran (and the more slain the better), a score of rother-beasts[1] might be won?

It was this intelligence which, reaching Rufus in Normandy, recalled him to England, for the purpose of punishing Malcolm's rebellion. Courthose joined his brother. The Duke knew the north country well, and Rufus probably anticipated that the friendship subsisting between him and the Atheling might aid in a pacification, should any contingency make it expedient to bring the war to an amicable conclusion.

Courthose lent his cordial aid, sharing in the command of the army. There was a double object in this expedition; not merely to repel or punish an enemy, but to enforce the service denied by the vassal. Rufus collected all the forces which populous and powerful England could furnish. England's fleets sailed up the North Sea, whilst the army advanced under the command of the King, the Duke of Normandy, and the Anglo-Norman chieftains. But the expedition was ill-timed. Whether delayed by those obstacles against which no foresight can guard, or impelled by his impetuous temper, Rufus began the campaign at the season of the declining year when the elements were sure to war against him. His vessels were dispersed, wrecked, sunk by the equinoctial gales; the troops starved on the bleak and barren land, and the desolation which the Conqueror had inflicted upon Northumbria aided in bringing calamity upon his son.

Malcolm advanced out of Scotia into the Lothians, still colloquially reckoned as England. The people were English, and their language English, therefore the political separation was often forgotten; just as the German included *Elsatz* in the notion of *Deutschland* long after the fertile Rhinebank had been ceded to the French crown. The peasantry of Alsace retain the same notion still.

Unexpectedly Rufus and Malcolm came in sight of each other. The entire ignorance under which generals and armies

[1] A provincial term for horned cattle.—C. M. Y.

laboured concerning the movements and operations of their enemies constitutes a peculiar feature of military operations during the Anglo-Norman era. The Conqueror had been a great commander, but his talent expired with himself; and, generally speaking, we may say that the mediæval nations had at this period lost the discipline of civilized war, without acquiring the sagacity of the savage. Though harassed and reduced, the forces of Rufus were formidable to Malcolm; but at the same time the situation of the King in this remote and inhospitable region was not without peril. Before him the Forth; the Scottish hosts hovering on his flank; around him famine; in the rear, an insurgent country and the suspected Mowbray. Each monarch had sufficient reasons to forbear; and the precautions which Rufus had taken for the purpose of procuring an amicable settlement succeeded. Malcolm was not actuated by any determined or implacable hostility; he hesitated to repudiate the homage claimed by the Anglo-Norman crown.

Robert, with the assent of Rufus, passed over to the Scottish camp, where, meeting Edgar Atheling, these friends acted as mediators. Peace was concluded on fair terms, and with no inconsiderable degree of diplomatic skill. Each party obtained substantial advantage, sufficiently enabling him to claim the stipulations as to the result of success. Far and wide might Englishman and Norman spread the news, how Malcolm Canmore, humbled by the very aspect of the Anglo-Norman army, abandoning his pretensions of independence, agreed to obey Rufus, even as he obeyed the Conqueror, King William, before him. On these conditions had he obtained peace, *ea conditione ut Willielmo, sicut patri suo obedivit, Malcolmus obediret.* True, but not the whole truth. Thus might the English and Normans exult, and the court and courtiers of Rufus triumph. But how might the treaty be construed in the North? When Malcolm's clerks and courtiers returned to Dumferline, they would lay no peculiar emphasis upon the submission portion of the transaction; they would not talk much about it; and, discreetly shading the homage, they on their part would also rejoice at the glorious conclusion of the warfare, whereby Malcolm Canmore, king of Scots, prince of Strath Clyde and

Cumbria, and lord of Lothian, Queen Margaret's husband, had won the restitution of all his rights, the satisfaction for all his claims.

Some particulars are told by the monks of Durham, of Peterborough, of Worcester, and St. Evroul; but we collect them more distinctly in Westminster Abbey, close at home. Enter the arched chamber, the treasury where the Confessor kept his hoard, on the eastern side of the cloisters, between the Chapter-house portal and the refectory. Here are the muniments of the kingdom, arranged and catalogued by Walter Stapleton, bishop of Exeter, who as Lord Treasurer had them whilome in his charge. Ask for the keys of the huge iron-bound oaken hutch, and, opening the three locks, take out the charter which Malcolm's grandson, the second Alexander, obtained from Cœur de Lion's Chancery (we believe that Edward Longshanks brought it back again), and in this faded document you will read the privileges which his grandsire had enjoyed.

Twelve marks of good red gold, paid and told every year to Malcolm from the English treasury. Twelve broad manors restored, to be held of the Crown of England, where Malcolm and his followers may, when he journeyed to the south, revel and rest, roast the beef on the skewer, and broach the bright ale. One hundred shillings for every day from and after Malcolm or his successors shall have passed his own confines, pursuant to the King's writ or summons, in journeying towards the King's Court, and as much for his journey homeward until he shall have re-entered his own land. Thirty shillings in sterling silver, twelve wastel-cakes, twelve simnels, four quarts of wine, and forty wax candles, all of the same kind as the royal household use, two pounds of pepper, four pounds of cinnamon, and two stone of wax, quality not specified, all duly paid, measured, and weighed to Malcolm day by day, and each and every day from his arrival at Court until his departure, whilst he, the King of Scots, as a liegeman, shall be in actual attendance on the King of England.

Moreover to the King of Scots was allowed the honour sought but denied to the Cymric princes. He bore the sword before the King; and parliamentary traditions commemorated, even to our own age, the memorials of the suit and service

rendered by the premier liegeman of the empire to the Anglo-Norman crown.

"What is the meaning of this seat?" said a member of the House of Commons, whose words we faithfully record, to the old Usher of the Black Rod, pointing to an arm-chair placed beside the throne. "It is for the King of Scots," was the answer; the custom having been transmitted by continual usage, from time whereof the memory of man knew not to the contrary. The chair of the Scottish king continued in the ancient position until the fastidious fancy of the Regent Sovereign displaced and destroyed the signal illustration of our constitutional history.

As friends the Kings seemed to part; Rufus marched homewards. The description of his route, as given by the chroniclers, from "Northumbria," through "Mercia," into "Wessex," discloses a fact possessing greater historical importance than belongs to the mere line of march. The expressions employed show forcibly how the constitutional geography of the Anglo-Saxons was preserved. The Anglo-Norman king chose to be accompanied by his ducal brother and the Atheling Edgar. Their presence testified the restoration of harmony; the ungrateful stipulations which banished the English prince from England and from Normandy were virtually rescinded. We possess evidence also that Edgar Atheling ultimately obtained restitution of his lands, where he found a retreat, and closed his lengthened life in peace and quietness.

The reconciliation between Rufus and Robert had proved honourable and advantageous to both; but the transient illusion of concord between the false brothers was immediately dissipated: they could not live except in enmity. Rufus refused to perform the stipulations into which he had entered with Robert, the price of the Duke's useful service. At Yule-tide Rufus held his court and wore his crown as usual, that great constitutional ceremony never neglected till the accession of the Plantagenet dynasty. Robert and Edgar were invited to grace and honour the festivities. They attended, but the joy of the solemn season was marred and destroyed by the fraternal outburst. The reiterated angry demands of Robert brought on as angry a refusal from Rufus, and, two

days before Christmas, on the feast of St. Clement, Robert, taking the Atheling with him, rushed away in great despite, and returned to Normandy, renewing the scarcely-suspended dissensions and quarrels.

Although it cannot be asserted that Robert and the Atheling were in any wise guarantees of the treaty of peace between Rufus and Malcolm, yet their friendship would have contributed to good understanding. Affairs again became uneasy in the North. Malcolm's conduct began to excite suspicions of his hostility towards Rufus, or furnished a pretence for aggression. In the following year, therefore, Rufus made another bold and threatening movement, showing much statesmanship. Lugubalia, or Carlisle, though amidst the British population, had always been excluded from the grants of Cumbria and Strath Clyde, the apanages of the Scoto-Pictish monarchy. The city, together with the circuit or liberty of fifteen miles round about, was erected into an English sheriffdom or bailiwick. Placed under the protection of St. Cuthbert, the district was annexed to Bernicia or Northumbria, a portion of the kingdom or the earldom, an enclavure in Cumbria. Utterly desolated by the Danes, Carlisle continued wasted and abandoned; the few inhabitants of the adjoining country avoided the precinct as though a dread had come upon them. No attempt was made to occupy the tract either for habitation or culture. More than two centuries had now elapsed since sword and fire laid the city low. Great oak-trees grew up amidst the ruined Roman walls. Eden's waters flowed idly. Neglected, as insignificant or worthless, Carlisle had been forgotten by the Anglo-Norman councils. Dolphin, son of the great Gospatric, had. . . . occupied the place with his followers. The district became a Scottish outpost, menacing South Cumbria, claimed by Malcolm as his rightful dominion, still wrongly withheld.

Rufus marched thither at the head of a large army, and expelling Dolphin restored the city. Employing portions of the Roman structures as a nucleus, he raised the castle, rebuilt the towers. The seat of Arthur's fabled chivalry was garrisoned by the Norman soldiery; and here they might first become acquainted with those wondrous fictions which have constituted

the most powerful element in the inspiration of poetry. Here in the rude North, and amidst the rugged moors, were the prototypes of the Round Table and the Joyeuse Garde, the ultimate sources of Tasso's Epic and Ariosto's Lay.

The Conqueror slew, and slaughtered, and dispersed, but he never attempted to transplant masses of men. Rufus executed a bolder stroke of policy than had been ventured upon by his father.

> "Let Uther Pendragon do what he can,
> Eden will run where Eden ran,"

is the old Cumberland adage; but a new race became settled upon Eden's pleasant borders. Rufus brought together a large population from the south, English churls, their wives and their children, whom he settled on the deserted though not ungrateful soil. It is to the expansion of this colony of hostile blood and race that we may attribute the ultimate extinction of the Cymri: so thoroughly expunged from the Cumbrian region, that no trace can be found of them except a tradition or a name. Helvellyn sounds to us as their dying moan.

This is a perplexed period in the history of Scotland and the Scottish border. Malcolm was sustaining great vexations and anxieties, such as threatened his kingdom. Independent Anglo-Norman adventurers would be even more formidable than the Norman king. . . .

All around, nigh or distant, constituted as fine a field for Anglo-Norman enterprise as the territory of the uncivilized Spaniard to the "American Anglo-Saxon." The earldom of Richmond, held by Alan the Red, gave the Breton a position within a few days' march of the Lothian frontier. So troubled was Malcolm, so unable, as he feared, to protect even his own family from the Norman power, that he and Margaret, the father and the mother, were compelled to send young Editha to her aunt Christina, now Abbess of Romsey in England; the minster might protect the damsel whom the castle-walls could not defend. Christina, rigid and stern, did not, like Margaret, adorn her piety by kindness: she determined that Editha should take the veil; she would dress the girl in the garb of a novice, and scold at her because she refused to pronounce the vows. Editha, as she herself tells us, for we have

her authentic legal deposition of the facts, dreaded her aunt's presence; but she had a will of her own also. Out of her aunt's sight, she would take the veil off her head, and stamp on it; and when she was brought back to Dumferline, wearing the same attire, Malcolm Canmore used also to snatch off the ugly thing, and say he would rather see her Earl Alan's wife than locked up in a monastery.

Troubles arose again in the relations between the Anglo-Norman monarch and the Scot. There are difficulties in making out which of the two was the complaining party; none as to the party acknowledged to be the superior. Malcolm may have deemed the occupation of Carlisle an act of hostility, and he is represented as a suitor for peace. Furthermore, he petitioned that the stipulations which Rufus entered into with him should be fully performed. Rufus, on his part, having some grief against Malcolm, some charge which it was needful for the latter to answer, summoned the Scottish monarch to appear at Gloucester, before the Court, on St. Bartholomew's Day. Malcolm prepared to obey the mandate; but we may doubt whether Rufus permitted him to journey from manor to manor, receiving the allowance and enjoying the good cheer. Durham claimed Malcolm's spiritual allegiance, William de St. Carileph being his diocesan; and it was during this journey that he assisted in the solemn ceremony of the Minster's foundation, laying the first and corner stone.

Malcolm reached Gloucester when Rufus had recovered from that dangerous illness, so strangely conducive to Anselm's appointment. Health returned imparted cheerfulness. Rough and boisterous mirth might also accompany returning strength: but the same unconquerable violence of temper which brought on the first attack continued to range within him. Rufus was maddening with pride. Malcolm approached the royal residence. The rude usher closed the chamber door. Rufus would neither see Malcolm nor speak to him. He would not admit the King of Scots into his presence, insisting that Malcolm, the delinquent, was bound to submit to the judgment of the Court before which he was called. Explanations ensued. Malcolm, without denying the supremacy of the British crown, maintained that, according to the old law, if summoned to answer,

he was only amenable to the judgment of the Court assembled on the Marches, where the kings of the Scots were accustomed to do right to the kings of England—*ubi reges Scottorum erant soliti facere rectitudinem regibus Anglorum;* fulfilling the judgment given by the nobles of either realm. A vestige of this jurisprudence may be found in the long-continued border custom, when the knights of England and Scotland assembled, with cautious step and wary glance, to administer justice between the hostile neighbours who dwelt on either side, in the debateable land. More complete is the similarity in the case of the Conqueror himself, who, if he rendered obedience to the Capet, was to meet the French sovereign beneath the ancient tree on the confines of the Duchy and the Kingdom.

Seize your enemy now that he is in your power was the advice given to Rufus by his counsellors. But Rufus refused to violate the protection which the lawful summons to his Court afforded, and Malcolm returned to his dominions in safety. The peace was, however, at an end: Malcolm determined to renew hostilities. A raid might obtain the satisfaction which Rufus denied.

The expedition was planned with more than usual caution. Malcolm associated his eldest son, Edward, in the command, though his mother almost forbade him to go. Edgar also joined the host. To the care of Edgar Atheling Malcolm entrusted Margaret and the other children, Ethelred, Edmund, Alexander, David, Editha, Mary. As a further precaution, they were removed from Dumferline tower to the Castle of Maidens, Edinburgh, the rock whose height, surrounded by the lochs below, offered greater security than Dumferline, should any mischance arise. The English population of Lothian was more congenial and loyal to the English Margaret and the English Edgar than the Celtic tribes. Penances and austerities, privations and self-sacrifices, taught by faith, submitted to in faith, vigils and fastings, had destroyed Margaret's health; she was now wasting away. Broken by infirmity, racked by constant pain, she could only travel in a litter, rarely rise from her couch;—very sad was Margaret's parting from husband and son.

For the fifth time Malcolm harried England with fire and flame: he overspread the country, ravaged and plundered Teesdale, Cleveland, and Richmondshire; then directing his course homeward, invested Alnwick Castle, taking his station on the north. The season was exceedingly stormy: deluges of rain swelled the streams and broke up the ground. Fearless Malcolm and his men crossed the river Alne by the ford which still bears his name. It was a bold enterprise of Malcolm's to attempt reducing such a fortress, new in its strength, and defended by the Earl Mowbray, and his favourite Morel; Mowbray the stubborn and stern, who answered not if you spake to him, who made no return if you saluted him, upon whose sullen countenance a smile was never seen, Mowbray always troubled, full of guiles and wiles, and whose cunning inspired as much apprehension as his ferocity.

Within the Castle of Alnwick, the warder, passing from Hotspur's Chair, conducts you down a steep and gloomy flight of steps, opening into a small, concealed, but protected postern; hence, as he informs you, sallied forth the warrior Hamond, by whom Malcolm was slain. The legend is somewhat old, and may be traced as early, at least, as Hotspur's time. . . .

"When the fierce Scots besieged the Castle, the stout valiant soldier stole out, determined to brave every danger. Hamond simulated himself as an herald of peace: the garrison, straitened by Malcolm's besieging army, as he told the sentinels, had resolved to implore the King's clemency. He was sent forth to proffer the Castle's keys, pendant on the sharp point of his lance. Malcolm, unsuspicious and unarmed, received the messenger at his tent's door; when Hamond suddenly transfixed the King in the eye; by his speedy flight into the woods he escaped the vengeance of the Scottish soldiery, and the surname *Pierce-eye*, or Percy, acquired by the act, was transmitted to his noble posterity." Such were the traditions of the age, when the pleasant fictions of chivalry,—that chivalry whose ideal period recedes when you advance in search of it, like the vase of the rainbow,—began to be incorporated by herald and pursuivant, with the information derived from pedigree, chronicle, and charter.

Authentic history agrees with these fables in the main fact,

that Malcolm's death, on the festival of St. Brice, a festival still recognised in our calendar, was effected through a stratagem which conscience repudiates, though the laws of war absolve the perpetrator. Morel, so intimately connected with Malcolm, by a bond then deemed no less strong than the ties of consanguinity, seduced or betrayed his "gossip" into an ambush, where Mowbray's forces surrounded him; but it was by Morel's own hand that the King was slain. The deed was committed upon a rising ground, on the northern banks of the Alne, opposite the Castle; whose image reflected in the stream may oft be seen, intersected, yet not concealed, by the shadows which the towers cast.

The locality is indicated with singular precision. Malcolm's Cross still marks the spot where Malcolm fell. Other memorials there were, but Malcolm's Well is obliterated: subterraneous workings, disturbing the adjoining strata, have drawn off the waters, and time and violence have ruined the chapel of St. Leonard, founded by the piety of Eustace de Vescy, who, married to a Margaret of the royal family of Scotland, endowed the sanctuary for the repose of Malcolm's soul.

A general attack upon the Scottish forces ensued. Mowbray's forces pursued them, and afforded to the Northumbrian earl a glorious victory. Very many of the Scots were drowned in the overflowing rivers, or clemmed in the quagmires, or suffocated in the marshes, or slaughtered in the rout. Some took refuge in the woods which covered the country up to the Scottish border. Prince Edward, the King's eldest son, who received a mortal wound in the conflict, was carried off from the field of battle to the forest which bounded the Redesdale, where he died. The name of *Edward's Ley*, given to the glade, commemorated his fate: his body was deposited by the side of his father's in Tynemouth Priory; but both the corpses were subsequently translated to the royal sepulchres at Dumferline.

Margaret continued languishing in dreary Dunedin, distressed, heavy-hearted, unable to rise from her bed, a widening chasm of time separating her from those most dear. No messenger from Northumbria reached her. No intelligence from the host. Nothing known how Malcolm had sped;

nothing about Edward, from whom she had parted so reluctantly; nothing about Edgar.

The rough coarse weather, the raging floods which destroyed the tracks, might in some degree account for the delayed intelligence. Yet these circumstances, adding to the perils of the expedition, would also increase solicitude. Each gloomy, brief November day was lengthened by anxiety: night brought no comfort. Sinking rapidly under bodily infirmity and foreboding dread, speaking as if certain that her children would soon be deprived of all parental care, she earnestly besought her confessor and chaplain, Turgot, to guide them for good. Margaret still clung to life. Nothing but lingering love kept her affections in the world: she became feebler and feebler: having received the Holy Communion, her face turned more ashy pale, and the bystanders knew that death was near. Edgar entered the chamber. He was silent. Margaret's anxious inquiries, Where was Malcolm? Where Edward? received one answer. It was well with them, was the reply. No more earthly hope, no more fear. Margaret's yearning earnestness, nevertheless, extorted the details of the calamity. She heard, burst into an ejaculation of praise and thanksgiving, and expired.

Whilst the mourners were watching and wailing, and the tapers burning round the tranquil corpse, their flickering flames contending with the murky air, Dunedin was suddenly surrounded by the hostile forces of the Gael. Malcolm's death had been the signal for a general insurrection. Morel and Mowbray had set them free: they reverted to their national rights, they proclaimed their natural sovereign, natural by blood and lawful by right, the brother of the deceased monarch, one who would own them as his people. It must be recollected that, as yet, the law of direct and lineal representation had not been established amongst the Scots. The function of deciding upon the succession depended upon those seven chieftains whom later constitutional language termed the Seven Earls of Scotland. They were the authorities empowered to bestow the sovereignty upon that individual to whom the crown of Fergus[1] properly belonged.

[1] Reckoned as the first of the kings of the Scots.—C. M. Y.

Donaldbane was proclaimed. With lightning swiftness the fiery cross reached the Western Isles. The Norwegians immediately gave their support to the future King of the Scots. It is asserted that he purchased the alliance by making a formal concession of the Ebudes[1] to Magnus. The sturdy Northman was already master of the islands; but he gladly gave his aid. The fleet was always ready; the crews eager for conflict; the battle-axes hanging on the wall. The Scandinavian and Celtic warriors united; and, from the rapidity of their progress, it should seem as if Donaldbane had been expecting the opportunity. Donaldbane is accused of inimical intentions against his brother's family. Hence the investment of the castle during that mourning time, when the inmates were protected by the sanctity of sorrow. The dense fogs which enveloped the rock suggested or afforded the means of escape. Two of Malcolm's sons refused to abandon their country and their people. Edmund passed over to his father's brother, Donaldbane, hailed and accepted as King. Ethelred returned (as we conjecture) to his Abbey of Dunkeld, and disappears from history. The other children gathered round their maternal uncle, the Atheling Edgar; and, protected and guided by him, they all reached England in safety. . . .

The children of Malcolm and Margaret were all ultimately adopted, so to speak, by Anglo-Norman England. The Princesses were, in the first instance, placed considerately and kindly under their aunt Christina at Romsey. Edith resumed the monastic garb. It was generally supposed that she had taken the vows; or that, if not actually professed, she was equally bound in conscience. People seemed determined to believe that during her infancy she had been offered by her parents to the service of the altar. This supposition was entirely unfounded, and was afterwards disproved by canonical process and legal evidence: nevertheless, it is probable that her aunt the abbess insisted upon the supposition as though it were true. Edith was very beautiful. She inherited her mother's talent, her mother's warm affection, sweetness, patience, piety, and profited by all the cultivation, both intellectual and moral, that Margaret had bestowed. Therefore,

[1] The Hebrides.

notwithstanding her supposed profession, suitors presented themselves, courting the poor damsel of high degree. William de Warenne, earl of Surrey, sought her hand. The Earl made his application to Rufus: Edith, if considered as a royal ward, could not be espoused without the royal assent. Another suitor offered, a pleasant and attractive lover, Henry Beauclerc, who at all times in his life

> "En nobles dames et en belles,
> Et en corteises damiselles,
> Tourna son deduit et s'entente."

Edith was sufficiently attractive to warrant the assumption that Henry loved her, according to his sort of love. . . .

But her monastic seclusion, or some other obstacle, opposed his views, and no further did the courtship proceed till a more fortunate or unfortunate day, when, under the name of Matilda, she espoused the Anglo-Norman king.[1]

THE CRUSADES.

(*From "History of Latin Christianity," by* DEAN MILMAN.)

THE sanctity of the Holy Land, the scene of the Saviour's life and death, untraceable in the first records of the religion, had grown up,—as the faith became the mistress of the whole inward nature of man, of the imagination as well as the moral sentiment,—into almost a part of the general, if undefined, creed.

. . . It might seem an inevitable consequence of the Incarnation of the Godhead in human nature, that man should lean, as it were, more strongly on this kindred and comprehensible Saviour, than on the same Saviour when retired into his remoter Divinity. Everything which approximated the human Saviour to the heart and understanding was cherished with deep reverence. Even in the coldest and most unimaginative times the traveller to the Holy Land seems to enjoy a privilege enviable to the Christian, who, considering its natural effects on

[1] Abridged from chap. vii. vol. iv.

the religious emotions, will not venture to disdain the blameless at least, if not beneficial, excitement. The objective reality which arises from the actual places where the Saviour was born, lived, rose from the grave, ascended into heaven, works back upon the inward or subjective faith in the heart of the believer. Where the presence, the being, of the Redeemer is more intensely felt, there it is thought to dwell with greater power.

The Holy Land was very early visited by Christian pilgrims. The supposed discovery of the Sacred Sepulchre, with all the miraculous legends of the Emperor's vision, the disinterment of the true Cross, the magnificent church built over the Sepulchre by the devout Helena and her son Constantine, were but the consequences and manifestations of a pre-existent and dominant enthusiasm. This high example immeasurably strengthened and fed the growing passion.

It is remarkable, however, to find among those who yielded in other respects to the more materializing influences of the dominant Christianity some who attempted to maintain on this point a lofty spirituality. Gregory of Nyssa, Augustine, even Jerome, remonstrated against the dangerous and unnecessary journey to such remote lands, dangerous to the virtue especially of the female sex, unnecessary to him who might worship God with equal fervour in every region. Others of the Fathers during the fourth century strongly opposed the more sublime tenet of the Divine Omnipresence to the sanctity of peculiar places, the superiority of a quiet holy life in any part of the world to the wandering over sea and land, to east or west, to seek more intimate assurance of the Divine presence. . . .

During the following centuries pilgrimage became the ruling passion of the more devout. The lives of saints teem with accounts of their pious journeys. Itineraries were drawn up, by which pilgrims might direct their way from the banks of the Rhine to Jerusalem. It was a work of pious munificence to build and endow hospitals along the roads for the reception of pilgrims. These pilgrims were taken under the protection of the law; they were exempt from toll, and commended by kings to the hospitality of their subjects. Charlemagne ordered that through his whole realm they were to be supplied at least with lodging, fire, and water. In some religious houses the statutes

provided for their entertainment. In Jerusalem there were public caravansaries for their reception. Gregory the Great sent money to Jerusalem to build a splendid hospital. The pilgrim set forth amid the blessings and prayers of his kindred or community, with the simple accoutrements which announced his design—the staff, the wallet, and the scallop-shell; he returned a privileged, in some sense a sanctified, being. Pilgrimage expiated all sin. The bathing in the Jordan was, as it were, a second baptism, and washed away all the evil of the former life. The shirt which he had worn when he entered the Holy City was carefully laid by as his winding-sheet, and possessed, it was supposed, the power of transporting him to heaven. . . . The privilege of beholding Jerusalem and the sacred places was not the only advantage of the pilgrim. There was the great emporium of reliques; and the pilgrim returned bearing with him a splinter of the true Cross, or some other memorial of the Saviour, of the Virgin Mother, the Apostles, or some earlier saint. The prodigal demand did not in the least drain the inexhaustible supply. These reliques bore a high price in the West. At a later period commercial speculation in less sacred goods mingled with the devout aspirations after the Holy Land; and the silks, jewels, spices, paper, and other products of the East were brought home from Palestine by the pious but not unworldly merchants of Venice, Pisa, Marseilles, and even of France and Germany.

Down to the conquest of Jerusalem by Chosroes[1] the Persian, the tide of pilgrimage flowed uninterrupted to the Holy Land. The victory of Heraclius and the recovery of the true Cross from the hands of the fire-worshippers re-established the peaceful communication; and throughout this whole period the pilgrims had only to encounter the ordinary accidents, privations, and perils of a long journey. . . . Nor did the capture of the city by the Mahommedans at first break off this connexion between Christendom and the birth-

[1] Khoosroo, or Chosroes, one of the Sassamid kings of Persia, who took the city in 614. Chosroes was a Magian, or, in modern language, a Parsee or fire-worshipper. The city was then recovered by the Greek Emperor, Heraclius: and the Mahommedan conquest was by the Caliph Omar, in 637.—C. M. Y.

and burial-place of the Redeemer. To the Mahommedans Jerusalem was no indifferent possession; it was sacred, if in a less degree than Mecca. It had been visited by their Prophet once, according to their legend, in a mysterious and supernatural manner. The Prophet had wavered between Jerusalem and Mecca as the Kebla of prayer for his disciples. The great religious ancestor of the Jews was also that of the Arabs; the holy men and prophets of Israel were held in honour by the new faith; the Koran admitted the supreme sanctity, though not the Divinity, of Jesus. On the surrender of Jerusalem to the Caliph Omar, Christianity was allowed to perform all its rites, though shorn of their pomp and publicity.[1] Their bells might no longer peal over the city; their processions were forbidden; they were to allow without resistance the conversion of Christians to Islamism; to keep themselves distinct by name, dress, and language; to pay tribute; and to acknowledge the sovereign power of the Caliph. They were constrained to behold the Mosque of Omar usurp the site of the ancient Temple of Jerusalem. Yet pilgrimage was not as the worship of images to those stern iconoclasts. It was a part of religion so common with their own belief, that they were rather disposed to respect than to despise this mark of attachment in the Christians to their own Prophet. The pious, therefore, soon began to flock again in undiminished numbers to Mahommedan as to Christian Jerusalem.

In the plan of his great Christian Empire Charlemagne threw the shadow of his protection over the Christians in the remotest parts of the world. Not merely did he assist the churches in Syria with large alms, he entered into treaties for their protection with the Mahommedan rulers. In his amicable intercourse with Haroun Al Raschid, the courteous Caliph bestowed on him no gift more precious than the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. At the great millennial period, the close of the tenth and the commencement of the eleventh century, the strong religious movement which arose from the expectation of the Lord's coming to judgment wrought with no less intensity on the pilgrimages to the Holy Land, than on the other religious services. Men crowded to Jerusalem as to the scene of the

[1] They might not speak Arabic, the holy language.

Lord's revelation in glory, to be witnesses of the great assize in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. They were eager not merely to visit, but, if their death anticipated the last day, to die in the Holy Land. . . .

Throughout the earlier half of the eleventh century men of all ranks—princes like Robert of Normandy, lordly bishops like those of Germany—headed pilgrimages. Humble monks, and even peasants, found their way to the Holy Land, and returned to awaken the spirit of religious adventure by the account of their difficulties and perils; the passionate enthusiasm by the wonders of the Holy Land.

Now, however, the splendid, polished, and more tolerant Mahommedanism of the earlier Caliphs had sunk before the savage yet no less warlike Turks. This race of the Mongol stock had embraced all that was enterprising, barbarous, and aggressive, rejecting all that was humane, or tending to a higher civilization, in Mahommedanism. They were more fanatic Islamites than the followers of the Prophet, than the Prophet himself. The Seljukians[1] became masters of Jerusalem: and from that time the Christians of Palestine, from tributary subjects, become despised slaves; the pilgrims, from respected guests, intruders whose hateful presence polluted the atmosphere of pure Islamism. . . . Year after year came back the few survivors of a long train of pilgrims, no longer radiant with pious pride at the accomplishment of their holy purpose, rich in precious reliques, or even the more costly treasures of the East; but stealing home, famished, wounded, mutilated, with lamentable tales of their own sufferings and of those who had died of the ill usage of the barbarous unbelievers.

At length the afflictions of the Christians found a voice which woke indignant Europe, an apostle who could rouse warlike Latin Christendom to encounter with equal fanaticism this new outburst of the fanaticism of Islam. This was the mission of the hermit Peter.

Latin Christendom was already in some degree prepared

[1] Seljuk was a Turk or Tartar chief, who being banished from Turkistan by his khan, settled in Bokhara and embraced the Mahommedan religion. His sons, Togrul Beg and Taafer Beg, led the further advance of the tribe; and in 1077 Jerusalem fell into their hands.—C. M. Y.

for this great confederacy. A league of the whole Christian world against the Mahommedans had expanded before Gerbert, Silvester II. . . . It was among the bold visions which had floated before the imagination of Gregory VII. . . . Hildebrand's more immediate object, however, was not the recovery of the Holy Land, but the defence of the Greek empire, which was now threatened by the advance of the irresistible Seljukians into Asia Minor. . . . But the deliverance of the decrepit, unrespected, and often hostile empire of the East would have awakened no powerful movement in Latin Christendom: the fall of Constantinople would have startled too late the tardy fears and sympathies of the West. . . . The ambassadors of Alexius Comnenus[1] at Piacenza were received with decent respect but with no passionate impulse. The letters from the East, imploring aid, had no power to hush and suspend the hostilities which distracted the West. If not heard with indifference, they left but superficial and evanescent impressions on the minds even of those who had most reason to dread the progress of the Mahommedan arms.

For the conquest of the Holy Land a zealous Pope might alone, in favourable times, have raised a great Christian army; he might have enlisted numbers of warlike and adventurous nobles, even sovereigns, in the cause. But humbler and more active instruments were wanting for a popular and general insurrection in favour of the oppressed and afflicted pilgrims, for the restoration of the Holy Land to the dominion of the Cross. All great convulsions of society are from below.

Peter the Hermit is supposed, but only supposed, to have been of gentle birth. He was of ignoble stature, but with quick and flashing eye; his spare, sharp person seemed instinct with the fire which worked within his restless soul. He was a Frank (of Amiens in Picardy), and therefore spoke most familiarly the language of that people ever ready for adventurous warfare, especially warfare in the cause of religion. Peter had exhausted, without satisfying the cravings of his religious zeal, all the ordinary excitements, the studies, the austerities and mortifications, the fasts and prayers of a devout life. Still yearning for more powerful emotions, he had retired into the solitude of

[1] Greek emperor of Constantinople from 1081 to 1118.—C. M. Y.

the strictest and severest cloister. There his undoubting faith beheld, in the visions of his disturbed and enthralled imagination, revelations from Heaven. In those days such a man could not but undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, more especially in times when martyrdom might be his reward. The deeper his feelings at visiting the holy places, the more strong would be his sorrow and indignation at their desecration by their rude and cruel masters. Peter saw with a bleeding heart the sufferings and degradation of his brethren; his blood turned to fire; the martial Frank was not extinct within him. In an interview with Simeon,[1] the persecuted patriarch, he ventured to rebuke his despondency. When Simeon deplored the hopeless weakness of the Byzantine empire, the natural lords and protectors of the Christians in Syria, Peter fearlessly promised him the succour of Western Christendom. His vow seemed to obtain the ratification of God. Prostrate in the Temple, he heard, as it were, the voice of the Lord Himself: "Rise, Peter, go forth to make known the tribulations of My people; the hour is come for the delivery of My servants, for the recovery of the holy places!"

A. D. 1094 Peter fully believed in his own mission, and was therefore believed by others. He landed in Italy, he hastened to Rome. The Pope, Urban, was kindled by his fervour, acknowledged him as a prophet, and gave full sanction to his announcement of the immediate deliverance of Jerusalem.

The Hermit traversed Italy, crossed the Alps, with indefatigable restlessness went from province to province, from city to city. His appearance commanded attention, his austerity respect, his language instantaneous and vehement sympathy. He rode on a mule, with a crucifix in his hand, his head and feet bare; his dress was a long robe, girt with a cord, and a hermit's cloak of the coarsest stuff. He preached in the pulpits, in the roads, in the market-places. His eloquence was that which stirs the heart of the people, for it came from his own, brief, figurative, full of bold apostrophes; it was mingled with his own tears, with his own groans; he beat his breast: the contagion spread throughout his audience. His

[1] Greek patriarch of Jerusalem who suffered from the oppression of the Seljuks.—C. M. Y.

preaching appealed to every passion; to valour and shame, to indignation and pity, to the pride of the warrior, the compassion of the man, the religion of the Christian, to the love of the Brethren, to the hatred of the Unbeliever, aggravated by his insulting tyranny, to reverence for the Redeemer and the Saints, to the desire of expiating sin, to the hope of Eternal Life. Sometimes he found persons who, like himself, had visited the Holy Land; he brought them forth before the people, and made them bear witness to what they had seen or what they had suffered. He appealed to them as having beheld Christian blood poured out wantonly as water, the foulest indignities perpetrated on the sacred places in Jerusalem. He invoked the Holy Angels, the Saints in heaven, the Mother of God, the Lord Himself, to bear witness to his truth. He called on the holy places, on Sion, on Calvary, on the Holy Sepulchre, to lift up their voices and implore their deliverance from sacrilegious profanation; he held up the crucifix, as if Christ Himself was imploring their succour.

His influence was extraordinary, even beyond the immediate object of his mission. Old enemies came to be reconciled; the worldiest to forswear the world; prelates to entreat the Hermit's intercession. Gifts showered upon him: he gave them all to the poor, or as dowries for loose women, whom he provided with husbands. His wonders were repeated from mouth to mouth; all ages, both sexes, crowded to touch his garments; the very hairs which dropped from his mule were caught and treasured as reliques.

Western Christendom, particularly France, was thus prepared for the outburst of militant religion. Nothing was wanting but a plan, leaders, and organization. Such was the state of things when Pope Urban presented himself to the Council of Clermont, in Auvergne. A.D. 1095

Where all the motives which stir the mind and heart, the most impulsive passion and the profoundest policy, conspire together, it is impossible to discover which has the dominant influence in guiding to a certain course of action. Urban, no doubt, with his strong religiousness of character, was not superior to the enthusiasm of his times; to him the Crusade was the cause of God. This is manifest from the earnest sim-

plicity of his memorable speech in the council. No one not fully possessed by the frenzy could have communicated it. At the same time, no event (to this his discerning mind could not be blind) could be more favourable or more opportune for the advancement of the great papal object of ambition, the acknowledged supremacy over Latin Christendom, or for the elevation of Urban himself over the rival Pope and the temporal sovereigns his enemies. . . . The author of the Crusades was too holy a person, too manifest a vicegerent of Christ Himself, for men either to question his title or circumscribe his authority.

Never, perhaps, did a single speech of man work such extraordinary and lasting results as that of Urban II. at the Council of Clermont. Urban, as a native of France, spoke, no doubt, the language of the country: his speech has survived only in the colder and more stately ecclesiastical Latin, and probably has preserved but few of those pathetic and harrowing details of the cruelty, the licentiousness, the sacrilege of the Turks, which told most effectually on his shuddering and maddening audience. He dwelt on the sanctity, on the wonders of the land of promise; the land chosen of God, to whom all the earth belonged as His own inheritance; the land of which the history had been recorded both in the Old and New Testamant; of this land the foul infidels were now the lords: of the Holy City itself, hallowed by the life and death of the Saviour. Whose soul melted not within? whose bowels were not stirred with shame and sorrow? The Holy Temple had become not only a den of thieves, but the dwelling-place of devils. The churches, even that of the Holy Sepulchre itself, had become stalls for cattle, and Christian men were massacred . . . within the holy precincts. The heavenly fire had ceased to descend; the Lord would not visit His defiled sanctuary. While Christians were shedding Christian blood, they were sinfully abandoning this sacred field for their valour, and yielding up their brethren in Christ to the yoke, to the sword of the Unbeliever; they were warring on each other, when they ought to be soldiers of Christ. He assured them that the Saviour Himself, the God of armies, would be their leader and their guide in battle. There was no passion which he left unstirred. "The wealth of your enemies shall be yours; ye shall plunder their treasures. Ye

serve a Commander who will not permit His soldiers to want bread, or a just reward for their services. He offered absolution for all sins (there was no crime—murder, adultery, robbery, arson—which might not be redeemed by this act of obedience to God), absolution without penance to all who would take up arms in this sacred cause. It was better to fall in battle than not to march to the aid of the Brethren : he promised Eternal Life to all who should suffer the glorious calamity of death in the Holy Land, or even in the way to it. The Crusader passed at once into Paradise. For himself, he must remain aloof; but, like a second Moses, while they were slaughtering the Amalekites, he would be perpetually engaged in fervent and prevailing prayer for their success.

The Pontiff could scarcely conclude his speech ; he was interrupted by ill-suppressed murmurs of grief and indignation. At its close one loud and simultaneous cry broke forth, It is the Will of God! it is the Will of God! All ranks, all classes, were seized with the contagious passion ; the assembly declared itself the army of God. Not content with his immediate success, the Pope enjoined on all the bishops to preach instantly, unremittingly, in every diocese, the imperative duty of taking up arms to redeem the Holy Sepulchre. The epidemic madness spread with a rapidity inconceivable except from the knowledge how fully the mind and heart of man were prepared to imbibe the infection. France, including both its Frank and Norman population, took the lead ; Germany, of colder temperament, and distracted by its own civil contentions—the Imperialist faction from hatred of the Pope—moved more tardily and reluctantly ; in Italy it was chiefly the adventurous Normans who crowded to the war ; in England the Normans were too much occupied in securing their vast possessions, the Anglo-Saxon population too much depressed, to send large numbers of soldiers. All Europe, however, including the Northern nations, except Spain, occupied with her own crusade in her own realm, sent their contingent either to the wild multitudes who swarmed forth under Walter the Pennyless, or the more regular army under Godfrey of Boulogne. The Crusade was no national war of Italy, France, or Germany against the Egyptian empire of the Fatimites, or the Seljukian

Sultan of Iconium: it was a war of Christendom against Mahommedanism. No government hired the soldiers, unless so far as the feudal chief summoned his vassals to accompany him; nor provided transports and the artillery and implements of war, or organized a commissariat, or nominated to the chief command. Each was a volunteer, and brought his own horse, arms, accoutrements, provisions. In the first disastrous expeditions, under Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless, the leaders were designated by popular acclamation or by bold and confident self-election. The general deference and respect for his admirable character and qualifications invested Godfrey of Boulogne in the command of the first regular army. It was fortunate, perhaps, that none of the great sovereigns of Europe joined the first Crusade. The Emperor and the King of France were under excommunication; Conrad, king of Italy,[1] too necessary to the Pope to be spared from Italy; in William Rufus was wanting the great impulse, religious faith. The ill success of the later Crusades undertaken by Emperors and Kings, their frequent want of ability for supreme command when alone, their jealousies when allied, show that a league of princes of the second rank, though not without their intrigues and separate interests, was better suited by this kind of expedition. . . .

Urban II. lived to hear hardly more than the disasters and miseries of his own work. His faith had the severe trial of receiving the sad intelligence of the total destruction of the myriads who marched into Hungary and perished on the way, by what was unjustly considered the cruelty of the Hungarians and treachery of the Greeks; hardly one of these ever reached the borders of the Holy Land. His depression may have been allayed by the successes of the army under Godfrey of Boulogne: he heard of the capture of Antioch, but died before the tidings of the capture of Jerusalem, on the 15th of July, 1099, could reach Rome.

A. D. 1099 The Crusades, if we would calculate the incalculable

[1] Conrad was the son of the Emperor Henry IV. He rebelled against his father, and was crowned King of Italy, this being one of the titles centred in the Emperors of the West. Urban supported his cause.—E. M. S.

waste of human life from first to last (a waste without achieving any enduring result), and all the human misery which is implied in that loss of life, may seem the most wonderful frenzy which ever possessed mankind. But from a less ideal point of view —a view of human affairs as they have actually evolved under the laws or guidance of Divine Providence, considerations suggest themselves which mitigate or altogether avert this contemptuous or condemnatory sentence.

. . . The Crusades consummated, and the Christian Church solemnly blessed and ratified, the unnatural, it might be, but perhaps necessary and inevitable union between Christianity and the Teutonic military spirit. What but Christian warlike fanaticism could cope with the warlike Mahommedan fanaticism which had now revived by the invasion of the Turks, a race more rude and habitually predatory and conquering than the Arabs of the Prophet, and apparently more incapable of yielding to those genial influences of civilization which had gradually softened down the Caliphs of Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, and Cordova to splendid and peaceful monarchs? Few minds were, perhaps, far-seeing enough to contemplate the Crusades, as they have been viewed by modern history, as a blow struck at the heart of the Mahommedan power, as a politic diversion of the tide of war from the frontiers of the European kingdoms to Asia. Yet neither can this removal of the war to a more remote battle-field, nor the establishment of the principle that all Christian powers were natural allies against Mahommedan powers (though this principle, at a later period, gave way before European animosities and enmities), have been without important influence on the course of human affairs. . . .

. . . But the effects of these expeditions to the Holy Land may further be considered under four heads.

I.—The first and more immediate result of the Crusades was directly the opposite to that which had been promised, and no doubt expected, by the advisers of these expeditions.

The security of the Eastern Christian empire, and its consequent closer alliance with Latin Christendom, though not the primary, was at least a secondary object. . . . But instead of the reconciliation of the Byzantine empire with the West, the

Crusade led to a more total estrangement; instead of blending the Churches into one, the hostility became more strong and obstinate.

The Emperors of the East found their friends not less dangerous and destructive than their enemies could have been. Vast hordes of disorderly and undisciplined fanatics came swarming across the frontiers, trampling down everything in their way, and spreading desolation through the more peaceful and flourishing provinces. Already the Hungarians had taken up arms against these unwelcome strangers, and a Christian power had been the first to encounter the champions of the Cross. The leaders of the Crusade, the Hermit himself, and a soldier of fortune, Walter, who went by the name of Pennyless, were altogether without authority, and had taken no steps to organize or to provide food for this immense population which they had set in motion. This army consisted mainly of the poorer classes, whose arms, such as they were, were their only possession. The more enthusiastic, no doubt, vaguely trusted to the protection of Providence; God would not allow the soldiers of His Blessed Son to perish with want. The more thoughtful calculated on the hospitality of their Christian brethren. The pilgrims of old had found hospitals and caravansaries established for their reception; they had been fed by the inexhaustible bounty of the devout. But it had occurred to none that, however friendly, the inhabitants of Hungary and the provinces of the Byzantine empire through which they passed could not, without miracles, feed the swelling and, it seemed, never-ending swarm of strangers. Hunger led to plunder, plunder to hostility, hostility hardened and inflamed to the most bitter mutual antipathy. Europe rang with denunciations of the inhospitality, the barbarity, of these more than unbelievers, who were accused of secret intelligence and confederacy with the Mahommedans against the cause of Christ. The subtle policy of Alexius Comnenus, whose craft was in some degree successful in the endeavour to rid his subjects of this intolerable burthen, was branded as the most malignant treachery. Hence mistrust, hatred, contempt sprang up between the Greek and Latin Christians, which centuries could hardly have eradicated, even

if they had been centuries of friendly intercourse rather than of aggravated wrong and unmingling hostility. The Greeks despised the Franks as rude and savage robbers; the Franks disdained the Greeks as wily and supple slaves.

The conduct of the more regular army, which took another and less destructive course, was restrained by some discipline, and maintained at first some courtesy, yet widened rather than closed this irreparable breach. The Emperor of the East found that his Western allies conquered not for him but for themselves. Instead of considering Syria and Palestine as parts of the Eastern empire, they created their own independent principalities, and owned no sovereignty in him who claimed to be the legitimate lord of those territories. There was a singular sort of feudal title made out to Palestine. God was the Sovereign owner. Through the Virgin,—of royal descent from the house of David,—it descended to our Lord. At a later period the contempt of the Franks reached its height in their conquest of Constantinople, and the establishment of a Latin dynasty on the throne of the Eastern emperors; contempt which was amply repaid by the hatred of the Greeks, who, when they recovered the empire, were only driven by hard necessity to cultivate any friendly alliance with the West.

. . .II.—The Pope, the clergy, the monastic institutions, derived a vast accession of power, influence, and wealth from the Crusades. Already Urban, by placing himself at the head of the great movement, had enshrined himself in the general reverence; and to the Pope reverence was power and riches.

. . . He bequeathed this great legacy of pre-eminence to his successors. The Pope was general-in-chief of the armies of the faith. He assumed from the commencement, and maintained to the end, of the Crusades an enormous dispensing authority, to which no one ventured or was disposed to raise any objection; not a dispensing authority only from the penalties of sin in this world or the next, a mitigation of the pains of purgatory, or a remittal of those acts of penance which the Church commuted at her will; the taking the Cross absolved, by his authority, from all temporal, civil, and social obligation. It substituted a new and permanent principle of obedience for

feudal subordination. The Pope became the liege lord of mankind.

. . . The prince who took the Cross left his dominions under the protection of the Holy See; but as the more ambitious, rapacious, and irreligious of the neighbouring sovereigns were those who remained behind, this security was extremely precarious. But the noble became really exempt from most feudal claims; he could not be summoned to the banner of his lord: even the bonds of the villein, the serf, and the slave were broken or enfeebled; they were free if they could extricate themselves from a power which, in the eye of the Church, as interfering with the discharge of a higher duty, was lawless, to follow the Cross. Even the creditor could not arrest the debtor. The crusader was the soldier of the Church, and this was his first allegiance, which released him from all other.

. . . The hold on the human mind which directly or indirectly accrued to the Pope in Europe from this right of levying war throughout Christendom against the Unbeliever, of summoning, or at least enlisting, all mankind under the banner of the Cross, could not but increase in its growth as long as the crusading frenzy maintained its power.

To take the Cross was the high price which might obtain absolution for the most enormous offence; and, therefore, if the Pope so willed, he would be satisfied with nothing less. There were few sovereigns so cautious, or so superior to the dominant superstition, as not, in some period of enthusiasm or disaster, of ambition or affliction, either from the worldly desire of propitiating the favour of the Pope, or under the pangs of wounded conscience, to entangle themselves with this irrevocable vow; that vow, at least, which could only be annulled by the Pope, who was in general little disposed to relax his hold on his self-fettered subject. The inexorable taskmaster, to whom the king or prince had sold himself in the hour of need, either demanded the immediate service, or held the mandate in terror over his head to keep him under subjection. It will appear, hereafter, how the most dangerous antagonist of the papal power, the Emperor Frederick II., was trammelled in this inextricable bondage, from which he could not release himself even by fulfilling its conditions.

The legatine authority of the Pope expanded to a great extent in consequence of the Crusades. Before this period an ecclesiastic, usually of high rank or fame, had been occasionally commissioned by the Pope to preside in local councils, to determine controversies, to investigate causes, to negociate with sovereigns. As acting in the Pope's person, he assumed or exercised the right of superseding all ordinary jurisdiction,—that of the bishops, and even of the metropolitans. The Crusades gave an opportunity of sending legates into every country in Latin Christendom, in order to preach and to recruit for the Crusades, to urge the laity who did not take up the Cross in person to contribute to the expenses of the war, to authorize or to exact the subsidies of the clergy. The public mind became more and more habituated to the presence, as it were, of the Pope, by his representative, to the superseding of all authority in his name.

Not only the secular clergy, but the monasteries, were bound to assign part of their revenues for the conquest of the Holy Land; . . . but . . . the vast increase in their wealth and territorial possessions more than compensated for this, at first, light taxation. There may have been few, but doubtless there were some, of all ranks up to princedoms, who, in their reckless enthusiasm, stripped themselves of all their goods, abandoned their lands and possessions, and reserved nothing but their sword, their horse, and a trifling sum for their maintenance, determined to seek either new possessions or a glorious and saintly grave in the Holy Land. But all were suddenly called upon for a large expenditure, to meet which they had made no provision. The private adventurer had to purchase his arms, his Milan or Damascus steel, his means of transport and provision; the nobles and the princes, in proportion to their rank and territory, to raise, arm, and maintain their vassals. Multitudes were thus compelled to pledge or to alienate their property. Here and there prudent nobles, or even kings, might watch this favourable opening, when estates were thrown so prodigally and abundantly on the market. So William Rufus bought his elder brother's dukedom of Normandy.

But there was one wealthy body alone which was not deeply

embarked in these costly undertakings—the Church. The bishops who took up the Cross might possibly burthen, they could not alienate, their estates. On the other hand, the clergy and the monasteries were everywhere on the spot to avail themselves of the embarrassments and difficulties of their neighbours. Godfrey of Boulogne alienated part of his estates to the Bishop of Verdun; he pledged another part to the Bishop of Liege. For at least two centuries this traffic went silently on, the Church always receiving, rarely alienating. Whoever, during the whole period of the Crusades, sought to whom he might entrust his lands as guardian, or in perpetuity, if he should find his grave or richer possessions in the Holy Land, turned to the Church, by whose prayers he might win success, by whose masses the sin which clung to the soul even of the soldier of the Cross might be purged away. If he returned, he returned often a disappointed and melancholy man, took refuge from his despondent religious feelings in the cloister, and made over his remaining rights to his brethren. If he returned no more, the Church was in possession. . . . Thus in every way the all-absorbing Church was still gathering in wealth, encircling new lands within her hallowed pale, the one steady merchant who in this vast traffic and sale of personal and of landed property never made a losing venture, but went on accumulating and still accumulating, and for the most part withdrawing the largest portion of the land in every kingdom into a separate estate, which claimed exemption from all burthens of the realm, until the realm was compelled to take measures, violent often, and iniquitous in the mode, but still inevitable. The Church which had thus peaceably despoiled the world was in her turn unscrupulously despoiled.

III.—The Crusades established in the Christian mind the justice and the piety of religious wars. . . .

The first Crusades might be in some degree vindicated as defensive. In the long and implacable contest the Mahommedan had, no doubt, been the aggressor: Islam first declared general and irreconcileable war against all hostile forms of belief; the propagation of faith in the Korân was the avowed aim of its conquests. . . .

Neither the secure possession of their vast Asiatic dominions

of Egypt, Africa, and Spain, nor their great defeat by Charles Martel, quelled their aggressive ambition. They were constantly renewing hostilities in every accessible part of the East and West, threatening, or still further driving in, the frontier of the Byzantine empire, covering the Mediterranean with their fleets, subduing Sicily, and making dangerous inroads and settlements in Italy. New nations or tribes from the remoter East, with all the warlike propensities of the Arabs, but with the fresh and impetuous valour of young proselytes to the Korân, were constantly pouring forth from the steppes of Tartary, the mountain glens of the Caucasus or the Himalaya, and infusing new life into Mahommedanism. The Turks had fully embraced its doctrines of war to all of hostile faith in their fiercest intolerance; they might seem imperiously to demand a general confederacy of Christendom against this declared enemy. Even the oppressions of their Christian brethren, oppressions avowedly made more cruel on account of their religion, within the dominions of the Mahommedans, might perhaps justify an armed interference. The indignities and persecutions to which the pilgrims, who had been respected up to this period, were exposed, the wanton and insulting desecration of the holy places, were a kind of declaration of war against everything Christian. But it is more easy in theory than in fact, to draw the line between wars for the defence and for the propagation of the faith. Religious war is too impetuous and eager not to become a fanaticism. From this period it was an inveterate, almost uncontested, tenet, that wars for religion were not merely justifiable, but holy and Christian, and if holy and Christian, glorious above all other wars. The unbeliever was the natural enemy of Christ, and of His Church; if not to be converted, to be punished for the crime of unbelief, to be massacred, exterminated by the righteous sword. . . . . .

IV.—A fourth result of the Crusades, if in its origin less completely so, and more transitory and unreal, yet in its remote influence felt and actually living in the social manners of our own time, was Chivalry; or at least the religious tone which Chivalry assumed in all its acts, language, and ceremonial. The Crusades swept away, as it were, the last impediment to the wedlock of religion with the warlike propensities of the age

All the noble sentiments which blended together are Chivalry —the high sense of honour, the disdain or passion for danger, the love of adventure, compassion for the weak or the oppressed, generosity, self-sacrifice, self-devotion for others—found in the Crusades their animating principle, perpetual occasion for their amplest exercise, their perfection and consummation. How could the noble Christian knight endure the insults to his Saviour and to his God, the galling shame that the place of his Redeemer's birth and death should be trampled by the scoffer, the denier of his Divinity? Where were adventures to be sought so stirring as in the distant, gorgeous, mysterious East, the land of fabled wealth, the birthplace of wisdom, of all the religions of the world; a land only to be approached by that which was then thought a long and perilous voyage along the Mediterranean Sea, or by land through kingdoms inhabited by unknown nations and people of strange languages; through Constantinople, the traditions of whose wealth and magnificence prevailed throughout the West? For whom was the lofty mind to feel compassion, if not for the down-trodden victim of Pagan mockery and oppression, his brother-worshipper of the Cross, who for that worship was suffering cruel persecution? To what uses could wealth be so fitly or lavishly devoted as to the rescue of Christ's Sepulchre from the Infidel? To what more splendid martyrdom could the valiant man aspire than to death in the fields which Christ had watered with His own blood? What sacrifice could be too great? Not even the absolute abnegation of home, kindred, the proud castle, the host of retainers, the sumptuous fare, for the tent on the desert, the scanty subsistence, it might be (though this they would disdain to contemplate) the dungeon, the bondage in remote Syria.

Lastly, and above all, where would be found braver or more worthy antagonists than among the Knights of the Crescent, the invaders,—too often, it could not be denied, the conquerors,—of the Christian world? Hence it was that France and Spain were pre-eminently the crusading kingdoms of Europe, and, as it were, the birthplace of Chivalry: Spain as waging her unintermitting crusade against the Saracens of Granada and Cordova; France, as furnishing by far the most numerous, and

it may be said, with the Normans, the most distinguished, leaders of the Crusades, from Godfrey of Boulogne down to St. Louis; so that the name of Frank and of Christian became almost equivalent in the East.

This singular union, this absolute fusion of the religion of peace with barbarous warfare, this elevation of the Christian knighthood, as it were, into a secondary hierarchy (even before the establishment of the military orders), had already in some degree begun before the Crusades. The ceremonial of investing the young noble warrior in his arms may be traced back to the German forests. The Church, which interfered in every human act, would hardly stand aloof from this important rite. She might well delude herself with the fond trust that she was not transgressing her proper bounds. The Church might seem to enter into this closer if incongruous alliance with the deliberate design of enslaving war to her own beneficial purposes. She had sometimes gone further; proclaimed a Truce of God, and war, at least private war, had ceased at her bidding.[1] The clerk, the pilgrim, the merchant, husbandman, pursued his work without fear; women were all secure; all ecclesiastical property, all mills, were under special protection.

But in such an age it could but be a truce, a brief, temporary, uncertain truce. By hallowing war, the Church might seem to divert it from its wanton and iniquitous destructiveness to better purposes, unattainable by her own gentle and persuasive influences, to confine it to objects of justice, even of righteousness; at all events, to soften and humanize the usages of war, which she saw to be inevitable. If, then, before the Crusades the Church had thus aspired to lay her spell upon war, to enlist it, if not in the actual service of religion, in that of humanity, defence of the oppressed, the widow, the orphan, the persecuted or spoliated peasantry, how much more so when

[1] The Truce of God in southern France proclaimed four days in the week, from Wednesday noon to Monday noon, as holy, from respect to the institution of the Eucharist, the Passion, and Resurrection of the Lord. How far was this, as well as the Truce of God proclaimed by the Popes, actually observed? It is to be feared that the Church, when Popes became more warlike, abrogated or allowed the Truce to fall into desuetude. History hardly records its observance.

war itself had become religious! The initiation, the solemn dedication to arms, now the hereditary right, almost the indispensable duty, of all high-born men, of princes or nobles (except where they had a special vocation to the Church or the cloister), became more and more formally and distinctly a religious ceremony. The noviciate of the knight was borrowed, with strange but unperceived incongruity, from that of the monk or priest. Both were soldiers of Christ, under a different form and in a different sense.

It was a proud day in the castle (as it was in the cloister when some distinguished votary took the cowl) when the young heir assumed his arms. The vassals of all orders met around their liege lord: they paid, perhaps on this joyous occasion alone, their willing and ungrudged fees; they enjoyed the splendour of the spectacle; feasted, if at lower tables, in the same hall; witnessed the jousts or military exercises, the gayer sports, the tricks of the jougleurs, and heard the romance of the Trouveurs. But the clergy were not absent; the early and more impressive solemnity was theirs. The novice, after bathing, bound himself by a vow of chastity (not always too rigidly observed), to shed his blood for the faith, to have the thought of death ever present to his mind. He fasted till the evening, passed the night in prayer in the Church or Castle Chapel. At the dawn of morn he confessed; as the evening before he had purified his body by the bath, so now his soul by the absolution; he heard mass, he partook of the Holy Eucharist. He knelt before his godfather in this war-baptism. He was publicly sworn to maintain the right, to be loyal to all true knighthood, to protect the poor from oppression. He must forswear all treason, all injustice. Where woman needed his aid he must be ever prompt and valiant; to protect her virtue was the first duty and privilege of a true knight. He must fast every Friday, give alms according to his means, keep faith with all the world, especially his brethren in arms, succour, love, honour all loyal knights. When he had taken his oath, knights and ladies arrayed him in his armour: each piece had its symbolic meaning, its moral lesson. His godfather then struck him with a gentle blow, and laid his sword three times on his neck—"In the name of God, St. Michael (or St. George, or some other tutelar

saint), and (ever) of our Lady, we dub thee knight." The church bells pealed out; the church rang with acclamations; the knight mounted his horse, and rode round the lists or over the green meadows, amid the shouts of the rejoicing multitude.

But what young knight, thus dedicated, could doubt that the conquest of the Holy Land was among his primary duties, his noblest privileges? Every knight was a soldier of the Cross; every soldier of the Cross almost enlisted for this great object.

. . . The Infidel, as much as the giant or dragon of romance, was the natural foe of the Christian. Every oppressed Christian,—and every Christian in the Holy Land was oppressed,—the object of his sworn protection. Slaying Saracens took rank with fastings, penitential discipline, visits to shrines, even alms-givings, as meritorious of the Divine mercy. So by the Crusades chivalry became more religious, religion more chivalrous; for it was now no unusual, no startling sight, as the knight had become in one sense part of the hierarchy, to behold bishops and priests serving, fighting as knights. In a holy war, the bishop and the abbot stood side by side with the prince or the noble; struck as lusty blows; if they conquered, disdained not the fame; if they fell, supposed that they had as good a right to the honour of martyrdom.

Even the most incongruous and discordant part of chivalry, the devotion to the female sex, took a religious tone. There was one Lady of whom, high above all and beyond all, every knight was the special servant. It has been remarked that in the French language the Saviour and His Virgin Mother are worshipped under feudal titles (Notre Seigneur, Notre Dame). If the adoration of the Virgin, the culminating point of chivalrous devotion to the female sex, is at times leavened with phrases too nearly allied with human passion, the general tone to the earthly mistress is purified in word, if not always in thought, by the reverence which belongs to the Queen of heaven. This was the poetry of chivalry, the religious poetry; and in an imaginative age the poetry, if far, very far, above the actual life, cannot be absolutely without influence on that life. If this ideal love, in general, existed only in the outward phrase, in the ceremonial address, in the

sonnet, or in the song, . . . yet on the whole the elevation even the inharmonious religiousness, of chivalry must have wrought for the benefit of mankind. War itself became, if not less sanguinary, conducted with more mutual respect, with some restraint. Christian chivalry, in Spain and in the Holy Land encountered Asiatic Mahommedan chivalry. For in the Arab, in most of the Oriental races, there was a native chivalry, as among the Teutonic or European Christians. If Achilles, as has been finely said, is a model of knighthood, so is the Arabian Antar both Achilles and Antar may meet in Richard Cœur de Lion though Saladin, perhaps (and Saladin described by Christian as well as Mahommedan writers), may transcend all three. Hence sprang courtesy, at least an initiatory humanity in war.

. . . The most intolerant strife worked itself into something bordering on toleration. There was a contest of honour, as of arms.

If, finally, the Crusades infused into the mind of Europe a thirst for persecution long indelible,—if they furnished an authority for persecution which wasted continents and darkened centuries with mutual hostility, yet chivalry, at once, as it were, the parent and the child of the Crusades, left upon European manners, especially in the high-born class, a punctilious regard for honour, a generous reverence for justice, and a hatred (perhaps a too narrow and aristocratical hatred) of injustice; a Teutonic respect for the fair sex; an element, in short, of true nobleness, of refinement, of gentleness, and of delicacy. The chivalrous word courtesy designates a new virtue, not ordained by our religion; and words are not formed but out of the wants, usages, and sentiments of men; and courtesy is not yet an obsolete term. Even gallantry, now too often sunk to a frivolous or unnatural sense, yet retains something of its old nobility, when it comprehended valour, frankness, honourable devotion to woman. The age of Chivalry may be gone, but the influences of Chivalry, it may be hoped, mingling with and softened by purer religion, will be the imperishable heirloom of social man.[1]

[1] Abridged from chap. vi. vol. iv. fourth edit.

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

A.D. 1099.

(*From "History of the Life of Richard Cœur de Lion," by* G. P. R. JAMES.)

DURING their march from Archas through Palestine all the associations of the land had been crowding upon the imaginations of the pilgrims of the Cross. The names of Ramula, Sidon, Emaus, had all awakened the memories of what had passed in those places in earlier days; and at the latter town, when they encamped for the evening, the host was joined by envoys from the Christians at Bethlehem, beseeching the leaders to send forward a body of men to protect that town from the threatened vengeance of the Saracens. Tancred was accordingly despatched, with a hundred lances, to give the assistance required: but during the whole of that night the host of the Crusade knew no repose. The name of Bethlehem, Bethlehem, passed from mouth to mouth, recollections were awakened that banished sleep, all the enthusiasms of their nature were aroused, zeal, and tenderness, and love, and hope, and indignation, for that sweet religion which they all professed, scared away slumber from every eye, and some hours before darkness disappeared the excitement became so great, that the army arrayed itself spontaneously, and began to move towards Jerusalem. A.D. 1099

It was a beautiful summer morning, we are told, in the month of June, and ere the great body of the Crusade had proceeded many miles the day broke in all the majesty of Eastern light. They had just reached the summit of a gentle hill, when, starting up with the rapidity which characterises the dawn of Syria, the sun rushed forth, and they beheld in the distance a rocky steep, crowned with towers, and walls, and domes, and minarets. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" became the cry throughout the army, as the object of all their toil, and labour, and

strife, and suffering appeared before their eyes. All that they had endured up to that moment,—weariness, thirst, famine, pestilence, and the sword,—were forgotten in exceeding great joy, or only remembered to render that joy more ecstatic and overpowering. The effect could scarcely be borne: some laughed, some wept, some shouted "Hierosolyma!" some cast themselves on the ground, some fainted, and some died upon the spot.

The more devout of the pilgrims pulled off their shoes, and approached the scene of our redemption barefoot; but the general feeling which succeeded to the emotions produced by the first sight of the city was wrath at seeing it in the hands of the Infidel. The soldiery advanced with a strong determination of spending the last drop of their blood to free the Redeemer's tomb from the power of the Mussulman; and after a skirmish, in which some Saracens, who had come forth to reconnoitre, were driven in, the barbicans were carried by Godfrey, Tancred, and others, the wall itself was reached, and the assault commenced with mattocks, axes, and whatever other instruments could be procured. Some short ladders enabled the crusaders to climb up the wall, so as to urge the strife with the enemy upon the battlements; but those machines were not sufficiently tall or numerous to afford any prospect of success. The Saracens assailed the Christians, as they approached, with stones, arrows, and Greek fire; and as night advanced it was found necessary to withdraw the troops of the Crusade, and to delay any farther attack till catapults, mangonels, and the usual implements of war had been provided. Wood for the construction of these machines was procured from Sichon; some Genoese seamen, who had landed at Jaffa, and who were famous for their skill in mechanics, aided greatly in preparing the artillery afterwards used: but still much time was occupied in this task; and in the meanwhile a precaution taken by the commander of the Egyptians, named Iftikhur-eddaulé, or the Glory of the Empire, operated terribly against the Christians. In the hottest and most arid part of the year, he had filled up all the wells, and the streams had been dried by the sun: such was the drought in the Christain camp, that a drop of liquid was not to be procured for a

piece of gold. Springs, however, were at length discovered at a considerable distance from the city; but the service of procuring water was a very dangerous one, as the Mussulman forces infested the whole of the surrounding country, and cut off any small bodies which strayed from the Christian camp.

It is scarcely possible to arrive with any degree of certainty at the number of men with which the crusading leaders now besieged Jerusalem. It has been estimated at every different amount, from forty thousand to nearly a million. The former is the lowest number given by the crusaders themselves; the latter, we need hardly say, is the highest estimate of the Arabs. . . .

Of the forces within the city of Jerusalem itself, we have better information, the regular garrison consisting of forty thousand men, besides both a vast number of Mussulman peasantry, who had taken refuge in the city, and the population which it contained at other times. It would certainly appear that Jerusalem presented in its defence as many men in a condition to bear arms as those which sat down before its walls. It was strongly fortified also, and its inhabitants were fresh, vigorous, and well supplied, while the crusaders were wearied, wasted, and without provisions. This, therefore, was in every respect the greatest and most difficult enterprise, as well as the crowning object, of the whole Crusade.

The modern city comprised within its fortifications four of the mountains, or rather hills, on which the capital of the Hebrews was anciently seated. These were Moria, Golgotha, Bezetha, and Acra; Mount Sion had been left out in the circuit of the walls, though it would appear that they extended some way up the rise of that hill. On three sides the place was defended by deep valleys; the Valley of Josaphat on the east, that of Ennom on the south, and a lateral branch of the same valley on the west: on the north the approach was open. A narrow valley also divided the old town into two parts, the largest of which was Mount Moria, a great portion of Sion being, as we said, left out.

The camp of the crusaders, as at first marked out, extended from the north-eastern angle to the most western gate of the city; Godfrey himself with his troops ending the line towards the east, and the Count of St. Giles towards the west. But

shortly after the various posts had been assigned, the Provençal leader, finding that the deep valley between him and the walls must prove a continual obstacle to his operations, removed with a part of his troops to the rise of Mount Sion, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the other leaders, who were greatly offended by this proceeding, and refused to give him any assistance in defending his new camp. He contrived, nevertheless, to seduce a number of the soldiery from the quarters of his neighbours; and thus the dissensions, as well as the vices, of the Crusaders were renewed under the walls of Jerusalem, and seem not to have been less than at Antioch or Marrah.

The constructions of the machines went on, however, from day to day, and a period was fixed for the recommencement of the attack. The importance of the undertaking, the probable death of many there present, the revival of hopes and expectations caused by preparations for the last grand effort, at length re-awakened in the bosoms of the crusaders the finer and higher feelings which had at one time entirely possessed them. The princes met together and consulted; the clergy interposed, and represented how unfit were men soiled with vices, and heated with contention amongst themselves, to fight for the deliverance of the Sepulchre of Christ, and attempt the recovery of the City of God. The hearts of the hearers were melted, and setting an example to the whole host, Tancred offered to be reconciled to his enemy the Count of Toulouse, and embraced him in the face of the army. All the other quarrels and dissensions ceased at the same time. The princes and the soldiery were exhorted to repent by Peter the Hermit, who had now recovered a considerable portion of his influence; and a solemn procession round the walls took place to the sounds of psalms and hymns, while the priests bore the symbols of salvation, barefooted, and the warriors followed, repeating aloud, "God wills it! God wills it!" Various acts of devotion and penance were performed; and the excitement of men's minds caused the enthusiastic to see visions and hear prophecies, and the credulous to believe them. But as the hour approached, hope and expectation were raised as well as superstition, and one of the military proceedings of Godfrey,

which had something marvellous in its character, increased the confidence of the people.

Various warlike machines, of great power and immense bulk, had been constructed opposite those points in the fortifications which the leaders intended to attack; but the Duke of Lorraine had remarked that where he, the Count of Flanders, and Robert of Normandy had sat down, the Saracens had never ceased to strengthen their defences. The walls, also, were there extremely high, the ditch deep, and the valley rugged, and, not long before the assault took place, Godfrey formed the sudden determination of moving the immense tower, and all the other large engines which he had constructed, as well as his camp itself, to a spot between the gate of St. Stephen and the valley of Josaphat, nearly a mile from his former position. The ground there was more even, and the Saracens, not expecting attack upon that side, had made no addition to the defences, so that a fairer prospect of success was to be found in that quarter. In the course of one night the whole of this operation was completed, the engines were taken down, carried piece by piece to the spot selected, and then reconstructed; and when day dawned on the following morning, the Christians and the Saracens were both astonished to behold the camp of Godfrey pitched opposite the weakest point of the city. Some time was still occupied in filling up a part of the ditch so as to enable the machines to be brought close to the walls; but at length all was completed, and on the morning of Thursday, the 14th of July, 1099, the attack commenced. The soldiers of the Crusade took their places in the moveable towers, which were raised to such a height as to overtop the walls; the catapults were pushed forward to batter the defences, and the sow was dragged along to sap the foundations, while the mangonels and balista were brought as near as possible, to cast masses of stone and darts with the greatest possible effect.

As soon as the Saracens beheld the Christian army in motion, showers of arrows and javelins were poured forth from the battlements, and when the towers and the instruments for the sap came nearer, immense pieces of rock, beams of wood, balls of flame, and torrents of the unextinguishable Greek fire,

were cast down upon the heads of the Crusaders. Still, however, they rushed on, undaunted and unchecked; the knights of the highest reputation occupying the upper storeys of the towers, while Godfrey himself was seen armed with a bow, and exposed to all the shafts of the enemy, sending death around him with an unerring hand.

In the meanwhile a great number of the soldiers were busily employed in working the machines, while others covered the operations of those who had approached close to the wall by incessant flights of arrows. The Saracens, however, opposed them with the energy of men fighting for their hearths and homes, and the valour of the Crusaders themselves was only equal to the determined courage of the defenders of Jerusalem. From morning till nightfall the combat continued, but at length darkness fell over the earth, and the city was not yet taken. The walls of Jerusalem were much injured, as were also the military engines of the besiegers; but during the night both hosts laboured diligently, and the damage done was repaired before the morning.

The fifteenth of the month dawned at length, and found the Crusaders in no degree discouraged by their previous want of success. On the contrary, the strife of the preceding day seemed but to have added fierceness and vehemence to their valour, and the assault recommenced with the same activity as on the first day. All the strong and active men in the army were engaged in the attack. Those whom the military machines could not contain were occupied in plying the mangonels and battering-rams. The old and the feeble, too, busied themselves in bringing up missiles and assisting the wounded; and the women mingled with the soldiers, bearing to them needful supplies of water and provisions. Thus lasted the fight through the greater part of Friday, and victory seemed as far off as ever. A great deal of confusion and disarray existed in the ranks of the Crusaders; many were slain, many more were wounded, and scarcely any progress had been made in battering the walls, or breaking down the gates. The shower of arrows and other missiles from the battlements was as fierce as ever; and several of the Christian soldiery were seen withdrawing from the ranks, when suddenly, on a

conspicuous part of Mount Olivet, a knight in shining armour was beheld waving on the dismayed Crusaders to return to the attack.

A cry spread through the army that St. George had come down from heaven to help them. All eyes beheld the figure of him on whom this designation was bestowed; and with renewed courage they rushed again to the assault.

As usually happens on such occasions, two or three advantages were gained at different points, nearly at the same moment. The gate of St. Stephen shook under the blows of Tancred, Robert of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders. An immense gabion of straw and cotton, which had been let down to protect the wall from the blows of a battering-ram placed near Godfrey of Bouillon himself, was set on fire and destroyed. The flames, which for a moment were very violent, drove the defenders from that part of the battlements; the moveable tower of the Duke was pushed up close to the wall, and one side of the highest stage being, as usual, constructed so as to let down and form a sort of bridge, was suffered to descend. A knight of Tournay, called Lutold, at that moment set the example to the whole host, and sprang from the platform upon the rampart of the besieged city. Another followed, and then Godfrey, Baldwin de Bourg, and Eustace, the brother of the Duke, one after another, leaped down to the support of Lutold.

Who carried the standard of the Cross we are not told, but at that moment it was seen floating over the walls of Jerusalem, and with loud shouts the whole crusading army pressed forward to assail the city with furious energy. An instant after the gate of St. Stephen gave way, and Tancred and the two Roberts rushed in, followed by the troops of Normandy, Flanders, and Otranto. By this time a breach had been effected in another part of the wall; and there, too, the German soldiers were entering in crowds, while numbers of the most resolute and gallant soldiers in the army poured down from the tower, to support Godfrey and his companions in possession of the wall.

The news soon reached the Count of Toulouse on the other side of the city that his companions were within the gates;

and emulous of their achievement, he abandoned the efforts he was making from his moveable tower, caused scaling-ladders to be brought, and effected an entrance by escalade.

Despair took possession of the Mahommedan population; but it was not a cowardly despair, and they protracted the struggle in the streets for a considerable time. Some of the Crusaders gave themselves up to plunder; but Godfrey and the great mass of the Christian force thought of nothing but slaughter. They recollected all the barbarous cruelties which had been exercised during several centuries upon the faithful; they recollected that but a few days before they had seen the men with whom they now fought hand to hand, raising the symbol of Christ's sufferings upon the walls of the very city where He suffered, and casting filth and ordure upon the sign of our salvation. They drove them through the streets, they followed them into the houses, they slaughtered them in the temples. For many hours no mercy was shown; and in one day, the fierce sword of enthusiastic intolerance did more than avenge the wrongs of four hundred years.

The most terrible slaughter that took place was in the mosque of Omar, where an immense body of the Mussulman population had taken refuge, and in which they made a furious and determined resistance. It was some time before the Crusaders could force their way in, but when they had done so, the massacre was awful. The blood poured from the temple in streams, and we are assured that in the court the flood of gore, before it could escape, rose to the knees of the mounted knights and the bridles of the horses. Ten thousand men were slain therein, and several thousand took refuge on the roof of the temple, and prepared to defend themselves to the last.

The day was now too far spent for the Crusaders to attack them in this last stronghold, and as the fierceness of strife was now beginning to subside, the thirst for infidel blood was well nigh sated. Even on that first day a great number were spared; and on the second, the only farther slaughter that took place occurred at the fatal mosque of Omar. It would appear, from the account of Robert, that the conquerors offered their lives to the Saracen soldiery if they would surrender: but the Mussulmen, well knowing that slavery was to be their destiny

if they submitted, made up their minds to death. The passage to the top of the temple was forced by the Christians, and many of the Saracens were slaughtered on the roof, many cast themselves down and were dashed to pieces.

Such was the close of this terrible scene, which in itself possesses too many painful and distressing points to need those efforts which have been liberally bestowed in the present age, to make it appear more lamentable and shocking than it really was. Everything has been done to create an impression that the slaughter was indiscriminate and universal, and that it was generally renewed on the second day, for the purpose of exterminating the whole of the Mahommedan population of Jerusalem. We have the testimony of eye-witnesses to prove that even on the very day of the storming great numbers were spared; and there is not the slightest reason to believe that any massacre at all took place on the second day, except in the temple, where the determined resistance of the Mussulmen left the crusaders no choice. The most convincing testimony, however, is that of the Arab writer, Ibngiouzi, who tells us that one half of the population was spared. He computes the amount of the slain at a hundred thousand, which was very nearly the number of fighting men supposed to be within the city.

As soon as the capture of Jerusalem was complete, and the great work for which they had come so many miles, and endured so many evils, was accomplished, the leaders of the Crusade threw off the panoply of war, and putting on the vestments of penitents, proceeded from one holy place to another, to offer up their adorations with prayers and tears. The places of peculiar sanctity were purified and washed from the blood with which they were stained, and the grand consideration then became, how the Christian dominion, which it had cost so much to re-establish in the East, could be best maintained, surrounded as it was on every side by infidel enemies, whom every principle of policy should have taught to unite for the purpose of crushing the small body of inveterate foes which had succeeded in planting the banner of the Cross where the standard of Islam had so long stood unassailed.

Some time before the capture of the city of Jerusalem, the

difficulties and dangers which surrounded the Crusaders had called forth a proposal which no one had dreamed of at the commencement of the Crusade. A part of the troops clamoured loudly for the election of a King; and the dissensions which had taken place amongst the leaders, with the general want of unity in object, and in action, which had been conspicuous in all their proceedings since the siege of Antioch, certainly showed, in a manner likely to convince the blindest, that a leader was wanting, endowed with greater powers than those which the princes of the Crusade had conferred upon Godfrey. So general was this feeling that, at the end of eight days, the principal chiefs met together to elect a King of Jerusalem.

It might well be supposed that intrigues and dissensions would mark the choice of the princes; but no such events occurred, and there seems to have been very little doubt or hesitation in the mind of any one.

"By the common decree of all," says Robert the Monk, "by universal wish, and general assent, the Duke Godfrey was elected, on the eighth day after the capture of the city; and well did they all concur in such a choice, for he showed himself such in his government, that he did more honour to the royal dignity than that dignity conferred on him. This honour did not make him illustrious, but the glory of the honour was multiplied by him. . . . He showed himself so superior and excellent in royal majesty, that if it had been possible to bring all the kings of the earth around him, he would have been judged by all, the first in chivalrous qualities, in beauty of face and body, and noble regularity of life." Nor is Fulcher of Chartres less laudatory; after describing the conquest of Jerusalem, he says, "Godfrey was the first prince made, who, from the excellence of his nobility, his valour as a knight, his gentleness of manners, modest patience, and admirable morals, the whole people of the army of God elected as chief of the kingdom of the holy city, to reign therein and to preserve it."

Godfrey was probably one of the few who did not seek the honour imposed upon him, but, on the contrary, notwithstanding the pressing entreaties of his fellow princes, he declined to receive the title of King, declaring that he would never wear a crown of gold in a city where his Saviour had worn a crown of

thorns, and that he was contented with the title of Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. . . .

The life of this great and good prince was short, but it was active and important. The conquest of Jerusalem itself, a place regarded with nearly as much veneration by the Mussulmen as by the Christians, was calculated to rouse the whole Mahommedan world to arms, and the necessity of proving to the enemies of the Cross that the Christians were able to defend, as well as recover, the Holy Land, was soon shown by the assembling of a large Saracen army in the neighbourhood of Ascalon, within a very short distance of the capital.

Godfrey and his companions immediately marched from Jerusalem to attack the Vizier, and both armies prepared for a decisive battle. The enemy remained waiting the attack, but the charge of the Crusaders was so impetuous that the Mussulmen do not seem to have resisted for a moment.

Their numbers were so great that they embarrassed each other in the flight, and the slaughter which took place was tremendous. The series of victories which had attended the arms of the Crusaders, thus crowned by such a splendid triumph, drove the Mahommedan population of Syria to despair; and multitudes, both of Turks and Egyptians, now fled from the country which had been conquered by warriors of their own faith more than three centuries before, and took refuge in Persia, Arabia, and Egypt. Several of the Mussulman towns, however, were suffered to remain under their own princes, upon condition of paying tribute; and indeed for a considerable time after the conquest of Jerusalem the forces of the newly-established Christian kingdom were too small for the subjection of the whole territory. The power of the Christian princes was afterwards greatly increased by the influx of Crusaders from Europe; but before any such accession of strength was received by the infant kingdom, Godfrey himself was taken ill, on his return from a distant expedition, and died in July, A.D. 1100, at the age of forty, having reigned not quite one year.[1] 1100

[1] Abridged from chap. i. vol. iii.

DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS, AND ACCESSION OF HENRY THE FIRST.

A.D. 1100.

From "History of England and Normandy," by SIR F. PALGRAVE.

A. D. 1100 WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR had been fully able to subjugate the English, but the extreme vexation they sustained from the rigour of his forest laws well-nigh destroyed the empire he founded. Violations of a law higher than the law of nature, those abuses of the power over the earth and the earth's products, which man possesses by delegation and not as an inherent right, have continued to be the source of discontent and resistance from generation to generation. The hateful forest laws assisted in placing our first Charles upon the scaffold; and, in a scarcely mitigated form, continue to embitter the poor against the rich at the present day. This code was not William's—it was Canute's; but the cruelty with which the Conqueror extended and enforced the odious jurisprudence occasioned unmitigated horror. The New Forest of Hampshire, as the ancient Jetten-Wald, the Weald of Giants, now began to be called, was deemed the consummation of selfish cruelty. . . . And of all the sins committed by William, none, in popular opinion, ought to have hung heavier on his soul than the merciless selfishness which had driven away the inhabitants, sparing neither the home of man nor the house of God, to give range for the hound and room for the deer.

. . . The vestiges of the former populations which whilome cheered the Jetten-Wald, rendered the royal solitude more ununnatural and desolate; they testified against the waste of tyranny.

The years circling on since the Conqueror's death had rendered the scene more pensive and more lovely. The tofts where the cottages once stood no longer betrayed the fresh

tokens of desolation. The door had been broken away from the hinges, the ground-plot overgrown with gorse and fern, the hearth-stone concealed by heath and harebell; the unroofed and dilapidated chancel was tapestried with ivy, and the bright foxglove and sweet twining honeysuckle adorned and perfumed the altar, springing amidst the rifted slabs, watered by the dews of heaven.

Amongst the sixty churches which had been ruined, the sanctuary below the mystic Malwood[1] was peculiarly remarkable; all around had been stamped by Rufus as peculiarly his own. You reach the Malwood easily from the leafy lodge in the favourite deer-walk, the Lind-hurst, the Dragon's-wood, where Rufus was wont to bouse and carouse, preparing for the sport ending with "the breaking of the deer," the joyous butchery. A scanty and gloomy inhabitancy dwelt dispersed amidst the vast silence of this magnificent desolation; the forest-swains, grudging against the King's delights; fierce and burly prickers and keepers, their coarse natures aggravated by the cruelty of their calling and their privileged impunity in all acts of oppression and wrong; here and there the grim charcoal-burner, whose employment, like that of his cousin-miners, was often hereditary, and some few families of English churls, the relics of the peasantry evicted and rejected by their Sovereign.

If any vestiges of the primæval belief of the Teutons, any practices derived from their mystic rites, subsisted amongst the English people,—the augury disclosing futurity, the song bestowing fertility upon the field, the dire imprecation against the enemy,—they would surely be fostered amongst such solitudes, now becoming more appalling. Nocturnal demons haunted the forests; grim riders on the coal-black steeds, whose horns resounded, driving before them loathly hounds with fiery eyes. More terrific, the visions of meridian day. In the full brightness of noon, when the sportsman galloped along the clear green paths—those forest roads in which some latent

[1] Why Malwood should be called mystic we do not quite understand. Castle Malwood is a fort, nearly square, with a single vallum, and a rampart now covered with trees. The keeper's lodge stands where the keep once was. About a mile thence is Cadenham oak, which used to be supposed to bud, like the Glastonbury thorn, on Christmas night.—C. M. Y.

cause checks the sapling's growth—uprose the gaunt spectre. Fiends grinned at the wayfarer through bush and brier.

Rufus braved and scorned these fantastic portents: no goblin could scare him from the Jetten-Wald; nevertheless, it was strange that he could conceal from himself the sad realities marking the ground as accursed to the Norman dynasty. Here had his brother Richard died;[1] none could precisely declare the cause of Richard's death. Imagination dared not clothe the fact with any additional circumstances—neither wonderment, nor curiosity, nor malignity, had raised any accusing suspicions which might designate the author of the deed, shrouded by indelible melancholy. Were the sins of the fathers to be here visited on the children, the ancestors' weird to fall on their progeny? The locality suggested ideas of blood, and afforded the opportunity for deeds of blood. With most men, such scenes inspire instinctive dread; but Rufus felt no foreboding, and took no heed. He was fascinated by an irresistible influence,—constantly called to the New Forest by a voice he could not disobey.

The Forest was his home; all was his own within the fatal boundary: the vert and the venison, the turf and the tree, the soil and the air, every living creature which flew on the wing or coursed along the ground, bird and beast, man, and man's destiny, all were within his power. No law, no will, except the King's, absolute, unchecked, unlimited, unwatched, uncontrolled; . . . could Rufus here dread any mischance, any enmity? . . .

A. D. 1100 But (in July, A.D. 1100) the land teemed with anticipations of evil menacing the King. Omens doomed him. Whenever people assembled, whether they gathered in the church-porch or lingered in the churchyard, or met in the market-place, the Tyrant's speedy death was the matter about which every one talked.

The rumours increased the contagious excitement. The feelings worked upon men's minds incessantly; they could not drive away the haunting presentiments of impending judgment.

[1] Richard, *Du Beorinæ*, as an inscription in Winchester Cathedral calls him, died in the New Forest in 1081; reports varying as to whether he was killed by the horn of a stag at bay, or by being dashed against the branches of a tree, or by a fever from the marshes. Another Richard, illegitimate son of Robert of Normandy, also perished in the New Forest by an accident from an arrow in May, 1108.—C. M. Y.

To a monk at Gloucester there appeared a dread and solemn phantasm, pictured from the prevailing symbolism, such as might be seen figured in a deep and gloomy crypt, the stern mosaics gleaming in the concave apse, and rising above the heaps of skulls and bones filling the charnel caverns; the vision indicated that the King would meet with immediate death—a shaft directed by unerring vengeance, such as had befallen Julian the Apostate, the punishment of his iniquities. The impression was so marked and singular, that old Serlo, the Abbot, immediately determined to communicate all the circumstances to Rufus, whether believing the portent, or deeming that he was bound to seize a good and favourable opportunity of addressing a word of advice to the King, remonstrating against his intolerable and disgusting licentiousness and debauchery.

Whatever dread Rufus inspired, it now became impossible to silence the voices of grief, remonstrance, and supplication. On the 1st day of August, St. Peter ad Vincula, the Gule[1] of August, Fulchard, abbot of Shrewsbury, being at Gloucester, was invited to preach on the festival of the Convent's patron saint. Bitterly did the preacher deplore the miseries, temporal and spiritual, of England, and yet with hope that in some way there would be a deliverance from the pressing calamities.

While such were the popular sentiments, Rufus—to whom they were thoroughly known—acted as if he were intoxicated with joy and prosperity, most busily making ready for war against his brother,[2] overflowing with life and vigour, he pursued his pleasures with equal pertinacity, and whilst the vessels were fitting out on the coast, he enjoyed himself in the cool

[1] The Gule of August is an old name for the Feast of St. Peter-in-the-Fellers, so old that mediæval writers accounted for it by inventing a legend of a Roman lady cured of a disease in the throat *gula* by kissing St. Peter's chains. It is no doubt the same word as Yule. It is the summer Yule, as Christmas is the winter Yule, both alike coming from a word meaning wheel or circle, applied to the festival of the Solstice. It must have slipped on from Midsummer to August by some error. Gwyl in Welsh means a feast; Gul in Irish an anniversary or a wheel; both, no doubt, from the same source. Lammas is either Loaf-mas or Lamb-mas, probably the former, the offering of the first-fruits.—C. M. Y.

[2] Probably to hinder Robert from regaining Normandy on his return to England.

shades of the Jetten-Wald; . . . and when Fulchard, abbot of Shrewsbury, was preaching at Gloucester, and England pervaded with expectant terror, Rufus assembled a large and jovial party in the leafy lodge of the Lindwood, the Dragon's Wood, the most pleasant of his bowers. His brother Henry, William de Breteuil, Gilbert de Aquila, Gilbert Fitz-Richard, Robert Fitz-Hamo, Ralph de Aix, or de Aquis, and Walter Tyrrell,[1] together with a vast meisney of the court-followers, prickers, verdurers, ribalds. Rufus never moved unless encircled by the vilest ruffianage.

Rufus was exuberant in his conversation, boisterous; he addressed his conversation to Tyrrell in particular, roughly and merrily, insult mingled with whim and familiarity. The Chastellain of Poix was excited up to the same tone, and flouted Rufus in return. He joked to teaze the King, mocked him, telling him that whilst all was open and the way clear, Breton and Augevine at his command, he did nothing, in spite of all his great words and talk. Rufus became more coarse and rude, and, unmindful of any national pride which Tyrrell might feel, boasted how he would lead his army beyond the Alps, and hold his court at Poitiers next Christmas. Tyrrell laughed at such a vaunt. "To the Alps and back again within so short a time? But if ever they submit to the English," continued Tyrrell, "an evil death may Frenchmen and Burgundian die!" The dialogue began in jest, but ended in anger. The ranting words thus passing were marked, repeated, perhaps exaggerated. It should seem that few, if any of the party, could be said to have been in a state of sobriety.

Night closed in, the darkness brought a sudden sadness upon the King's heart: when alone, how troubled, how unhappy was Rufus! In the still of the night, the last night season in which he laid himself down to sleep, but not in peace, the attendants were startled by the King's voice—a bitter cry—a cry for help—a cry for deliverance. He had been suddenly awakened by a dreadful dream, as of exquisite anguish befalling him in the ruined church at the foot of the Malwood rampart. No more would he be left alone; the

[1] Walter Tyrrell was a man of large property in Ponthieu. He was sometimes called Gaultier de Poix.—C. M. Y.

extinguished lamps were lighted in the chamber, where Rufus impatiently awaited the early morn.

Dawn broke on Thursday, the 2d of August, the morrow of St. Peter ad Vincula; Robert Fitz-Hamo entered, hastily, anxious, bearing tidings of another warning given through the dream of a holy monk beyond the sea, speaking clearly of great and threatening danger; he therefore earnestly supplicated the King not to hunt for that one day. Rufus burst out into a horse-laugh, "He is a monk; monks dream for money: money let him have, an hundred shillings, his fitting guerdon." Rufus showed no signs of fear; yet a secret misgiving, unconfessed even to himself, weighed upon his soul. Many of the party agreed with Fitz-Hamo, and thought caution might be advisable. Rufus lingered and paused. It was their custom to hunt in the morning-tide, but Rufus postponed the sport till the afternoon, and the mid-day banquet was served before him. He indulged even more than usual in food and wine; the debauch was prolonged till the decline of day, when Rufus rose, reeking from the table, and, surrounded by his joyous companions, prepared to start. An armourer presented the King with six newly-headed shafts for the deadly arbalest. Rufus took them, tried them, and selecting the two keenest, gave them (as the confused report afterwards prevailed) to Tyrrell, telling the Chastellain of Poix (according to one of the versions which became current) that it was he who deserved the arrow—let that bowman bear the prize who can best deal the mortal wound: and others also recounted that he afterwards cried out to Tyrrell, "*Shoot, Devil;*" or, "*Shoot in the Devil's name.*"

Still more delay. Rufus continued in vehement and idle talk; the evening was coming on, when Serlo's messenger appeared. More cause of laughter for Rufus, mixed with a nettled feeling of impatient anger. "It is strange," said he, "that my Lord Serlo, the wise and discreet, should teaze me, tired and harassed as I am with business, by transmitting to me such stories and silly dreams. Does he think I am an Englishman, who will put off a journey for an old wife's fancy, a token, or a sign?" He rose hastily; the saddled steed was brought.

Rufus, placing his foot in the great stirrup, vaulted on his courser; the hunters now dispersed, Henry in one direction, William de Breteuil in another, Rufus in a third, dashing on towards the depths of the Forest, through the chequered gleams of transparent green, the lengthened lines of cheerful shade, the huge stems shining in the golden light of the setting sun.

No man ever owned that he had spoken afterwards to Rufus. No man owned to having again heard the voice of Rufus, except in the inarticulate agonies of death. Separated unaccountably from his suite and companions, Robert Fitz-Hamo and Gilbert de Aquila found him expiring, stretched on the ground, within the walls of the ruined church just below the Malwood Castle, transpierced by the shaft of a Norman arbalest, the blood gurgling in his throat.

It is said they tried to pray with him, but in vain. Forthwith ensued a general dispersion. Hunters and huntsmen, earl and churl, scattering in every direction. It seemed as if the intelligence sounded out of the ground throughout the Forest. At the same time a consentaneous outcry arose—no one can tell how it began—that Walter Tyrrell had slain the King. All the ruffian soldiery, the ribalds, the villainous and polluted court-retainers who surrounded Rufus, vowing vengeance against the traitor, began a hot pursuit; but while they were chafing and scurrying after Tyrrell, many would have protected him, either believing in his innocence or rejoicing in the deed. Tyrrell fled as for his life, and crossing the river, at the ford which bears his name, he baffled his pursuers. A yearly rent, payable into the Exchequer by the Lord of the Manor through which the water flows, is traditionally supposed to have been the fine imposed for the negligence in permitting the escape of the accused murderer. Be this as it may, Tyrrell received no further impediment, and passing over to France he settled in his Seigneury of Poix, where he lived long, honoured and respected; but though holding (as it is supposed) lands in Essex, and connected by marriage with the Giffords, he never returned again to England. Suger, the abbot of St. Denis, the historian of France, the prime minister of Louis le Gros, was intimately acquainted with him. Often and often did Tyrrell declare in Suger's presence, when there was no more

room either for hope or fear, and as he looked for salvation, that on the day of the King's death he never approached the part of the Forest in which Rufus hunted, or had seen him after he entered therein. . . .

. . . In the course of that same day, Friday, the 3d of August, the feast of the Invention of Saint Stephen,[1] towards evening, a country cart, followed by a few churls, and dragged by one sorry horse, drove into the Close of Saint Swithin's Minster at Winchester; the vehicle contained the defiled corpse of ghastly Rufus, bloody . . . covered with filth and mire, hideous as the carcase of a wild boar. Gilbert de Aquila, Robert Fitz-Hamo, all had abandoned the dead man, and there the corpse was left lying, exposed like worthless carrion, saved from crow and dog and vermin only by the piety of a neighbouring charcoal-burner, Purkis, who took compassion on the body, and conveyed the remains from the solitude where the mortal wound was received.

Great was the doubt whether Rufus could be buried in consecrated ground. No formal sentence of excommunication had been pronounced against him, but his wickedness was so notorious, his vices so detestable, that by universal consent, Rufus was felt and acknowledged to be unworthy of Christian sepulture. Respect for royal authority so far prevailed, that a grave was dug for him in the Cathedral Choir, and his bones are deposited in the same sacred structure with those of Ina and the old West-Saxon kings; but no obsequies were celebrated, no bells tolled, no alms given, no prayers offered for the repose of his soul; all men thought that prayers were hopeless. No emblem of faith, no symbol of holiness, no cross, no monogram, no Scripture text, no verse, no versicle, no ejaculation, not even a name or the initial of a name is engraved upon that silent tomb beneath which he lies. We are not told

[1] In 413 a tomb at Jerusalem was "revealed" to a priest named Lucian by a dream of the appearance of Gamaliel, who told him of having there buried St. Stephen, Nicodemus, and his own son Abdias, and of having been there buried himself. On search being made, four coffins were made, one of which bore the name Cheliel, the Syriac equivalent for Stephen. The remains of St. Stephen were taken to Jerusalem on his own day, the 26th of December, but the 3d of August was kept as the feast of the Invention—*i.e.* the finding.—C. M. Y.

that Purkis received any reward or thanks for his care. His family still subsists in the neighbourhood, nor have they risen above their original station, poor craftsmen or cottagers. They followed the calling of coal-burners until a recent period, and they tell us that the wheel of the cart which conveyed the neglected corpse was shown by them until the last century. . . .

. . . Not long after the interment of Rufus, a terrible crash spread dismay throughout Winchester. The great, ponderous, cathedral tower lately raised by Walkeline, fell down, and the common people immediately and universally accepted this event as a sign that the holy ground was indignant at becoming the depository of the late King's defiled corpse. That a mere accident, so ordinary and familiar, the collapse of an arch hastily built on an insufficient foundation, should be thus construed, is a remarkable proof of the detestation which Rufus had inspired.

Very many reports continued to be spread concerning the cause of his death, all bespeaking the general sentiment, disgust, loathing, horror. No one affected pity, or feigned a hope that Rufus had been moved to contrition, or had obtained mercy.

Some said that, at the moment when Rufus expired, he had been seen carried away upon an enormous black goat, who declared that he was the Fiend bearing the Tyrant to eternal punishment. Though no one could state his evidence, everybody seemed at first to have his own story. Some said that Walter Tyrrell found him stone dead, and had run away from apprehension of accusation; others that Ralph de Aquis was the man-slayer; whilst not a few maintained that Rufus certainly perished through his own impetuosity in straining the stiff arbalist; his foot had slipped, and he was killed by his own starting weapon. Be this as it may, the charge brought against Ralph de Aquis was abandoned. That Tyrrell was the innocent, or perhaps meritorious, author of the King's death, became the version accepted by a species of compromise. However, in the manner commonly related, the narrative is evidently as much a fiction as the vision of the demon. No one ever acknowledged being present when the King was struck. Tyrrell always denied the fact: therefore the details of the

glancing of the arrow, and the like, which appear in popular history, must have been pure and gratuitous inventions.

There was another story in general circulation: that about the very hour when Rufus breathed out his soul, Henry Beauclerc, having recently parted from him, was hunting in another and distant part of the Jetten-Wald. His arbalest sprung. The accident happened in a spot where some few inhabitants still were left—the relics of a thorp; and here Henry, arriving at a hovel inhabited by the family of an English landsman, alighted, and employed himself in knotting his broken bow-string.

Whilst thus at work a crone hobbled forth, and inquired of the lad who attended on him the stranger's name. "It is Henry, brother of our lord the King." "Nay, nay," murmured she, "say Henry the King: unless my spells be false, before the hour passes Henry gains the royal crown." Henry mounts and spurs his steed—as he approaches the Lindwood, riders come forth, first singly, then in increasing parties, and he learns his brother's death and his own good fortune,—and thus was he enabled to hasten to Winchester, and, by preventing that opposition which would certainly have arisen had he delayed, to secure the throne.

Yet what was the truth? Were any of these stories true? Was the King slain by the misadventure of Ralph de Aix, or by the bow of the Chastellain of Poix, or by his own impetuous negligence, or by some undiscovered and murderous hand? All these questions were asked when the masons were clamping and sealing the cover of the dumb stone coffin in Winchester Cathedral, which still contains his bones—that prayerless coffin without a name. No one could answer the questions: no one could tell, or dared to tell. Need we wonder that it is impossible for us even to guess at the truth, when we recollect that the faithful Eadmer,—the eye and ear-witness of the transactions, which at the distance of eight centuries we narrate from his words,—declares his utter inability to dispel the doubts he raised?

It is evident that Rufus was deprived of all human prudence during the last days of his life. His own accusing conscience, conjoined to the widely-spread omens and expectations of his death, might well have suggested the possibility of

some conspiracy formed for his destruction. But he acted as if he sought to invite the murderer. Even as the local recollections of holiness sometimes dispose the heart to good, so is there a more certain contagion in the recollections of crime. Did we seek nothing more than mere comfort of mind, we should strive to keep away from the Chamber, the Valley, the Tree and the Rock, suggestive of iniquity or sin. Had the necessity of caution been impressed upon Rufus in this particular instance, as a mere worldly duty, . . . it is probable that his shrewdness would have induced him to shun the spot where his father's tyranny and his own, and the greedy expectancies to be gratified by his death, and the strange deaths also of two kinsmen, might tempt the slaughter of a third member of the Norman dynasty. But the warnings were given through those who believed that the tokens came from above, and not from man. Therefore Rufus would not believe them. He derided and despised the faintest, feeblest echo of the Voice of Heaven.

Henry Beauclerc, distant far away from where Rufus was dying, reached Winchester with astonishing expedition, either on the Thursday night or the Friday morning. William de Breteuil (representing Robert of Normandy), however, had anticipated him, and from them the inhabitants of the ancient capital of Wessex first learned that they were delivered from the dominion of the tyrant king. Beauclerc and Breteuil, adverse to each other, had each the same immediate object: each sought to win the kingdom's heart, the Treasury . . . . Many of the Baronage had already assembled: even clerks of the Chancery were there, William Gifford the Chancellor—how conveyed so speedily is untold, and in this most perplexing passage of English history we dare not supply the absence of direct information by conjecture.

Henry instantly demanded the Treasury keys as the lawful heir of the kingdom, to whom the crown appertained by right. William de Breteuil as resolutely contradicted these pretensions, and denied Henry's right and title . . . We are all bound, said he, addressing the multitude, by the promise which we have given to Robert, King William's first-born. We are all his homagers: you, my Lord Henry, are his homager. You, my

Lord Henry, owe him allegiance. We all owe him allegiance; and his absence renders the duty of fidelity more stringent. He is away, a pilgrim of the Cross, and thus absent the crown has devolved on him by the act of Providence.

Very near was Courthose, though absent; close on the borders of Normandy; but he was absent, and that circumstance made all the difference. Had the death of Rufus happened a month, perhaps a week, later, Henry would have had to measure his strength against Robert, re-established in the Duchy, powerful, wealthy, respected, full of glory. . . . Whoever had snapped the fatal arbalest, the shot was the best possible shot for Henry Beauclerc, the right thing at the right time.

Henry was immediately supported by the people—Englishmen, the men of Winchester. Henry drawing his sword, spake not as an aspirant to the throne, but as a Sovereign, and appealed to the multitude. A great strife appeared imminent, but the influence of this proud and energetic claimant, whom they saw before them, prevailed. The Baronage acknowledged Henry not so much from affection as out of dread of the consequences of national disunion. Castle and treasure, so honoured by the Cymric prophecies as the deposit of Arthur's round table and Walwain's sword, surrendered to Henry. . . . and before Rufus had been cast into his unhonoured grave, the English people at Winchester had recognised King Henry, Henry the Porphyrogenitus,[1] the son of William the anointed King, and Matilda the anointed Queen, born in England, bred in England speaking the English language as his native tongue. . . .

The tumultuous proclamation at Winchester being made, Henry immediately comported himself as the King. He showed himself such in right earnest by forthwith exercising

[1] Here used to signify born after his father was king—a plea which younger sons have often advanced to the succession. The word means, "In purple-born," and was first applied to such children of Roman Emperors as were born after their father had assumed the purple insignia of Empire. In allusion to this title the Empresses of the East gave birth to their children in a chamber lined with porphyry and hung with purple. —C. M. Y.

one very important prerogative claimed by royalty, the prerogative according to the views of the times, most inherent in the Sovereign in person, the disposition of ecclesiastical patronage. William Gifford, the Chancellor, was called up, and received from Henry the See of Winchester, just vacant by the death of Walkeline. Henry neither waited for Papal Bull, nor consulted Prior and Chapter. This, indeed, was acting like the Conqueror's son, and taking seizin of the kingdom. . . .

. . . On the Sunday, the fifth of August, the eleventh Sunday after Trinity, the Feast of St. Oswald, we find Henry in Westminster Abbey, where Clergy, Baronage, many sheriffs and other functionaries of the realm had assembled; he appeared before the altar, and, by Maurice, Bishop of London, was presented to the people who had called him to the throne. This great transaction was grounded upon the assumption that Henry should reform the abuses which had prevailed during the two preceding reigns. The Conqueror's engagements had been imperfectly fulfilled. Rufus, passing all bounds, oppressed Church and State by the most grievous tyranny. Henry declared that he owed his crown to the people. . . . *Ego nutu Dei a clero et a populo Angliæ electus.*[1] And he, Norman by blood, and English by birth-place, was to be the deliverer of the community.

A period of eleven days elapsed before Henry was finally confirmed in the royal authority, in such manner as the novelty of the case and the exigency of the times required. The outline, so to speak, of the national compact, was but sketched, and then the details had to be filled in. He began by giving four promises and one refusal. He would restore the Church to her liberty, that is to say liberty in his sense; abstaining from simoniacal bargains and the sale or farming of Church lands.—All bad customs and unjust exactions should cease and be abolished—Peace be established, and firmly kept in the kingdom — The Confessor's law with the Conqueror's amendments restored; but all the Conqueror's forests must continue in King Henry's hands.—These declarations could

[1] "I, elected by the will of God and by the people of England."

not be received as satisfactory, neither the proffers nor the reservation. None entirely trusted the King, and the disputes which had taken place at Winchester were in danger of being renewed. . . .

It should seem that the first impression upon the Great Council (we use this expression, though somewhat inaccurate, for the sake of brevity) was that the promises were vague in consequence of their amplitude. Henry had undertaken that all "bad customs" and "unjust exactions" should cease, and be abolished. But unless specified, the question whether any given custom was "bad" or "unjust" would remain within the judgment of the King; and he was required, as we infer from the speech he made not long afterwards, to give more specific answers to their complaints and demands.

A custom prevailed somewhile in the Germanic Empire, that upon the inauguration of a new Emperor, he should redress and amend abuses, or make concessions to the states composing the empire, a proceeding termed the *Wahl-Capitulation.* The electors were willing to admit, yet they kept their hands upon the hasp, and held the door partly-to, until the full price of admission was paid. The accession of Henry was, confessedly, an election. All felt that the opportunity was not to be lost, and the complaints and desires of the clergy, baronage, and lieges, the French and the English, are read in the Statutory Charters which resulted from their demands. . . .

As written out in the King's chapel by the acute and confidential clerks of the Chancery, the chapter relating to the Church appears in the following form:—

Sanctam Dei Ecclesiam liberam facio: ita quod nec vendam nec ad firmam ponam, nec mortuo Archiepiscopo, sive Episcopo, sive Abbate, aliquid accipiam de dominio Ecclesiæ, vel hominibus ejus, donec successor in eam ingrediatur.[1] The first member of the grant—*Sanctam Dei Ecclesiam liberam facio*—is significantly restrained by its subsequent explanation; and the whole bespeaks the submissive moderation of the clergy, the politic

[1] "I make the holy Church of God free: so that I will not sell nor put to farm, neither, whether an Archbishop, Bishop, or Abbot be dead, will I take anything of the domain of the Church, or of the men thereof, until a successor be entered into it."—C. M. Y.

prescience of the cabinet, and the firm determination of Beauclerc not to recede from any of the *Consuetudines*, according to which his father had ruled.

The Laity were bolder than the Clergy, and therefore far more successful. The Barons, the immediate tenants of the crown, reclaimed a fuller recognition of the right of inheritance than had been allowed to them in the preceding reign. . . . It was needful that the King should renounce the extortions practised by Rufus, who (upon the ancestor's demise) compelled the Baronage to redeem their lands at his pleasure; and to stipulate that they should render no more than the just relief—*four horses, two saddled and two bridled, two hauberks, and two helms*, and so on—the heriot, in fact, of later times; and all bonds or covenants which had been given by any tenant for the redemption of his inheritance were released and annulled.

Rufus had interfered beyond what the prerogative of the sovereign allowed in the disposal of the daughters and other female kindred of his baronage, exercising an abusive wardship whilst the natural parent yet lived, exacting fines before he would grant his marriage licence: also prohibiting such licence arbitrarily and without reason. Henry consented to restrict his right of refusal to those cases in which the proposed bridegroom was an open and declared enemy, and utterly renounced all fines for the permission; other regulations were added, particularly that widows should not be compelled to marry entirely against their inclinations.

The rights which Rufus had usurped upon the Baronage had been, in like manner, usurped by the Barons upon their inferior tenants. If the proposed limitations of royal despotism had not extended beyond the Baronage, the liberties granted to the aristocracy would have become the slavery of the immediate occupants of the soil; but the latter were very influential at this juncture, and the consequence was, that the concessions made to the Barons were extended to the inferior tenancy, who received the same boon.

With respect to taxes not much was said, possibly because the Baronage considered that they would have the power of refusal. . . . A general release was granted for all debts to the Crown, and all murder fines; and the whole law of the Con-

fessor, the whole constitution, as it subsisted under the last of the Anglo-Saxon Sovereigns, was restored (with the Conqueror's emendations) to the people of England.

These terms were accepted; the concessions, though clogged by one grievous reservation, were most beneficial, and, upon the feast of the Assumption, Henry, elected by the clergy and the people, was, by the advice and assent of the Baronage, solemnly consecrated and crowned, according to the ancient ceremonial of the Anglo-Saxon kings: Maurice, bishop of London, officiated; the ritual was observed in all its points, and the oath which Saint Dunstan had penned as the security of the nation's rights sworn upon the Gospel-book by the accepted sovereign. All the Baronage of the land who were present took the oath of fealty, and became the King's men. And lastly, the Great Charter was engrossed and sealed, and for ultimate deposit in the treasuries of the Abbeys and Cathedrals scores of copies, or rather originals, were made—a busy time for the Chancery clerks—of this title-deed of the people's liberties.

But now the question will be asked, In what manner were the people consulted, or did they really assent to the accession of the Sovereign? The mystery of popular suffrage always haunts us: no lawyer, no antiquary can be contented unless he proves or disproves the existence of the principle,—now the organic principle, and distinguishing characteristic of our Legislature. Perhaps we all lay too much stress upon this point. That the English people concurred in raising Henry to the throne is certain; and their virtual representation, whether by the crowds on the Castle Hill at Winchester, or in the precincts of the Abbey, was the fact upon which the whole of his reign afforded a perpetual commentary. . . .

But if the English people had not been present by their representatives when Henry was accepted, they certainly enjoyed that privilege when the compact was confirmed. Each and every sheriff rode to his shire, bearing with him the Charter, sealed with the King's Great Seal, addressed to all his lieges, as one community. . . . And the Shire-moot[1] was

[1] The meeting of the Shire—the county meeting—or assembling of the

summoned as of yore, the bishop, and the hundreders,[1] and the aldermen,[2] and the vavassours,[3] and the franklins,[4] and the barons, and the baron's stewards, and the priest of each parish, and the reeve[5] of each township, and four of the better men of each township, on behalf of all who could not attend; and before them was the Charter expounded and proclaimed.

Thus was the grant accepted by the people, entrusted to their testimony, and incorporated in their traditions, so that, though many of the provisions were violated, and some neglected, the essential import of the Charter was never forgotten, never obscured. . . .

Substantially, all the remedial provisions of Beauclerc's Charter were transferred into Magna Charta; and, expanded and expounded by practice, by legislation, and, more than all, by the acuteness and dexterity of the lawyers, settled the ground-plan of our legal constitution. But these provisions sink into comparative insignificance beside the single paragraph which restores the law of the Confessor: *Legam Edwardi Regis vobis reddo cum illis emendationibus, quibus eam emendavit pater meus, consilio Baronum suorum.*[6] Not, as we are wont to think, merely the details of the ancient Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence in each particular, the Teutonisms, which wore

representatives of the free men of the county, convoked by the Shire Reeve or Sheriff.

[1] The representatives of the hundred, a division of the Shire supposed to contain 100 householders.

[2] Eldermen—originally the chief county dignity. The Sheriff was only the *alderman's* deputy, but since the Danish title of Earl had come in, the Alderman was a term less esteemed.

[3] *Vassus vassorum*, vassal of vassals, the under-tenant holding of count or baron, as the count or baron did of the king. It is a French term, which came in with the Normans, while all the others are English.

[4] A small freeholder.

[5] The chief magistrate of each town, who acted as the deputy of the Ealdorman or Earl who governed the county. Both the Shire-reeve and the Town-reeve derive the latter part of their title, from their power of summoning the people, *Scir-gerefa* and *Tun-gerefa*, were the words at full-length, and Gerefa was derived, like the German *Graff* (Count) from a term meaning to call,—in modern German, *rufen.*—C. M. Y.

[6] "I restore to you the law of King Edward with those emendations wherewith my father altered it, by the advice of his Barons."—C. M. Y.

themselves out in England as elsewhere by the general progress of society, but the solemn and comprehensive declaration that henceforward, as before, England was to continue England; the English nation to retain their integrity, and the nationality of the kingdom to be preserved.[1]

HENRY THE FIRST'S CONQUEST OF NORMANDY.

A.D. 1101—1135.

(*From* HUME'S "*History of England.*")

THE policy and prudence of Henry, which, if time had been allowed for these virtues to produce their full effect, would have secured him possession of the crown, ran great hazard of being frustrated by the sudden appearance of Robert. . . . He took possession without opposition of the Duchy of Normandy, and immediately made preparations for recovering England, of which, during his absence, he had, by Henry's intrigues, been so unjustly defrauded. The great fame which he had acquired in the East forwarded his pretensions, and the Norman barons, sensible of the consequences, expressed the same discontent at the separation of the Duchy and Kingdom which had appeared on the accession of William . . . and many of the principal nobility invited Robert to make an attempt upon England, and promised, on his landing, to join him with all their forces. Even the seamen were affected with the general popularity of his name, and they carried over to him the greater part of a fleet which had been equipped to oppose his passage. A. D. 1101

Henry, in this extremity, began to be apprehensive for his life, as well as for his crown, and had recourse to the superstition of the people, in order to oppose their sentiment of justice. He paid diligent court to Anselm, whose sanctity and wisdom he pretended to revere. . . . And by these caresses and declarations he entirely gained the confidence of the primate,

1 Abridged from chapters 1–12, vol. iv.

whose influence over the people and authority with the barons were of the utmost service to him in his present situation. Anselm scrupled not to assure the nobles of the King's sincerity in those professions which he made of avoiding the tyrannical and oppressive government of his father and brother. He even rode through the ranks of the army, recommended to the soldiers the defence of their prince, represented the duty of keeping their oaths of allegiance, and prognosticated to them the greatest happiness from the government of so wise and just a sovereign. By this expedient, joined to the influence of the Earls of Warwick and Millent, of Roger Bigod, Richard de Redvers, and Robert Fitz-Hamon, powerful barons, who still adhered to the present government, the army was retained in the King's interests, and marched, with seeming union and firmness, to oppose Robert, who had landed with his forces at Portsmouth.

The two armies lay in sight of each other for some days without coming to action; and both princes being apprehensive of the event, which would probably be decisive, hearkened the more willingly to the councils of Anselm and the other great men who mediated an accommodation between them. After employing some negotiation it was agreed that Robert should resign his pretensions to England, and receive in lieu of them an annual pension of 3,000 marks; that if either of the princes died without issue, the other should succeed to his dominions; that the adherents of each should be pardoned, and restored to all their possessions in Normandy or England; and that neither Robert nor Henry should thenceforth encourage, receive, or protect the enemies of the other.

A. D. 1102 This treaty, though calculated so much for Henry's advantage, he was the first to violate. He restored, indeed, the estates of all Robert's adherents; but was secretly determined, that noblemen so powerful and so ill-affected, who had both inclination and ability to disturb his government, should not long remain unmolested in their present opulence and grandeur. He began with the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was watched for some time by spies and then indicted on a charge of forty-five articles. This turbulent nobleman, knowing his own guilt, as well as the prejudice of his judges and the power of his

prosecutor, had recourse to arms for his defence. But being soon suppressed by the activity and address of Henry, he was banished the kingdom, and his great estate was confiscated. His ruin involved that of his two brothers . . . and many others who had distinguished themselves amongst Robert's adherents. Even William, earl of Cornwall, son of the Earl of Mortaigne, the King's uncle, having given matter of suspicion against him, lost all the vast acquisitions of his family in England. . . . Robert, enraged at the fall of his friends, imprudently ventured to come into England; and he remonstrated with his brother in severe terms against this breach of treaty, but met with so bad a reception, that he began to apprehend danger to his own liberty, and was glad to purchase an escape by resigning his pension.

The indiscretion of Robert soon exposed him to more fatal injuries. This prince, whose bravery and candour procured him respect while at a distance, had no sooner attained the possession of power and enjoyment of peace, than all the vigour of his mind relaxed; and he fell into contempt among those who approached his person, or were subject to his authority. Alternately abandoned to dissolute pleasures, and to womanish superstition, he was so remiss in the care of his treasure, and the exercise of his government, that his servants pillaged his money with impunity, stole from him his very clothes, and proceeded thence to practise every species of extortion on his defenceless subjects. The barons, whom a severe administration could alone have restrained, gave reins to their unbounded rapine upon their vassals, and inveterate animosities against each other; and all Normandy, during the reign of this benign prince, was become a scene of violence and depredation.

The Normans, at last, observing the regular government which Henry, notwithstanding his usurped title, had been able to establish in England, applied to him, that he might use his authority for the suppression of these disorders, and they thereby afforded him a pretence for interposing in the affairs of Normandy. Instead of employing his mediation to render his brother's government respectable, or to redeem the grievances of the Normans, he was only attentive to support his own

partisans, and to increase their number by every act of bribery, intrigue, and insinuation.

Having, found, in a visit which he made to that Duchy, that the nobility were more disposed to pay submission to him than to their actual sovereign, he collected, by arbitrary ex-
A. D. tortion on England, a great army and treasure, and returned
1105 next year to Normandy, in a situation to obtain, either by violence or corruption, the dominion of that province. He took Bayeux by storm after an obstinate siege; he made himself master of Caen by the voluntary submission of the inhabitants; but being repulsed at Falaise, and obliged by the winter season to raise the siege, he returned into England, after giving assurances to his adherents that he would persevere in supporting and protecting them.

1106 Next year he opened the campaign with the siege of Tenchebray, and it became evident, from his preparations and progress, that he intended to usurp the entire possession of Normandy. Robert was at last roused from his lethargy, and being supported by the Earl of Mortagne and Robert de Bellesme, the King's inveterate enemies, he raised a considerable army, and approached his brother's camp, with a view of finishing, in one decisive battle, the quarrel between them. He was now entered on that scene of action in which alone he was qualified to excel, and he so animated his troops by his example that they threw the English into disorder, and had nearly obtained the victory, when the flight of Bellesme spread a panic among the Normans, and occasioned their total defeat. Henry, besides doing great execution on the enemy, made near ten thousand prisoners, among whom was Duke Robert himself, and all the most considerable barons who adhered to his interests. This victory was followed by the final reduction of Normandy; Rouen immediately submitted to the conqueror; Falaise, after some negotiation, opened its gates; and, by this acquisition, besides rendering himself master of an important fortress, he got into his hands Prince William, the only son of Robert. He assembled the States of Normandy; and having received the homage of the vassals of the Duchy, having settled the government, revoked his brother's donations, and dismantled the castles lately built, he returned

into England, and carried along with him the Duke as prisoner. That unfortunate prince was detained in custody during the remainder of his life, which was no less than twenty-eight years, and he died in the castle of Cardiff, in Glamorganshire: happy if, without losing his liberty, he could have relinquished that power which he was not qualified either to hold or exercise. Prince William was committed to the care of Helie de St. Saen, who had married Robert's natural daughter, and who being a man of probity and honour beyond what was usual in those ages, executed the trust with great affection and fidelity. Edgar Atheling, who had followed Robert in the expedition to Jerusalem, and who had lived with him ever since in Normandy, was another illustrious prisoner taken in the battle of Tenchebray. Henry gave him his liberty, and settled a small pension on him, with which he retired, and he lived to a good old age in England, totally neglected and forgotten.

The acquisition of Normandy was a great point of Henry's ambition; being the ancient patrimony of his family, and the only territory which, while in his possession, gave him any weight or consideration on the continent: but the injustice of his usurpation was the source of great inquietude, involved him in frequent wars, and obliged him to impose on his English subjects those very heavy and arbitrary taxes, of which all the historians of that age unanimously complain. His nephew William was but six years of age, when he committed him to the care of Helie de St. Saen; and it is probable that his reason for entrusting that important charge to a man of so unblemished a character was to prevent all malignant suspicions in case any accident should befall the life of the young prince. He soon repented of his choice; but when he desired to recover possession of William's person, Helie withdrew his pupil, and carried him to the court of Fulk, count of Anjou, who gave him protection. In proportion as the prince grew up to man's estate, he discovered virtues becoming his birth; and wandering through different courts of Europe, he excited the friendly compassion of many princes, and raised a general indignation against his uncle, who had so unjustly bereaved him of his inheritance. Lewis the Gross, son of Philip, was at

A. D. 1110

this time King of France, a brave and generous prince, who having been obliged, during the lifetime of his father, to fly into England in order to escape the persecutions of his stepmother Bertrude, had been protected by Henry, and had thence conceived a personal friendship for him. But these ties were soon dissolved after the accession of Lewis, who found his interests to be in so many particulars opposite to those of the English monarch, and who became sensible of the danger attending the annexation of Normandy to England. He joined, therefore, the Counts of Anjou and Flanders in giving disquiet to Henry's government; and this monarch, in order to defend his foreign dominions, found himself obliged to go over to Normandy, where he resided two years. The war which ensued among those princes, was attended with no memorable event, and produced only slight skirmishes on the frontiers, agreeably to the weak condition of the sovereigns in that age whenever their subjects were not roused by some great and urgent occasion. Henry, by contracting his eldest son William to the daughter of Fulk, detached that prince from the alliance, and obliged the others to come to an accommodation with him. This peace was not of long duration. His nephew William retired to the court of Baldwin, earl of Flanders, who espoused his cause; and the King of France having soon after for other reasons joined the party, a new war was kindled in Normandy, which produced no event more memorable than had attended the former. At last the death of Baldwin, who was slain in an action near Eu, gave some respite to Henry, and enabled him to carry on war with more advantage against his enemies.

Lewis, finding himself unable to wrest Normandy from the King by force of arms, had recourse to the dangerous expedient of applying to the spiritual power, and of affording the ecclesiastics a pretence to interpose in the temporal concerns of princes. He carried young William to a general council, which was assembled at Rheims by Pope Calixtus II., presented the Norman prince to him, complained of the manifest usurpation and injustice of Henry, craved the assistance of the Church for reinstating the true heir in his dominions, and represented the enormity of detaining in captivity so brave a prince as Robert, one of the most eminent champions of the

Cross, and who, by that very quality, was placed under the immediate protection of the Holy See. Henry knew how to defend the rights of his crown with vigour, and yet with dexterity. He had sent over the English bishops to this synod, but at the same time had warned them that if any farther claims were stated by the Pope or the ecclesiastics, he was determined to adhere to the laws and customs of England, and maintain the prerogatives transmitted to him by his predecessors. "Go," said he to them, "salute the Pope in my name; hear his apostolical precepts; but take care to bring none of his new inventions into my kingdom." Finding, however, that it would be easier for him to elude than to oppose the efforts of Calixtus, he gave his ambassadors orders to gain the Pope and his favourites by liberal presents and promises. The complaints of the Norman prince were thenceforth heard with great coldness by the council; and Calixtus confessed, after a conference which he had the same summer with Henry, and when that prince probably renewed his presents, that, of all men whom he had ever yet been acquainted with, he was beyond comparison the most eloquent and persuasive.

The warlike measures of Lewis proved as ineffectual as his intrigues. He had laid a scheme for surprising Noyon; but Henry having received intelligence of the design, marched to the relief of the place, and suddenly attacked the French at Brenneville, as they were advancing towards it. A sharp conflict ensued, where Prince William behaved with great bravery, and the King himself was in most imminent danger. He was wounded in the head by Crispin, a gallant Norman officer who had followed the fortunes of William; but being rather animated than terrified by the blow, he immediately beat his antagonist to the ground, and so encouraged his troops by the example, that they put the French to total rout, and had very nearly taken their King prisoner. The dignity of the persons engaged in this skirmish rendered it the most memorable action of the war, for in other respects it was not of great importance. There were nine hundred horsemen who fought on both sides, yet were there only two persons slain. The rest were defended by that heavy armour worn by the cavalry in those times. An accommodation soon after ensued between the Kings of France

and England, and the interests of young William were entirely neglected in it.

A. D. 1120 But this public prosperity of Henry was much overbalanced by a domestic calamity which befel him. His only son William had now reached his eighteenth year; and the King, from the facility with which he himself had usurped the crown, dreading that a like resolution might subvert his family, had taken care to have him recognised successor by the states of the kingdom, and had carried him over to Normandy, that he might receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. The King, on his return, set sail from Barfleur, and was soon carried by a fair wind out of sight of land. The Prince was detained by some accident; and his sailors, as well as their captain, Thomas Fitz-Stephens, having spent the interval in drinking, were so flustered, that being in a hurry to follow the King, they heedlessly carried the ship on a rock, where she immediately foundered. William was put into the long boat, and had got clear of the ship, when, hearing the cries of his natural sister, the Countess of Perche, he ordered the seamen to row back in hopes of saving her; but the numbers who then crowded in soon sunk the boat, and the Prince with all his retinue. Above a hundred and forty young noblemen of the principal families of England and Normandy were lost on this occasion. A butcher of Rouen was the only person on board who escaped; he clung to the mast, and was taken up next morning by fishermen. Fitz-Stephens also took hold of the mast, but being informed by the butcher that Prince William had perished, he said that he would not survive the disaster, and he threw himself headlong into the sea. Henry entertained hopes for three days that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him he fainted away, and it was remarked that he never after was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.

The death of William may be regarded, in one respect, as a misfortune to the English, because it was the immediate source of those civil wars which, after the demise of the King, caused such confusion in the kingdom; but it is remarkable that the young Prince had entertained a violent aversion to the natives, and had been heard to threaten that when he should

be king he should make them draw the plough, and would turn them into beasts of burthen. These prepossessions he inherited from his father, who, though he was wont, when it might serve his purpose, to value himself on his birth as a native of England, showed, in the course of his government, an extreme prejudice against that people. All hopes of preferment, to ecclesiastical as well as the civil dignities, were denied them during this whole reign, and any foreigner, however ignorant or worthless, was sure to have the preference in every competition. As the English had given no disturbance to the Government during the course of fifty years, this inveterate antipathy in a prince of so much temper as well as penetration, forms presumption that the English of that age were still a rude and barbarous people even compared to the Normans, and impresses us with no very favourable idea of the Anglo-Saxon manners.

Prince William left no children, and the king had not now any legitimate issue, except one daughter, Matilda, whom, in 1110, he had betrothed, though only eight years of age, to the Emperor Henry V. and whom he had then sent over to be educated in Germany. But as her absence from the kingdom, and her marriage into a foreign family might endanger the succession, Henry, who was now a widower, was induced to marry, in hopes of having male heirs; and he made his addresses to Adelais, daughter of Godfrey, duke of Louvaine, and niece of Pope Calixtus, a young princess of an amiable person. But A. D.
Adelais brought him no children; and the prince, who was 1121
most likely to dispute the succession, and even the immediate possession of the crown, recovered hopes of subverting his rival, who had successively seized all his patrimonial dominions. William, the son of Duke Robert, was still protected in the French Court, and as Henry's connexions with the Count of Anjou were broken off by the death of his son, Fulk joined the party of the unfortunate prince, gave him his daughter in marriage, and aided him in raising disturbances in Normandy. But Henry found the means of drawing off the Count of Anjou by forming anew with him a nearer connexion than the former,
and one more material to the interests of that count's family. 1127
The emperor, his son-in-law, dying without issue, he bestowed

his daughter on Geoffrey, the eldest son of Fulk, and endeavoured to ensure her succession by having her recognised heir to all his dominions, and obliging the barons both of Normandy and England to swear fealty to her. He hoped that the choice of this husband would be more agreeable to all his subjects than that of the Emperor; and securing them from the danger of falling under the dominion of a great and distant potentate, who might bring them into subjection, and reduce their country to the rank of a province. But the barons were displeased, that a step so material to national interests had been taken without consulting them; and Henry had too sensibly experienced the turbulence of their dispositions, not to dread the effects of their resentment.

It seemed probable that his nephew's party might gain force from the increase of the malcontents,—an accession of power which that prince acquired a little after, tended to render his pretensions still more dangerous. Charles, earl of Flanders, being assassinated during the celebration of divine service, King Louis immediately put the young prince in possession of that country to which he had pretensions in the right of his grandmother Matilda, wife to the Conqueror. But William survived a very little time this piece of good fortune, which seemed to open the way to still farther prosperity. He was killed in a skirmish with the Landgrave of Alsace, competitor for Flanders; and his death put an end, for the present, to the jealousy and inquietude of Henry.

The chief merit of this monarch's government consists in the profound tranquillity which he established and maintained throughout all his dominions during the greater part of his reign. The mutinous barons were retained in subjection; and his neighbours, in every attempt which they made upon him, found him so well prepared that they were discouraged from continuing or renewing their enterprises. In order to repress the incursions of the Welsh, he brought over some Flemings, in the year 1111, and settled them in Pembrokeshire, where they long maintained a different language, and customs, and manners from their neighbours. Though his government seems to have been arbitrary in England, it was judicious and prudent, and was as little oppressive as the necessity of his

affairs would permit. He wanted not attention to the redress of grievances; and historians mention in particular the levying of purveyance, which he endeavoured to moderate and restrain. The tenants in the King's demesne lands were at that time obliged to supply *gratis* the court with provisions, and to furnish carriages on the same hard terms when the King made a progress, as he did frequently, into any of the counties. These exactions were so grievous, and levied in so licentious a manner, that the farmers, when they heard of the approach of the court, often deserted their houses as if an enemy had invaded the country, and sheltered their persons and families in the woods from the insults of the King's retinue. Henry prohibited those enormities, and punished the persons guilty of them by cutting off their hands, legs, or other members. But the prerogative was perpetual; the remedy applied by Henry was temporary; and the violence itself of this remedy, so far from giving security to the people, was only a proof of the ferocity of the Government, and threatened a quick return of like abuses. . . .

A. D.

As everything in England remained in tranquillity, Henry took the opportunity of paying a visit to Normandy, to which 1131
he was invited as well by his affection for that country as by his tenderness for his daughter, the Empress Matilda, who was always his favourite. Some time after that princess was de- 1132
livered of a son, who received the name of Henry; and the King, farther to ensure her succession, made all the nobility of England and Normandy renew the oath of fealty which they had already sworn to her. The joy of this event, and the satisfaction which he reaped from his daughter's company, who bore successively two other sons, made his residence in Normandy very agreeable to him, and he seemed determined to pass the remainder of his days in that country, when an incursion of the Welsh obliged him to think of returning into England. He was preparing for the journey, but was seized with a sudden 1135
illness at St. Dennis le Forment, from eating too plentifully of lampreys, a food which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution. He died in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-fifth of his reign, leaving by will his daughter Matilda heir of all his dominions, without making any mention

of her husband Geoffrey, who had given him several causes of displeasure.

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne, and possessed all the great qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained. His person was manly, his countenance engaging, his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity, or of his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with the courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant even had he been born in a private station, and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature he acquired the name of *Beau-clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to those sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government; and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted, both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as of resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be deemed moderate and reasonable, had not his conduct towards his brother and nephew showed that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. But the total incapacity of Robert for government afforded his younger brother a reason or pretence for seizing the sceptre both of England and Normandy; and when violence and usurpation are once begun, necessity obliges a prince to continue in the same criminal course, and engages him in measures which his better judgment and sounder principles would otherwise have induced him to reject with warmth and indignation.[1]

[1] Abridged from chap. vi. vol. i. (ed. 1813).

REIGN OF STEPHEN.

A. D. 1135—1154.

(*From* FABYAN'S "*Chronicles.*"[1])

STEPHEN, earl of Boloyne (Boulogne), and son of the Earl of Blesence (Blois), and of the wive's sister of Henry the First, named Mary, began his reign over the realm of Englonde (England) in the year of our Lord 1136,[2] and the first year of Luois VIII. of that name, then king of Fraunce. This was a noble man and hardy; but contrary to his oath, after the affirmance of some writers, that he made to Molde (Maude), the Empress, he took upon him the crown, and was crowned upon Saint Stephen's day, in the Christmas week, at Westminster, of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the which in likewise had made like oath unto the said Empress, in presence of her father, as before is touched. In punishment whereof, as men deemed, the said archbishop died shortly after, and many other lords, which died accordingly, went not quite without punishment. A great causer of this perjury, as rehearseth one author, was this: one Hugh Bygot, steward sometime with Henry the First, immediately after the decease of the said Henry, came unto England, and before the said archbishop and other lords of the land, took wilfully an oath, and sware that he was present a little before the King's death, when King Henry admitted, and chose for his heir to be king after him, Stephen his nephew, for so much as Molde his daughter had discontented him, whereunto the archbishop with the other lords gave too hasty credence; but this Hugh escaped not unpunished, for he died miserably in a short time after. When King Stephen was crowned, he sware before the lords at Oxen-

A. D. 1136

[1] Robert Fabyan was an alderman of London in the fifteenth century. His orthography has been modernized.—E. M. S.

[2] Reckoning his reign as beginning the week after his coronation.—E. M. S.

ford (Oxford), that he would not hold in his hand the benefices that voided (became vacant), and that he would forgive the Danegelt, as King Henry before him had done, with other things which I pass over. And for this Stephen dreaded the coming of the Empress, he therefore gave licence unto his lords that every one of them might build a castle or strong fortress upon his own ground, and soon after he agreed with Davyd (David), king of Scottys (Scotland), and received of him homage, after he had from him won some towns and holds. The town of Exetour (Exeter) rebelled against the King in the second year of his reign; but he in the end subdued them: and Wyllyam, archbishop of Canterbury, died the same year, whose
A.D. benefice was after given to Thebaude (Theobald), abbot of
1139 Becco (Bec), in Normandy. About the fourth year of his reign, Davyd, king of Scotland, repenting him of his former agreement made with the King, entered of new the bounds of Northumberland, about the river of Theyse (Tees), towards the province of York, and burnt and slew the people in most cruel wise, not sparing man, woman, nor child. Again whom Thurston, by the King's commandment, was sent, the which with his power acquitted him so knightly, that he overthrew the host of Scots, and slew of them great number, and compelled them to withdraw again into Scotland. In the which (pass-time) the King laid siege to the castle of Bedford and won it; and that done, he then made a voyage into Scotland, where he did little to his pleasure or profit. Then in his return homeward he took Alexander, bishop of Lyncolne (Lincoln), and held him in duresse till he had yielded or given to him the castle of Newerke (Newark), and then he chased Nigellus (Nigel), bishop of Ely. . . .

One chronicle saith, that King Stephan obtained these foresaid castles to the intent that he might fortify them with his knights, to withstand the Empress, whose coming he ever feared: and the year following he won with strength, the castles of Glowcetour (Gloucester), of Hereforde, of Weobley, (Webley), of Bristowe (Bristol), of Dudley, and of Shrewesbury; for the which cause Robert, earl of Gloucester, began to withdraw his allegiance from King Stephan. This Robert was the bastard son of Henry the First, and for this displeasure sent

letters unto Molde the Empress, his sister, promising to her great aid to win her right. In the meanwhile that the Empress made provision for her journey, King Stephan concluded a marriage between Eustace his son, and Constance, the King's sister, of Fraunce, daughter of Lewys (Louis) the Great, the which continued the amity between Englonde and Fraunce (France). Then in the month of Jiulii (July), and sixth year of Stephan, Molde the empress, as testifieth Hēry the Canon in his ninth book, entered this land by the port of Portsmouthe, and so kept on her journey till she came to Bristowe, and did great harm by the means of her passage through the country. In which time of her said landing, King Stephan lay at the seige of Walyngforde (Wallingford) Castle; but as soon as he heard of the landing of the Empress, he anon sent out commissions for more strength, and so drew towards his enemies. But in this time and season, Robert, earl of Glowcestour and Ranulfe, earl of Chester, went unto the Empress with all the power that they might make. The Empress hearing of the great power coming with the King, withdrew to the city of Nicoll, now called Lincoln, and there held her a long season, for all that the King might do; but lastly the Empress with her people escaped, and the King was possessed of the city, and there bode till Candlemas. After which season Earl Robert, and Ranulf, before named, with a great power of Welshmen, and power of the Empress, came against the King: where as when both hosts were near the joining, earl Ranulf of Chester spake to his knights, and said, "I require you that I, that am cause of your peril, may be the first that shall enter unto the peril." Then answered Earl Robert, and said, "it is not unworthy to thee that askest the first stroke and dignity of this fight, for to thee it is fitting for nobleness of blood and virtue of strength, in the which thou passest other men; but the King's false oath moveth men to war and to fight, where we must now win the mastery or be overcome: and he that hath none other succour, is constrained to defend him by knightly and strong deeds of arms, and of manhood: and so shall we now against them that be entricked with guile and wickedness, as Robert, earl of Mellent, the earl also of Albemarl, and Simon of Hāpton (Hampton), the which is a man of great boast and of small

A.D. 1141

might." Then King Stephan prepared to set forward his people, and Earl Baudewyne (Baldwin), had words of comfort to the King's people, and said: "men that shall fight, to them is behovefull three things: the first is right of the cause, lest men fall in peril of soul; the second is quantity of men of arms, lest men be oppressed with exceeding number; and the third is the effect courage of strength of knights, that the quarrel should not fail, for lack of hardy and assured fighting: as touching which three points, I trust we be well sped. But and ye take heed farthermore what enemies we have: first we have against us Robert, earl of Glowcetor which useth great menaces and executeth little, or small deeds; in mouth, he is a lion, but in heart he is a sheep; he is pompous in speech, and dark in understanding. There is also Ranulf, earl of Chester, a man without reason, and full of foolhardiness, ready and prest to all conspiracy, and unsteadfastness of manner, and deeds hasty; and furious of heart, and unwary of perils, he essayeth oft, to achieve great deeds, but he bringeth none to effect; and what he fiercely and freshly beginneth, he cowardly and faintly forsaketh, as unhappy and ungracious in all his deeds; and is overcome in every place, for he holdeth with him banished men and scullers, and the more of them that be in a company, the sooner they be overcome, and weak they be in fighting, for either of them putteth trust in his fellow, while himself is overthrown." But before he might have fully finished his words to most men's audience, the cry of the enemies, with noise of trumpets, and grunting of horses, approached and smote together, and forth went the arrows, and grisly and cruel fight was continued upon both sides, for the while that it endured; where through the green field was turned into a perfect red, so that many a pale and wan visage was there seen yielding the ghost, with arms and legs dissevered and parted. A long while this fight stood in question, whether party should obtain victory; but in the end King Stephan's party gave back, and fled, and he full knightly abode on the field with a few of his knights, and was taken, and so was brought unto the Empress, the which commanded him to be conveyed under sure keeping, unto Bristowe, where he was kept as a prisoner from the said time of Candlemas, unto Holy Rood day next ensuing. . . .

When the Empress had won this victory, and had committed the King to ward, as before ye have heard, she was not therewith a little exalted, but thought in her mind, that she was in a surety of the possession of the whole realm; but she was deceived, for Kent took part with King Stephan. But yet after this victory thus obtained, the Empress came unto Winchester and after to Wilton, to Oxynforde (Oxford), to Redynge (Reading), and to S. Albonys (St. Alban's); into the which cities and towns she was received with all honour, and finally she came to London, for to enter the state of the land. At her, which there being, the Queen made assiduous labour for the deliverance of the King her husband, promising that he should surrender the land into her possession, and he to become a religious man, otherelse a pilgrim to his live's end; but all was in vain, for she might purchase no grace as then, upon no manner of condition. The citizens of London also made great labour that they might use the laws of Edward the Confessor, as they were granted by Wyllyam Cōquerour (Conqueror), and not the laws of her father, which were of more straitness, whereof in no wise they of her council might have any grant. For this the citizens were discontented, and knowing that the country of Kent would strengthen their party, ordained to have taken her; but she being thereof warned, departed in haste, and left behind her her store of household, and so fled unto Oxynford, where she abode her people, the which was divided and scattered. And in this while, she sent unto Davyd, king of Scottys, and her uncle, for to aid her; the which, in all haste, came unto her, and so rode to Winchester, where she laid siege to the bishop's tower, the which the King's brother at that time held with strength. Then the Queen, with aid of her friends of Kentishmen, and other, made a strong host, whereof was captain a knight named Guyllya (Guillaume) de Pre. When the Empress heard of the great strength of the Queen, and saw that her own minished rather than increased, she fled secretly, and escaped unto Glowcetour, and Earl Robert, her brother, was taken soon after and put in prison. Then Davyd, king of Scots, hearing of this, returned into Scotlonde. Then means was made, upon either side, for delivery and exchange of the prisoners, so that finally it was agreed that the King

should be delivered for Earl Robert; but or this agreement were concluded, much sorrow was wrought within this realm, for the Empress pillaged and spoiled on her part, and the Queen, by promises and menaces, borrowed and took upon the other side, and the soldiers stole and extortioned upon both parts, so that rich men were made needy, and the poor were oppressed. In this meanwhile the Empress returned again to Oxynforde, and victualled and manned it in her best manner. Then lastly the King was delivered upon Holy Rood day in harvest, and soon after he beclepyed (beleagured) Oxford with a strong siege from the time of Myghelmas (Michaelmas) unto the season of Cristemas (Christmas), at which time and season,
A.D. the Empress used a new guile for constraint, and necessity
1142 of victual. In that time was great plenty of snow fallen upon the ground, and the frost was therewith so great, that Thamys (Thames), with other great rivers, were then frozen over, so that man and horse might pass the water upon the ice. The Empress, then constrained of need, as before is said, apparelled her and her company in white clothing, which afar off appeared like the snow, and so upon a plumpe going together, as near as they might, escaped the danger of their foes, and so came to Walyngeforde, and thence in process of time, she with a small company departed, and returned finally into Normandy unto her husband.

1146 So soon as the Empress was thus departed from Oxynforde, the town was yielded unto the King, where the King had much of the Empress' stuff, as well harness, as other stuff of household. Then he intended to have pursued her, but tidings were brought unto him that Ranulf, earl of Chester, with an host of Walshemen (Welshmen), was coming toward him; but by mediation of friends, this Ranulf, in the end, to the King was reconciled, and was with him agreed. . . .

In the sixteenth year, Ranulf, earl of Chester, died, that was surnamed Gercyous, and was the fourth Earl after the conquest, and his son Hugh was Earl after him, which was a man of great strength and virtue. And in the same year, as witnesseth Guydo and other, died Geoffrey Plantagenet, husband of Molde, the Empress; after whose death, Henry Short Mātell (Curtmantle), that was the son of the said Geoffrey and Molde, was made

Duke of Angeous (Anjou), and of Normandy; the which, in few years after, married Elyanoure (Eleanor), the daughter of the Earl of Paytowe (Poitou); the which Eleanor was before married unto Lewis, king of Fraunce, and from him divorced for nearness of blood, when he had received of her two daughters, named Mary and Alys (Alice), as witnesseth the French chronicle. And so this Henry was earl of Angeous by his father, duke of Normandy by his mother, and earl of Poytowe by his wife. It was not long after that Eustace, the son of King Stephan, with aid of the French King, warred upon Henry duke of Normandy; the which, after some writers, was imagined by Stephan his father, to the intent to let or stop him, that he should not come into Englonde to claim his inheritance; but Duke Henry defeated him so knightly that the said Eustace won thereby little honour or profit. An old chronicle showeth that King Stephan intended to have crowned the said Eustace his son King of England by his days, but the bishops of Englonde refused the deed by commandment of the Pope.

In the seventeenth year, the King laid siege unto the castles of Newebery, of Walyngeforde, and of Warwyke, or Warwell; the which had been kept by the Empress' friends, from the time of her departing unto that day, and hoped of rescues by Henry duke of Normandy But the King then won the castles of Newebery and of Warwell, and Walyngeforde defended the holders till the coming of Henry the Duke; the which in the end of the said year, with a great army entered Englonde, and first won the castle of Malmysbury, and thence he rode to London and won the Tower, as much by policy and by fair promise as by strength, and such stuff of victual and armour as he found therein, he sent to Walyngeforde; and that done, he went to the town of Walyngeforde, and won such holds as were there about. Then King Stephan with his power drew toward the Duke, and finally by means of mediators, as Thibawde, archbishop of Canterbury, and other, both princes, to commune of peace, met near unto the water of Urne; but as fast as some laboured to have peace, so fast other laboured to have war, so that at that communication the peace was not concluded.

After the King and the Duke were departed, the King rode

toward Epyswich (Ipswich), in Suffolke, and the Duke took the way to Shrewsbury, where he won the castle of the said town; from thence the King went to Nothyngham (Nottingham), and won the town. Wherefore the soldiers that held the castle, seeing that the town took part with the Duke, brake out upon
A. D. the night and fired the town, and burnt a great part thereof.
1153 In this while died and was drowned Eustace, the son of King Stephan, and was buried at Feuersham (Feversham), in Kent, in the abbey that his father before had builded. Thibawde, archbishop of Canterbury, left not to labour, and concluded the peace atween the King and the Duke, and endeavoured himself therein so diligently, with the assistance of other, that in the year following, the peace was concluded upon diverse conditions; whereof one was that the King should continue as King during his life, and immediately after the conclusion of this peace, the said Henry should be proclaimed in all the chief cities and towns of England for heir parent, and to be king after the death of the said Stephan, and that the King should take him for his son of adoption, and rightful heir unto the crown. To the which covenant justly to be holden, the King was first sworn, and after his lords spiritual and temporal, and so rode both to London, where they were royally received; and when the King had feasted the Duke, and given to him rich gifts, he took leave of the King, and so returned into Normandy, as affirmeth the aforesaid author, the Flower of Histories.

Howbeit the chronicle of Englonde saith, that the accord was made upon division of the land atwene them: that is to mean that both should reign together, and either of them to enjoy half the land; but how that division was made, or which part of the land each of them should hold, no mention thereof is made, and the former accord should be as above is said, concluded eight days following the Epiphany of our
1154 Lord, in the town of Oxynforde, and the King died in the month of October following, when he had reigned eighteen years full, and odd months, and was interred in the aforesaid abbey of Feuersham.

This King Stephan, at the request of Molde his wife, builded, in the year of grace, 1140, the abbey of Coggeshale, in Essex,

and set therein white monks; also about the same time, he founded the abbey of Feuersham, in Kent, where he now corporally resteth: and the third he founded in Furness, in Lācasshyre (Lancashire), and all he furnished with monks of Cysteaux (Cistercian) order, and died, as before is said, without issue of his body.[1]

DAVID OF SCOTLAND AND THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

A. D. 1138.

(*From "Lives of the English Saints."*)

AFTER the death of Margaret and Malcolm Canmore, for five years, war and rapine ravaged Scotland, and usurpers wore its crown; but at length it pleased God to restore Edgar, the eldest surviving son of Margaret, to the throne. He was a mild and amiable prince, and the weary land had peace in his days. After him came a remarkable prince, Alexander, surnamed the Fierce; and need he had of fierceness, for he had to rule an unruly kingdom, and by main force to keep in awe his rebellious nobles. But fierce as he was to them, he was mild and beneficent to the clergy, whom he loved for his sainted mother's sake. St. Andrews for a long time was the only fixed Scottish see, and its bishop was called the Bishop of the Scots, as the prelate of Whiterne was the Bishop of the Picts. To this see King Alexander added Glasgow, and perhaps also Elgin, or at least he revived them, and took care to appoint to these sees men of learning and piety.

But the throne of a Scottish diocese was by no means an easy seat. Turgot, whom Alexander early in his reign appointed to the see of St. Andrews, went back to his cloister of Durham, for his heart sunk within him at the difficulties which surrounded him. Eadmer, too, the companion of St. Anselm, was elected to the same see, but the very next year he came back to

[1] Abridged from chap. ccxxxii.

Canterbury, for it was better to be a simple monk of St. Benedict than to bear the weary crozier of St. Andrews. Again, John, the new Bishop of Glasgow, fairly ran away to Rome, and from thence to the Holy Land, and could only be brought back but by an express command of the Holy See. One part of their difficulty was doubtless their difference with the Archbishop of York, who claimed canonical jurisdiction over them, but the chief obstacles lay in their unruly clergy, the degenerate Culdees. Alexander, however, determined to remedy this evil; monasticism was reviving in the north of England, and wherever a new monastery was established, or an old one revived, there were the head-quarters of religion, and the monks became the instructors of a people whom the mere pressure of desolation had stupefied and brutalized. The example of Durham had given him a precedent for the expulsion of the secularized Culdees, and he substituted regular canons for them at St. Andrews.

. . . He restored to the prior and canons of St. Andrew's the lands which had been taken away from the church: and the quaint style in which the act of restoration was effected is a specimen of the state of things in Scotland. In the cathedral of St. Andrew's all the nobles of the realm were assembled; and with them Robert, the newly elected bishop, formerly prior of Scone, and the new canons of the convent, their shaven crowns, and ecclesiastical habit mingling strangely with the bright armour of the Lowland nobles, and the waving plaid of the chieftains of the Gael. In the midst of this assembly there was led up to the high altar Alexander's Arabian war-horse, saddled and bridled, and splendidly caparisoned, with the King's shield fastened to his back, and a silver lance, which afterwards became the shaft of the crucifix of the Church. By this strange charter, the lands were delivered to the monks, and the transaction was duly impressed upon the witnesses. Besides which he built the abbey of the Holy Trinity at Scone, the ancient seat of Scottish royalty, and the monastery of St. Columba, in the little island of Inchcolm, in the Frith of Forth; and any one who has been on Loch Tay will remember the green islet where a monastery was erected over the grave of his wife Sybilla.

It was in the year 1124 that Alexander died, shortly after he had conferred the lands on the church of St. Andrew's. His brother David thus found himself in possession of an unenviable throne, for Alexander died childless. He endeavoured to avoid the dangerous honour; and, indeed, he had few temptations to quit the court of England, where he was honoured as the first of English nobles. Henry had loved him for the cheerful and warm-hearted disposition which he had inherited from his sainted mother. He had been knighted by the King's own hand, and was a general favourite with the whole court. He yielded, however, to the persuasion of the bishops, and was crowned. It was of the utmost consequence to Henry, that in the event of a disputed succession, which was likely, Scotland should be in the hands of one bound to the line of St. Edward (Edward the Confessor) by so many ties; and he, too, probably urged David to accept the throne. David did not find his kingdom so hard to rule as he had imagined. What his brother, with all his fierceness, could keep only at the cost of much labour and blood, he ruled in peace by his meekness and charity. He managed to reconcile, at least to keep in order, the two discordant elements of his kingdom,—the old patriarchal chieftains of the plaided clans, and the new nobles which were rising up, the earls and barons of the feudal Lowlands. He was the King, in an especial manner, of the Church and of the poor.

A. D. 1124

. . . David's object was to fix the hierarchy and to erect a native church, instead of depending on English clergy. To effect the first of these purposes, he more than doubled the number of bishops; and for the latter object, he erected many monasteries of the Cistercian Order, and houses of regular canons. . . . He was in some measure a St. Louis in the twelfth century, and the story of his often returning to his palace at the petition of a poor man when he had already foot in stirrup, and the merry horn was calling him to the chase, reminds one of the oak of Vincennes, under which the good Louis sat to give judgment to all who came to him. His brother Alexander's appetite probably was not spoiled when, in his royal justice, he hanged a felon; but David was known to weep on ordering an execution. In another respect was David like the sainted king.

The good people, in St. Louis's reign, made jingling rhymes about his love for clerks, and one of David's successors called him a "sair saint for the crown." And yet James might have had no kingdom to govern, if David had not preceded him; and doubtless the crown was not the worse for the prayers which monks and nuns offered up in the many abbeys founded by David; nor were the Scots less religious because he left nine bishoprics where he found but four. If it had not been for the unhappy invasion of England, which will be noticed by-and-by, the parallel with St. Louis would have been complete.

. . . In 1135, Henry the First died, and then began the stormy reign of Stephen, disastrous for all England, but especially for the north. . . . Law and justice in those times depended so much on individuals that the withdrawal of one man was a signal for general riot. Henry's power over his nobles was very much of a personal nature; he had done what in the fifteenth century it cost a king of France a rebellion among his nobles before he could effect; he had abridged their rights of chase in favour of the crown. It was not an empty privilege, that of vert and venison in the broad forests of English oak, which covered the land; besides the joys of the noisy chase, there were the huge branches of the oak to keep up the large fire in the baronial hall, and the substantial banquet of the boar's head and venison for the lord and his retainers. Henry had constituted himself protector-general of woods, forests, deer, wild boars, and game of all sorts. Some men durst not hunt in their own woods for fear of finding a king's officer at their doors, summoning them to appear at the chief pleas; and if Henry's sharp eye discovered that a wood had been thinned or wasted, he would impose a fine on the offender. Hardly was the King dead, than a joint attack on woods and forests took place, and a general onslaught was made on the large herds of deer, which a long reign had preserved, "so that hardly two could anywhere be seen together." The highway had always belonged to the King, as well as the forest, and all offences committed were punished by his officers, but now the king's peace was broken with impunity, for there was no king to keep it. Every man preyed on his neighbour and made the best of his time; men wiped off old scores, and revenged themselves on their

enemies; rapine and violence of all sorts reigned in England as soon as news came that the old King was dead.

The matter was not much mended when Stephen, by the perjury of bishops and barons, was elected to the throne. To do him justice, at the beginning of his reign he seems certainly to have done his best to re-establish peace, but his title to the throne was defective, and when once the Empress landed, anarchy and confusion took their own course, and it was said emphatically, that,—"there was no justice in Stephen's reign." Then arose a species of men, which feudalism had ever a tendency to create; their petty lords, who, from their dungeon-keeps ruthlessly wasted and harried the whole country around them. Our notions of feudal barons are ever connected with fair castles and trains of knights, fluttering pennons and glittering armour. But the fact is, that during the reigns of the first Norman kings very few nobles were allowed to have castles. It was from the lack of fortresses that England fell so soon into the power of the Conqueror, and he built castles everywhere to keep the country in awe, but then he kept them in his own hands, and his soldiers were only warders, not possessors. The manor-house, and not the castle, was then the characteristic of England; magnificent Umbravilles and Bagots must as yet content themselves with a low-moated house, two storeys high, with its staircase outside, and only to rise by-and-by to the dignity of a castle. But in King Stephen's time every man did as he pleased, or as he could, and when the day of reckoning came, in Henry's time, it was found that every knightling possessed not only a castle but a seal, like the King of England himself. Little do they know of these iron-hearted men who picture to themselves a generous knight-errant pricking forth in search of adventures. Alas! chivalry is but an ideal, a high and beautiful standard, created by Christianity, but never realized except in individuals; for one St. Louis there were a thousand Bluebeards. The knight of the twelfth century was not the fantastic and often licentious champion of later times; but in King Stephen's time at least he was often a needy adventurer, who roamed about the country, pillaging his neighbours and looking out for a fief.

. . . As for the nobles, they were but too often men of brutal

licentiousness, great consumers of beef and wine, and great oppressors of the poor.

When such men as these were let loose upon the world by the licence of civil war, it was not wonderful that the defenceless Church should suffer. The churches were found to be excellent castles, ready made, without the trouble of building. Thus a certain Geoffry Talbot seized on the cathedral church of Hereford, expelled the priests, and made it a garrison for his soldiers; in the churchyard fortifications were thrown up, and the dead were torn from their graves, and their bodies thrown about, while a military engine was in full play on the tower, throwing large stones and missiles from the place "whence," says the chronicler, "the sweet and peaceful warnings of the bells were wont to be heard." This is but one specimen of what often occurred; and it will be easily believed that monasteries were not better treated than secular churches. The abbeys of Ramsay and Coventry were turned into fortresses, and the monks expelled; a nunnery at Winchester was burnt, and even the Holy Abbey of St. Etheldreda, at Ely, was plundered by these wicked soldiers. No place was safe from them, and the inmates of every monastery might prepare themselves each night at compline, for the possibility of being expelled from their homes before the bell sounded for matins.

All this took place south of the Tees; but the north of England was exposed to the inroads of a terrible enemy let loose upon England by David, king of Scotland. The friendship of David for Henry the First, and his love for the family of his mother, and for his niece, the Empress, all induced him to take her part against Stephen. Her succession to the throne was looked upon as the restoration of the line of St. Edward to the English throne. King David, with all the barons of England, had sworn to King Henry that he would uphold his daughter, and he would not perjure himself as the others had done. Besides which, he laid claim to the earldom of Northumberland for his son Henry. These motives might be enough to call for his invasion, but still it involved an awful responsibility to let loose upon the north the savage Picts. David would have been more like St. Louis had he paused before he put in motion this uncontrollable power; but he was deceived by the Scottish party

among his subjects, who played off his predilection for the Saxon line to urge him on against the Saxons of the north of England.

But however this was, in the year 1136, news arrived that the Scottish army was coming over the border. On came the torrent, the chivalry of the Lowlands forming its centre, though far outnumbered by the motley assemblage of half-naked Galwegians, and men of the Isles. The miseries inflicted by a modern army, with all its discipline, are horrible enough, and a feudal army where each man was accounted for, and knew his banner, was a scourge wherever it went; but all this was nothing to the passage of a horde of undisciplined savages, most indifferent Christians at home, and giving loose to every passion which disgraces human nature abroad. It can only be paralleled with the miseries inflicted by the mercenary troops of the sixteenth century, when armies were no longer modelled on the feudal principle, and before the modern standing army had been introduced. The commissariat of a Pictish host was doubtless none of the best, and besides this they had all the wanton cruelty with which the savage loves to torture his victim. It would be wrong to give the sickening detail of their cruelties; suffice it to say that droves of captive women whom they had made widows and childless, driven before them with spears, formed the van of this horrible army. This mass when once set in motion was beyond the control of him who had called these uncouth beings out of their native morasses. Churches were burnt and pillaged, and monasteries sacked. In one case which has happened to remain on record, the poor monks of Calder, in Copeland, were turned out on the wide world, with their whole property contained in a wagon drawn by eight oxen, and this was doubtless not a singular instance. The only alleviation to this misery was that David placed a guard of his own soldiers over Hexham, and all the miserable inhabitants who had taken refuge there. He also gave back into the hands of the Prior of Hexham all that part of the booty of the wretched country which had fallen to his share. . . . One other softer feature amidst this scene of horrors is the circumstance that William, abbot of Rievaux, was chosen to give into the hands of the King of Scotland the town of Wark, which

belonged to Walter de Espec, the founder of the monastery. In his white habit he might venture in safety as a messenger of peace through the Scottish army; and it must have been a strange sight to see the abbot at the head of the haggard inhabitants of the town, who had been reduced by famine to feed on pickled horse-flesh, issuing from the gates to deliver up the keys to the Conqueror.

A. D. 1138 The stream of invaders was rapidly moving on towards Rievaux, when it was stopped by an event long afterwards celebrated in the annals of border warfare—the battle of the Standard. . . . It was a very crusade, this war of the Standard; for it was apparently a hopeless task to attempt to stop the progress of the countless swarms which David had brought out of Scotland. But the old Archbishop of York implored the nobles and knights of Yorkshire, for the love of God and His saints, to venture their lives to save from desolation the houses of God, and the poor people from all the horrors which were awaiting them. Aelred[1] (the monk and historian of the battle) becomes enthusiastic when he describes the dark hair, broad forehead, and large piercing eyes of Walter de Espec, and details at length the eloquence of the noble soldier when he addressed the soldiers from the foot of the Standard, and promised them victory in the name of the saints and of the Lord. Their standard was a long pole on which floated the banner of St. Cuthbert, and from which was suspended a pix containing the Body of the Lord, and under this they swore to conquer or die. Aelred describes on the day of battle the small compact body of the English, with their armour glittering in the sun, and their pennons floating on their lances, while the priests in their white albs flew from rank to rank to exhort them. The Bishop of the Orkneys blessed and absolved them, and the whole army answered his benediction with a loud Amen. Then the trumpets sounded, and with a wild shriek the Galwegians came on, but their countless host was broken before the serried

[1] Aelred was in his youth brought up in the palace of David—who entertained a warm friendship for him, and bestowed on him the office of high steward of his household. From religious motives Aelred forsook the court and became a monk in the Cistercian monastery of Rievaux, in Yorkshire. He was elected abbot in 1145.—E. M. S.

ranks of the men-at-arms, around which they closed as the waves dash against the rock which is islanded amongst them. They might at length have broken this little band, but their headlong valour was rendered useless by the incessant clouds of arrows discharged from the bows of the Yorkshire yeomanry. However, at the moment that they were yielding, the battle was again rendered doubtful, for with the speed of lightning Henry, prince of Scotland, charged with the chivalry of the Scottish army. . . . They broke through "the lines of the Southrons as they would sweep aside a cobweb," and pursued them off the field. But still poured on the steady ceaseless showers of the English arrows; and when Henry returned from the pursuit, he saw the royal standard, the Dragon, moving off the field in full flight, and found that he was left almost alone with a few knights about him.

. . . Turning with a smile to his companions, he bade them mingle in the pursuit as though they were on the English side: and setting spurs to his horse, rode right through the enemy to rejoin his father. This battle freed the north of England from this horrid scourge; and it must be said for David, that when afterwards Northumberland and Durham were ceded to him, the north was resting in peace while the south was still suffering all the misery of civil war.

In the Lent of 1153 Aelred, the monk and historian, went on a journey which was ever memorable to him. The business of his order took him into Scotland, and he saw King David for the last time in his life. . . . But he missed a face which had ever welcomed him with beaming eyes. Henry the heir of Scotland, the brave soldier and accomplished prince, had died the year before, to the irreparable loss of Scotland. A.D. 1153

With his devoted piety and enlightened understanding, he would have been a fitting match for the Henry who was just about to mount the English throne.

Aelred had left David in the beginning of his reign, full of schemes for the improvement of a realm which was flourishing under his care; now he found him a penitent and a mourner, bowed down by grief, yet resigned to God's will. He acknowledged that the death of his son was a fitting punishment, sent by God for having let loose the savage Galwegians in the

north of England. So poignant had been his grief that had it not been for the entreaties of his whole realm, bishops and nobles, he would have given up his crown and sceptre, and retired to a convent. When Aelred left him, he seemed to have a presentiment that they should never meet again on this side the grave, and he embraced him fondly and shed tears when they parted.

A few months after, at the end of May, shortly before the Ascension, news were brought to Rievaux that David had died, as he had lived, a holy death. Aelred mourned for his friend and benefactor with the poignant grief which was natural to him.

In the first burst of his sorrow he wrote a sketch of the good king's character, and afterwards sent it to one for whom he felt a great anxiety and love—to Henry II. who had mounted the throne of England—David's grand-nephew.

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